exposé detective

BIG 96 PAGE MAGAZINE

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POLICE REPORTER

by TED PRAGER

Night City Editor of the Doily News, 40 yeors N.Y. top crime reporter, offers crime stories the newspopers *dored not print!*

EXCLUSIVE
Inside Prison Photos and Story . . .

LIVING HELL FOR A TEEN-AGE CONVICT!

SHOCKING SEX MURDER

Roving ropist of Lovers' Lone!



Men! Send for This Money-Making Outfit *FREE!*



See How Easy It Is to Make UP TO $30.00 IN A DAY!

Do you want to make more money in full or spare time . . . as much as $30.00 in a day? Then mail the coupon below for this BIG OUTFIT, sent you FREE, containing more than 100 fine quality fabrics, sensational values in made-to-measure suits, topcoats, and overcoats. Take orders from friends, neighbors, fellow-workers. Every man prefers better-fitting, better-looking made-to-measure clothes, and when you show the many beautiful, high quality fabrics—mention the low prices for made-to-measure fit and style—and show our guarantee of satisfaction, you take orders right and left. You collect a big cash profit in advance on every order, and build up a fine permanent income for yourself in spare time or full time.

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You can add many dollars to your earnings by taking orders for our beautifully-styled, fine quality made-to-measure suits and skirts for women. Many times husbands sell suits to men, their wives sell suits and skirts to women . . . and the profits roll in! You can too! Outfit contains styles, prices, and simple instructions.

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It's amazingly easy to take measures, and you don't need any experience to take orders. Everything is simply explained for you to cash in on this wonderful opportunity. Just mail this coupon now and we'll send you this big, valuable outfit filled with more than 100 fine fabrics and everything else you need to start. Include plans to get suit without 1¢ cost. You'll say this is the greatest way to make money you ever saw. Rush the coupon today!

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Our plan makes it easy for you to get your own personal suits, topcoats and overcoats without paying 1c—*in addition* to your big cash earnings. Think of it! Not only do we start you on the road to making big money but we also make it easy for you to get your own clothes without paying one penny. No wonder thousands of men write enthusiastic letters of thanks.

JUST MAIL COUPON You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. You don't pay money for samples, for outfits, or for your own suit under our remarkable plan. So do as other men have done—mail the coupon now. Don't send a penny. Just send us the coupon.

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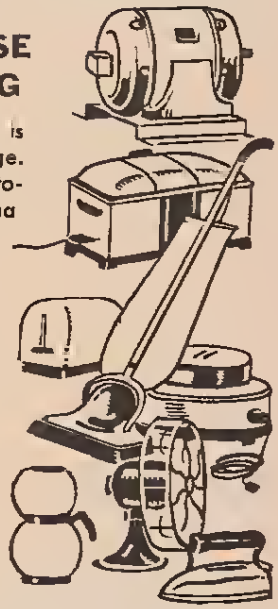




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The Christy maintenance and repair course is written in simple, easy-to-understand language. Each section is profusely illustrated by photographs and drawings and shows you what troubles to look for and then how to correct them. In addition, our course shows you how to build power tools at low cost. Also teaches you welding, nickel plating, general repairing (saw filing, bicycle and gas stove repairing, etc.). Should complicated technical problems arise or the need for a special repair part, simply call on us. We offer YOU our FREE Advisory Service for LIFE! We teach you how to solicit business get repeat orders and what to charge. The Christy Course plus our home shop training kits make a combination that will go a long way toward ASSURING YOUR SUCCESS.



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Please send me your FREE book on Electric Equipment Servicing and instructions for paying later from EARNINGS WHILE LEARNING!

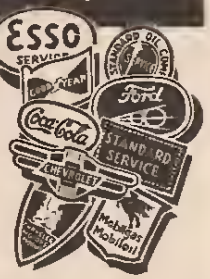
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City..... Zone..... State.....

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO INVEST A PENNY. JUST MAIL COUPON AND WE'LL RUSH EVERYTHING BY RETURN MAIL. COSTS YOU NOTHING —NOW OR EVER!



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We furnish everything you need to start. We send you the very same equipment that has brought independence to Master Dealers throughout the country. The demand for Advertising Work Uniforms is growing bigger every day. That's why it's so easy for our men to get orders from the biggest names in American Industry—as well as from the little fellow around the corner.

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SEND NO MONEY

Just put your name on the coupon and mail it today. Do this right away before somebody else gets in ahead of you. Remember, we send everything FREE so you can start right out making money.

Extra Income from Men's and Women's BOWLING SHIRTS



Made with exact collar size and exact sleeve length. Show Bowlers, Team Captains and Bowling Alley Managers and watch the orders pour in! WE EMBROIDER TEAM AND INDIVIDUAL NAME ON EVERY SHIRT to speed sales still faster. Mail coupon for full details.

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The Geo. MASTER GARMENT CO. Dept. G-32
754 Water St. Liganier, Indiana

Please send me a Complete Order Kit, with instructions, so I can make a 10 Day Test. I understand everything you send is FREE. If, after 10 days, I am not delighted with the money I've made, I'll return the kit.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

EXPOSÉ

96 PAGES **Detective**

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Sights the public rarely sees

Private Life of a Sex Movie Star 12
I made torrid love scenes for bootleg movies

I Was a Slave 16
The girl who came back from Hell

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I thought I was a hero when I first arrived

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BOOK-LENGTH BONUS!

POLICE REPORTER 48
Crime stories the newspapers didn't dare to print

The photos on pages 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 32, 33, 36, and 41 were posed by professional models.

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IT'S EASY TO **TRAIN AT HOME** IN YOUR SPARE TIME

STOP WORRY about your Future!

OVER 100,000 JOBS ARE WAITING FOR Auto Mechanics ...EARN TOP PAY OR OPEN A SHOP

Do you *like* your job? Is it *secure?* Does it *pay enough* to meet the high cost of living? If your answer is "no" to any of these questions, you should get into the auto field! *It offers jobs.* (A national magazine said, "100,000 mechanics are needed.") *It offers top wages.* (A famous motor executive wrote, "technicians not only have excellent security but can count on good pay.") *It offers opportunity.* (A trade magazine reported, "60 million cars and trucks are on the road, and one-third are in the heavy-repair classification.") Find out how *you* can train at home for a secure future in America's No. 1 industry. *Mail coupon for free facts.*

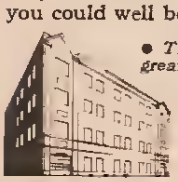
DIESEL OR BODY-FENDER training is included in your training program—at no extra cost. Only CTI offers this *extra* choice. Thousands of mechanics are needed in these top-pay fields.

You Can Start Earning Money Soon After You Begin Training

Many students start fixing cars soon after they enroll. They work "on their own" or in local shops, evenings and week-ends. They add to their incomes, earn enough to pay tuition. Some even earn enough extra cash to bank or to buy shop equipment. It's not unusual for students to have a going business by the time they graduate. CTI will send you information on how to earn as you learn, and get valuable experience, too.



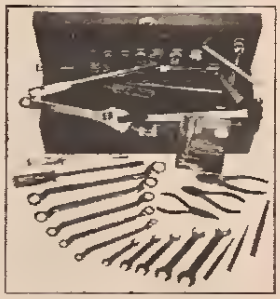
CTI trains you to become an all-around mechanic. You learn tune-up and overhaul; electric, cooling and lubricating systems; power steering and brakes; automatic transmissions; many other subjects. Such training paves the way to going in business for yourself. *Thousands of shops are needed.* With sound training and ambition, you could well become your own boss.



• *This is the home of CTI, one of the world's great home study institutions. CTI offers training you can trust—all the advantages of a seasoned, proven training program*

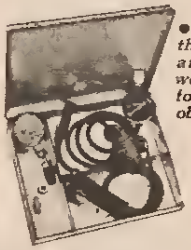
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CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

YOU PRACTICE—*YOU GET EXPERIENCE*—USING ENGINE TUNE-UP KIT AND TOOLS



RIGHT—These are instruments that skilled mechanics use to locate engine troubles. Kit includes Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; and portable, steel case. Instruments are of top quality, professional in design.

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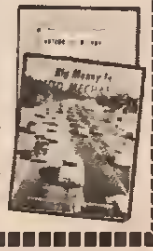
• *First get the facts—then decide. Just fill out and mail coupon and we'll send complete information. No cost nor obligation. Act today!*

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Mail me your two opportunity booklets: *Big Money in Auto Mechanics,* and *Sample Lesson.* Both are FREE.



Name_____ Age____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

Sights the Public Rarely Sees . . . The Bitter Fruits of Crime

The editors of Expose Detective take you on a behind-the-scenes tour for a candid view of crime as it really is. Stripped of all its glamor there remains only the raw brutality and naked horror of the act itself, the rending heartache and tragedy, and the bleak, complete hopelessness of those involved. These are the inevitable payments for crime, the bitter fruit for both criminal and victim alike.



Haspital attendant examines waunds of Mrs. Bisenta Colon of New York, who accused her husband af stabbing her during a bitter family argument in their apartment in the Branx. She is in critical canditian in the haspital.



Twenty-seven-year-ald Mrs. Mildred Phatides, mather af twa children, waits to be boaked for the alleged fatal stabbing of her husbond, Andrew, in the thigh. She said he baasted af having an affoir with her best friend.



Lyle Hill (c.) af Glendale, California, pases in this phota, in the city jail with his wife and their children after he was baaked on suspician af burglary. Palice say they found $2,000 worth of stalen jewelry, silverwore and clathing in the home.

Just Imported:

World's Smallest Adding Machine

Fits In Your Pocket! Saves You Time, Money And Mistakes! Perfect For Salesmen, Students, Housewives, Business Men, Storekeepers, Etc. Adds and Subtracts Up To 1,000,000 In Seconds!

IT NEVER MAKES A MISTAKE

WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU:

- **BALANCES CHECK BOOK**
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- **DOES HOME WORK**
- **TOTALS SALES SLIPS**
- **CHECKS SCORES**
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- **DOES 1001 OTHER ADDING AND SUBTRACTING CHORES — EACH IN SECONDS!**

FROM WEST BERLIN, GERMANY, COMES NEWS OF AN AMAZING time saving, work saving, money saving invention. The world's smallest, precision made adding machine that adds up to 1,000,000 . . . subtracts to 1,000,000 . . . does it in seconds . . . and never makes a mistake!

A beautifully made machine that saves you endless hours of mental work every year . . . saves you time . . . cuts out costly mistakes . . . lets you check bills, catch errors, add up your budget, keep scores and perform 1,001 other adding and subtracing chores . . . all in a matter of seconds and without a single mental effort on your part!

A German Invention

The secret is a scientific principle acknowledged to be perfect by experts throughout the world. Developed by German scientists, ADDIATOR is now being used all over Europe. Pan American Airways, American Express and other companies as well as millions of people like you in 51 countries use and rave over ADDIATOR.

From all over come reports of nerve-wracking additions of long columns becoming easy as a game . . . of the speed . . . the sureness . . . the simplicity of this miracle machine! Think what this means to you. Now at last you can check everything you buy . . . every bill . . . every statement . . . and never lose a penny because of mistakes. You can add up your budget . . . check your children's school work . . . add up checks . . . inventories . . . records of car mileage . . . expenses keep track of what you spend each day . . . yes, do 1,001 everyday adding and subtracting jobs.

SAVES YOU MANY DOLLARS!



Here's a money saving use for amazing ADDIATOR, the world's smallest adding machine. Add up your Snper-Market items as fast as you take them off the shelves. Know how much you're spending as you go along! SAVE by knowing when to stop spending. Stay within your budget! And eliminate costly mistakes at the check-out counter by knowing the total before the clerk has punched a single figure!

3½ MILLION ADDIATORS IN USE, SAVING TIME, WORK AND MONEY

Used By European Governments, Giant Firms Throughout the World!

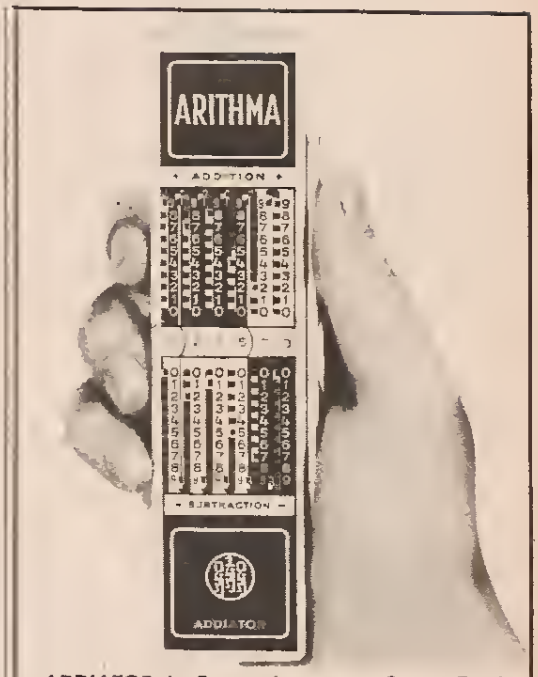
Marvel of Design Never Needs Repairs

Not a toy—not a gadget. Amazing ADDIATOR and all its moving parts are constructed entirely of aluminum or brass. It lasts a lifetime. Best of all, even a child can add or subtract up to 1,000,000 without a mistake.

ADDIATOR Is In Short Supply!

All that amazing new ADDIATOR costs is $3.98. That's because it is made in West Germany. Yet it is just as accurate as costly office adding machines. But because it comes from West Germany, and the demand in Europe is tremendons, the supplies available in this country are very limited. Only if you act at once can we guarantee to fill your order. This free trial offer will not be repeated in this magazine this year. To get your ADDIATOR for yourself or for a gift, mail the free trial coupon today.

ADDIATOR is sent to you complete with FREE CARRYING CASE with Full Money Back Guarantee.



ADDIATOR Is Super Accurate — Super Fast!

Add or subtract the longest columns without effort. Addiator checks bank statements in seconds . . . checks bills . . . budgets . . . does homework. NO MORE MISTAKES, keeps a running total, automatically!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Stop being a slave to figures. Avoid the costly mistakes everyone makes of being too lazy to check bills and statements. Try amazing ADDIATOR for one week free.

See how beautifully constructed it is . . . how easy to read the numbers . . . how smooth and silent the operation.

See for yourself how ADDIATOR adds up your bills in seconds . . . totals your grocery bills like lightning . . . checks your bank statement in nothing flat . . . figures up your mileage . . . does 1,001 adding or subtracting jobs for you and NEVER MAKES A MISTAKE.

Use it to check bridge, canasta and other scores. Let your children check their homework in seconds. Put ADDIATOR to every test. If you don't agree it will save you endless time, effort and money, you have used it entirely free. It won't cost you a penny.

3½ Million Amazing ADDIATORS Now In Use Throughout The World. Be The First In Your Area To Own One

MAIL FREE TRIAL COUPON TODAY

HARRISON HOME PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 1-ED
8 Kingsland Avenue, Harrison, New Jersey

Please send my ADDIATOR with free carrying case as checked below for one week's NO RISK TRIAL. IF ADDIATOR does not do all my adding and subtracting for me in seconds . . . without ever making a mistake . . . if it doesn't save me time, effort and money . . . then you will refund my money immediately including postage.

( ) I enclose $3.98 with full money back guarantee. Send ADDIATOR postpaid. I save all C.O.D. charges.

( ) Send ADDIATOR C.O.D. I will pay postman $3.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Same money back guarantee.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ SAVE! Order one ADDIATOR for yourself, another for a gift. TWO ADDIATORS sent for $6.98. You save $1.00.

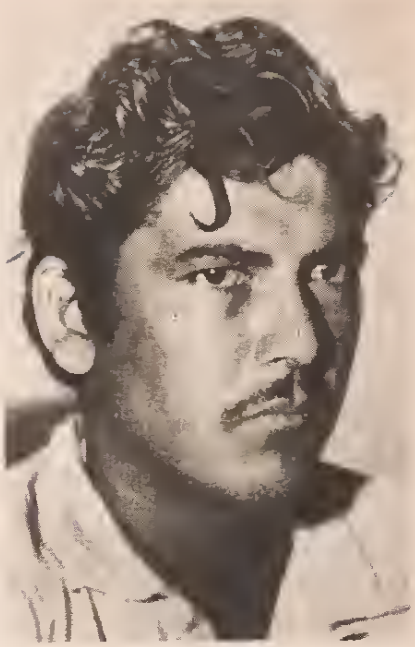
The Bitter Fruits of Crime

(continued from page 6)





The police were waiting for John Hixon, 17, when he returned to his car in Detroit. They had been alerted by a bulletin from Jackson where he allegedly murdered his teen-age girl friend, Carilyn Waldron, in a recreation area.



Daniel Martinez, a tomato picker, has signed confession to the shooting of George Mix with the latter's own gun a .22 caliber rifle, when Mix found him ransacking his Kokomo, Indiana, home. Mix was a former city official.



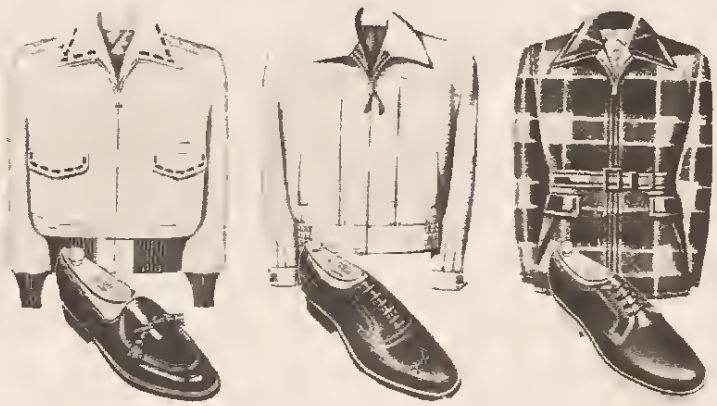
Members of a sheriff's posse carry the body of pretty, 18-year-old Marjorie Schneider from hiding place where Floyd J. Robertson (r.) told police he buried it on 100-foot cliff near Fort Collins, Colorado, after he had kidnaped and shot her.

LOOK! Jacket & Shoe COMBINATIONS PAY YOU BIG MONEY Every Month!

Just 3 Sales Daily Earn You up to $660 a Month!



Write Today For Free Starting Kit!



We Furnish Everything FREE!

Here's an exciting new idea that pays you *double* profits every sale! Now you can sell famous Masan Shoes . . . and Jackets to match! This tested "2-in-1" plan gives you *two* sales on a single call. Think of the things you can do with all the money you'll make this easy way!

Take orders for just three of these fast-selling combinations a day . . and you earn up to $660 a month! Here are just a few of the combinations folks buy from you so fast:

• Now-famous *Insulated* Jacket and Leather Boot Combination . . same type Subzero Insulation as U.S. Army Coldbar Suit! • Horsehide leather jacket lined with real sheepskin . . . and extra-comfortable air-cushioned work shoe, also lined with warm fleece! • Smart, luxurious Palomino Leather Jacket . . matching air-cushioned Tassel slip-on Mocassins . . today's rage! • New Reversible Nylon-Rayon Jacket . . with genuine Shell Cordovan Leather Oxford (not illustrated). (These combinations pay you up to $9.50 profit per sale!) We'll put you in business *immediately* by rushing a complete Sales Outfit FREE! And . .

New miracle INSULATED INTERLINING keeps you warm at below zero temperatures. Same type as used in U.S. Army Coldbar suit! Thousands of unconnected AIR CELLS between two layers provide DEAD AIR SPACE insulation—keeps cold air out, holds body heat in, is light, comfortable and non-bulky.

Do You Want This Kind of EXTRA Cash?

Here's actual *proof* of the money you can make in your Mason business, taken from hundreds of signed testimonials on file at our factory. Most of these successful men had no selling experience . . yet all made handsome, extra incomes . . without investing a single cent! Wouldn't *you* like cash profits like these?



Earns $93.55 in 4 hours!

"On June 5th, I sold 38 pairs of shoes from 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. earning myself $93.55 in commissions." J. Kelly, New York. (While this is exceptional, it shows what an ambitious man can do.)



Earnings Financed Vacation!

"I've used my profits to pay off the final notes on a farm I own and finance a two-weeks' vacation in North Carolina for my family." F. Worley, Michigan



Adds Greatly to Pension!

"I know there must be many men like myself who would like to add to their pensions to gain the extra things of life. One forenoon I made a net profit of $21.75." C. Mason, Michigan



Averages $80 extra a week!

"I have made more money since I started this business than in all my past life. My average extra earnings have been over $80 a week." C. Futtle, California

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., DEPT. F-183
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN

YOU GET STEADY REPEAT ORDERS!

• You show a *selection* no store can match! Over 195 dress, sport, work shoe styles for men, women . . . plus a complete line of jackets . . even raincoats! • You can fit almost *everybody*, because of our amazing range of sizes (2½-15) and widths (extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE)! • You carry no stock—yet you're never "out" of a size, style, or width! With our huge stock (over a quarter million pairs of shoes) to draw on, you give customers what they want! • You feature our exclusive Velvet-eez foamy-soft *Air-Cushion* innersole . . . a blessing for men and women who spend long hours on their feet. Working men, women swear by this important comfort feature! Mason Shoes are Nationally Advertised . . . are well-known! Folks buy in complete confidence . . know they're getting "tops" in value! . . . They really appreciate this *convenient*, leisurely way of "shopping" for shoes at home or where they work. Saves time . . saves shopping around . . . and they save money! Right now—with Mason sales far higher than ever before in all our 52 years—is the best time to start! To get your new Mason Starting Business Outfit including the Mason "Miracle" Line for men and women and featuring amazing Insulated Jackets, shoes . . . Silicone-tanned shoes that shed water . . . Shoe-Jacket combinations . . . many other fast-selling money-makers . . . mail coupon *today!* We'll rush your FREE Starting Business Outfit with *everything* you need to make exciting *double* profits from your first hour!

SEND FOR FREE SALES OUTFIT!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. F-183
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please rush my complete Mason Shoe & Jacket Starting Business Outfit FREE and postpaid including everything I need to start earning big money from my first hour!

Name

Address

Town State

MYSTERY FANS: Can You Solve This Puzzle?



AURORA DELL, $50-an-hour model, is found by hotel maid . . . strangled! Doctor says she died about 10:30 P.M. That same rain-swept night the cops grill 3 "admirers". All have alibis . . .



JOE AMES says he dined with Aurora and took her right home in the rain. Then he went back to his place, had a drink, and fell asleep. Admitted he and Aurora had a little "tiff"



JACK BROWN nightclub owner, says he was alone in his office from early evening until midnight. Admits knowing Aurora, but denies seeing her that night, or leaving his office at all.

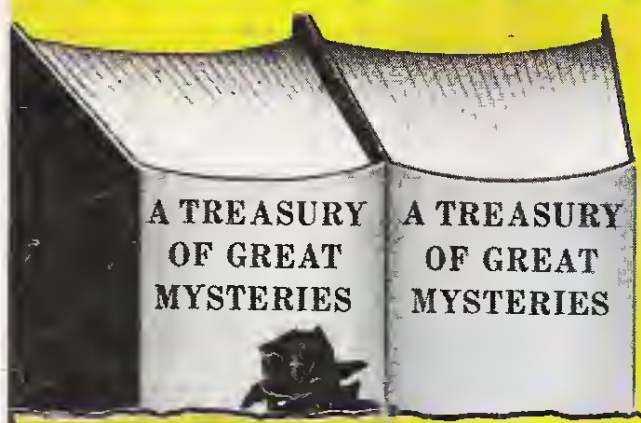


BILL COLE her jealous ex-boyfriend, said he had been out "on the town" most of the night. Claims he saw Aurora having dinner with Ames; also says they were arguing bitterly

One of the three men is the murderer, and a picture clue proves that he is lying to the police.

Who is he: AMES? BROWN? or COLE?

Send us the murderer's name . . . and you'll get this



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The Bitter Fruits of Crime

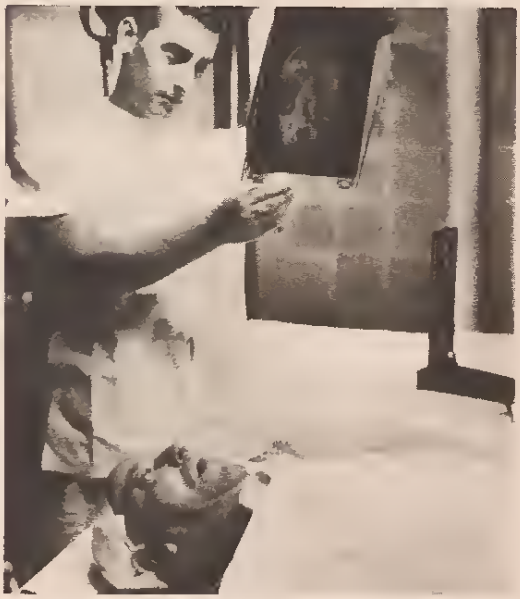
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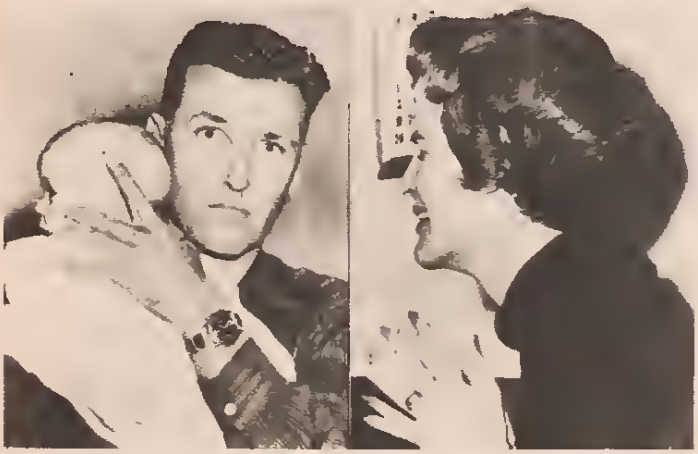


Vain effart is made ta save life af Pamela Lint, 4, (*abave*). Stepfather, Rabert Lint (*belaw, l.*) says that the girl fell dawnstairs, but he's charged with murder as his wife, the girl's mather, prays.



Veranica Greubel (*abave*), murdered by George Allen (*belaw*), wha then tried suicide. Dactar examines an X-ray af the bullet in his skull.







Honolulu Detective Jae Lee leads way for Marine Pfc. James A. Hedges (l.) charged with the first-degree murder of Mrs. Helen Peoples, whose sheet-covered body is shawn in cluttered Waikiki alley. Peaple watch palice search the alley (r.).

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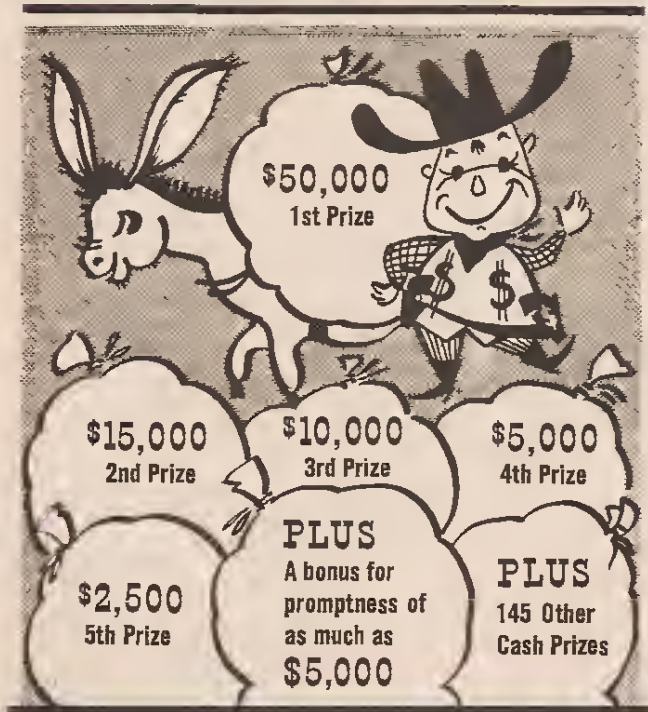
PUZZLE NO. ONE

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Private Life of a SEX MOVIE STAR

By Tracy B . . .

Bootleg movies are Big Business, and I was their star! You should see my love scenes!

A COUPLE of months ago a new girl was placed in my cell. She was a snobbish little rat who looked on the rest of us as dirt. For all her airs, however, she was just another prostitute, but she never tired of boasting to us about what a big deal she'd had, what big "names" her clients were, and all the pull and influence her operation had had. She spent hours regaling us with the lurid details of her trial and trotted out bales of clippings from every major newspaper across the country. Then she sprang what she considered to be the punch line of her tale, "I used to get better than a hundred dollars a night."

Judy, my other cellmate nodded shyly at me. I grinned back at her. For all her influence, this third-rate piece of mattress bait was still in jail, and the cash she talked about so boastfully was strictly peanuts. At the time that my career was brought to a sudden and final halt in the midst of screaming arrests and shouting cops, I was pulling down anywhere from $1500 to $2500 for a few hours work. Few people know the inside of the "profession" as well as I do. It's the movies, the stag shows, that bring home the bullion in the sex racket. I know for sure. I was one of the stars.

I was, and I still am, a very pretty girl. That's not boasting. When a girl has to depend on her face and figure for her fortune, she'd be an awful fool if she tried to kid herself. There's nothing much you can do when you're posing raw. You've either got it or you haven't. I did. From the age of 17 I knew it, and I meant to cash in on it.

I wasn't a bad kid. One high school affair was all the experience I brought with me into the wide wide world, and while it may add up to the same thing, a teenage lover is a pretty bad bunch.

My family had a little money set aside for my education. I spent it on dramatic school. I was good at the work. If the breaks had been right, I would probably be a real star today, the toast of either Broadway or Hollywood. I graduated with top honors in my class and I even won the special prize, coveted by every student in the Academy, a part in a Broadway show.

It was that part that turned my face eastward instead of toward the west coast. I naturally accepted the employment with shrieks of delight and settled down to what I believed to be the beginning of fame and fortune.

I worked hard at my job from the first day of rehearsals. The show went over with a bang. All in all it ran for 47 weeks. Not bad for a beginner! During the run of the show, I began to get around a lot. I met people, all kinds of people, went to the best clubs and made all the columns. It was heaven dipped in pink champagne. Then came my descent.

I got the first sinking sensation the day they posted the closing notice. I wasn't the only one. Outside of the star and the male lead, none of us knew where our next month's work or rent was coming from. The other girls were all busy making plans.

The blow fell on schedule. It was then that my first "break" led me directly to my undoing. I had come up too easily. Whereas all of the others had sweated and strained for their parts, mine had been delivered to me on a silver platter. They knew their way around, through the mazes of agents' offices, casting directors and even the Equity grapevine. I knew from nothing. I didn't even have an agent. As for Equity, aside from having paid my initiation fee and dues, I had never even spent one hour in their offices.

I had thought that my publicity and reviews would open every door. I found out within a week that there are five actresses with Grade A qualifications for every job open. I was not only bottom dog, I was hardly even on the edges of the pileup.

I roamed the streets from agent to agent, from casting office to casting office. I made one half-hearted connection, but evidently the manager I picked for myself was a dud, because he never turned up a single thing for me. I'm not kicking. Other girls have had the same experience or worse and still won out. I just took a different road.

To pick up bread and butter, I answered show paper ads for some modeling jobs. For the most part they were cheesecake, with the accent on the upper crust, but nevertheless harmless enough and good publicity. They paid from 15 to 20 an hour, depending on brevity of costume. Even so there was a limit to my earnings. How much cheese can one girl pose for?

To stretch my income I went through my list of men friends. There was no malice about it. All I wanted were a few free meals. However, I shortly found out, that whereas a man might take a tease from a stage employed glamor girl, he expects more from an unemployed beauty than witty conversation and a well-formed dancing partner. It was give or go hungry. I gave.

Once I was actually offered pay for my services. I turned it down cold. I've never been sorry about



that. It's just as I told my cellmates. That's the quickest route to birdseed. I did get a first-rate education, though.

I kept on with modeling. I did a few nudes. Double rates were all the inducement necessary. It was still legitimate. Art magazines and so forth use the stuff perfectly honestly and openly. So do the calendars.

Then one day I answered an ad from a new photog. After the interview he became brutally frank. He wanted to shoot a few special stills. There was nothing much I had to do, you understand, but nevertheless these shots were over the line. He wanted me to show a lot more than even the standard nude requires. I hesitated.

"Fifty bucks an hour," he offered.

I didn't even answer. I just started taking off my dress.

I went to his studio for quite a number of shootings. He never laid a finger on me. It was just shoot and shoot and shoot. There were views from the front and the back, top and bottom, alone and with props, lots of different kinds of props. I felt funny about some of them, but as he said, they were just bits of cardboard. He finally had enough material to satisfy the most clinically demanding buyer.

Then it was silence. For weeks I didn't hear another word from him. It was summer time and business was very bad. To heat the heat and the humidity, most reasonable folks went out of town. I had missed the boat completely on summer stock. I was just too plain dumb.

I called the photographer and asked him if he had any business. He wouldn't speak over the phone, but he indicated that if I dropped in he would be happy to talk to me. I came over promptly. He was alone in his studio.

"Hiya, Tracy," he greeted me as I walked in.

"Hi," I replied. "Well, you asked for me and here we are. When do we go to work."

"Whoa, there, hold on," he returned, "nobody said anything about work. I thought you just wanted to talk a bit."

"But I thought," I said haltingly, "I thought you implied . . ."

"Never think, baby," he cut in, "it's bad for the health. You said you'd like to talk to me. OK. Start talking."

I started. I told him my situation. I explained how desperate I was for work, any kind of work, even the kind of shots he liked to take. He just laughed at me.

"I've already got you on film, Tracy, baby," he announced. "What more have you got to offer. One set will last forever. They won't date. I can peddle the prints as long as I like."

I broke down and began to cry. He got off his chair and came over to me. For the first time since I'd met him, I felt his arm come down across my shoulder and start wandering.

"Cheer up, Tracy," he whispered, "maybe we can work this out."

I looked up at him. For a moment or so I thought he meant it, but then I understood. His moving fingers told their own story. I knew what he had in mind. I didn't object. I'd done as much for a good dinner. I was prepared to face a casting couch, even for still parts, with complete equanimity.

It was afterwards that he broke it to me.

"See how easy it is, Tracy. Now all you have to do is act the same way . . . in front of a movie camera. Nothing to it at all. There's two hundred and fifty an hour for you in it. More than an hour's work at that. What do you say, baby?"

It was the culmination of an entire month of hell, of ups and downs, of hope and despair, of the afternoon's high expectations and then this letdown. I knew how much the money meant to me. I was exhausted, physically, mentally, and morally. I had no resistance left inside me. I knew I was weak, but I'm not fooling myself either. The sound of all that cash rang bells inside my head. I agreed.

The shooting took place in an old warehouse in the downtown area. It was a bigger operation than I had expected. There were several people involved in the show. There was a man to play opposite me, there was my photog as camera man, a lighting expert, a prop man, a director and two other men who remained in the background. They were the producers.



I won't go into what we shot that night. What's the use? It couldn't be printed anyway. The shooting took about 2 and a half hours. They didn't quibble. They paid for three. I took the money, walked out, and breathed a long deep sigh. I thought I was free now. With seven hundred and fifty dollars, I could hold out until the new season. I need never go back again.

I don't have to tell you what an innocent idiot I was. They had me all right, hooked tight. There could no longer be any question of what type of girl I was. They had it down

on film, all the evidence they needed to hold me in a bondage of blackmail.

From then on I was called back to work time and again. My photog friend was out of the picture. He had done his job in procuring me. Now I was "studio property."

To keep my value up, the producers got me a part in another show. So long as I was a glamor girl, hitting the papers with reams of publicity, my sales value was enormous.



Once I discovered the trap I was in, I was faced with a decision.

I could become a crybaby, begging to get out, driving myself crazy with false hopes, worry and fear, or I could admit to myself the position I now occupied, make the best of it and try to get as much for myself as possible. I am not a coward. I've always faced up to life, good or bad. I took the second choice. It was really no choice at all.

When the decision had once been made, I hesitated no longer. I made up my mind that evil as the job was, I was going to be good at it, the best there was in fact. I made suggestions that I thought were innovations. They were used, but I found out there was nothing really new about them. After a million years, what can be new?

I gave the producers the idea of using a story line, even writing a script for them. They loved that. We made quite a movie out of that story. There were six characters in it. Maybe you've seen it. It was one of the most successful movies of its kind ever produced in this country. You may still have a chance. A lot of copies were destroyed, but there must be dozens still floating around the country.

The script did do one thing for me, however. It raised my status in the eyes of the producers. They shortly raised my salary. I hit the top bracket, $500 per hour with a minimum of $1000.

In the "movie" business a girl gets quite a different outlook on life. Take me, for example. While I had never thought of myself as being really bad when I had slept with men in return for a date or gift, I had certainly known that I was doing something morally wrong. Now I took a man or left him alone without a thought, one way or the other. Business or pleasure, work or play, it made little difference to me. After a few months there was nothing, I repeat nothing, that any man could suggest, that I hadn't done in front of a camera.

At work I was accommodating to anyone. I had no particular reason to hold myself aloof. If it pleased the camera man, the director, the producer, or any of their friends who happened to be present, it was fine with me. Just so long as my time was paid, I was anybody's woman.

It wasn't all what you might call "normal" either. They pulled some wild gags in some of those films. I did an awful lot I'd rather not even think about today.

Meanwhile, my regular theater work fell off completely. The show I had been given in exchange for my stag film duties closed. I was far too busy to bother about looking for another assignment. I had found my niche in show business and stuck to it.

There was one brief period when I toyed with the idea of doing a few party stunts, but that didn't last long. One try was all I needed to discover that I was spoiling not improving my position. Too much familiarity with the customers removed a lot of the glamor from my stage reputation. If they could see and have me in person, why rent the films? A film stunt payed me plenty, while a stag group only came across with fifty or a hundred bucks.

Altogether, I made more than 75 movies. In about 15 of them, I not only starred, but wrote the show as well. I believe that I was one of the better paid actresses in New York and its surrounding area.

I say New York area, because a lot of the films were made out of town. The backers picked sites, usually within a fifty-mile radius of the city, often tempting a run down farmer with a heavy wad of cash in exchange for using his barn.

It was one of these farmers who led to our downfall. I don't know all of the details, but I can fill in the outline. His land had been in a notably run down condition for years. When he suddenly began to flash his money about the local town, with no improvement in his farm layout, people began to ask him questions. He wasn't a very inventive guy. He might at least have blamed his good luck on the horses.

He broke down completely under the weight of a dozen conflicting stories. The local sheriff got to him but good. In return for immunity, he agreed to help them set a trap for us. We fell in without a murmur of suspicion.

I'll never forget that night as long as I live. We left the city by car, at a little after eight P.M. We pre-

(continued on page 91)

I WAS A *Slave!*

"I was young and pretty. My father sold me to the Communists to obtain dope!"

by Helen MacW.



I KNEW THINGS were going from bad to worse, but I don't believe that anything could have prepared me for what actually happened. And yet, living as I did, in the Orient, I should have realized how much the local outlook can infiltrate the human mind. Twelve years is a long time. Even a strong-willed person comes to think like those around him by then—and a weak man succumbs completely.

I was only five years old in 1945 when Daddy took an engineering job in Indo-China. It was fun, at first. We lived like royalty—his salary, ordinary by American standards, went a million miles at the local standard of living.

But then, in 1952, mother died of cholera, and things changed abruptly. Daddy grew despondent. He stopped meeting people. We began to live almost like hermits. And sometime in the next year or so, Daddy began to take drugs. Then things really started to go downhill.

The civil war that had been going on ever since I could remember, was getting fiercer and fiercer. The company for whom Daddy worked was finding it increasingly more difficult to operate. Of course Daddy had a lot of seniority, so, we didn't worry too much—but even so, a lot of people I knew—kids I had gone to school with—were packing up and going home. Hanoi was rapidly losing its international flavor.

Then came the terrible French defeat at Dienbienphu. After that, there was nothing. The company ceased its northern operations and withdrew to Saigon. Daddy was through. For while some of the personnel were transferred, by now my father was so deeply involved with drugs that even the most tolerant boss could no longer ignore it.

We were officially warned by the American consulate that it was no longer safe for Americans to remain in Hanoi. The division of the country was imminent. It was only a matter of weeks before the communists took over. But Daddy refused to move. He was quite cynical about it.

"I need opium," he grunted. "I can get it here for practically nothing. What is there in the States for me? No. I'd be at the mercy of every gangster and racketeer. But I've got connections in Hanoi. I'll get along."

I stayed, because it was my home. Believe it or not, in spite of everything, I loved my father.

And then, in time, our money ran out. The kind, smiling merchants who even in a communist regime would bow and scrape before the lure of the dollar, now stopped smiling. And the drug sellers hardly paid him any attention.

I worked, scraped, and plotted to get food. Yet Daddy seemed to frustrate every maneuver. He became evil, crafty, mean. If he could steal the money I got hold of, he would. Opium was all that mattered. He had to have it.

Finally, the day came—just before my seventeenth birthday—when we hit bottom. There wasn't anything. I suffered. I was hungry.

THE HARROWING FIRST-PERSON STORY OF A GIRL WHO CAME BACK FROM HELL!

But to Daddy, it was literally hell. After nearly five years of addiction, he was deprived of his drugs for good—complete withdrawal. He stood it for 24 hours. After that, he wasn't a human being any longer.

He left the house a little after six in the morning, and was gone for better than three hours. When he returned, he was accompanied by a fat, grinning Chinese man.

"There she is," he gasped to his "friend:" "That's my daughter. What do you say? Is it a deal?"

The Chinaman looked at me coldly, icily. His eyes traveled up and down my figure as if he were estimating a steer for the slaughterhouse. I shuddered.

"Twenty-five ounces. That's the best I can do. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," Daddy gasped. "What can I do? Make it fast. I've got to have the stuff—quick."

The Chinaman giggled. "Very well, sir. Certainly." He drew a paper out of his pocket. "If you'll just sign here, please."

Daddy signed. It was all he could do to hold a pen. When he finished, the Oriental reached into his robe and tossed out a small tin box.

"Very good sir," said the Chinaman. "Here's my part of the bargain. Now for yours." He looked up at Daddy.

My father seemed to see me for the first time. He stared at me, looking into my eyes for almost a full minute. Then he grimaced, and doubled up again. "Go with Chen Hun," he announced. "You belong to him now. He's your new father." He turned and made a dash for the bedroom. I never saw him again.

To most of you, the entire proceeding seems impossible, but in the East the idea of "adoption" through purchase is considered a completely legal thing. Poor people, desperate fathers and mothers, have been selling their daughters into slavery for thousands of years. But, since slavery is illegal, a gimmick is used as a substitute. The buyer completes a formal "adoption." After that, he is the legal "father" of the girl. And like any Oriental father, he has complete and absolute rights over his "child." He can do anything with her that he likes—make her a concubine if he wishes, or put her to work as a prostitute. Or, he can make her into a house or field slave. The girl has no way out, except marriage. And to make the trap final, she cannot marry without her father's permission. That usually costs a small fortune.

This was the situation in which I now found myself. There was no one to whom I could turn. The American consulate was closed. Europeans were so scarce that they were practically beyond reach. And the Viet Minh communist police were all on my new "father's" side. In fact, they considered it to be a first-rate joke on a "white" woman.

Chen took me to a small town in the interior, about 70 miles west of Hanoi, and installed me in his house. The very first night I was there, I started to learn how he proposed to use me.

Up to that point in my life, I had led a very protected existence. All I knew about sex was what I had discovered in books. At the age of 17 I was not only still a virgin, but practically totally innocent in even knowing what to expect.

But I found out about the "facts of life" with startling clarity. After dinner, I was sent up to my room and locked in. I lay down on my bed and started to cry. I felt so completely beaten and hopeless that for the first time the idea of suicide entered my mind. Looking back on it, it might have been better if I had killed myself. But

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By Carole R.

I MURDERED MY HUSBAND

Tom was everything I'd ever wanted—as different from the man I had married as night from day.

IT'S SO EASY to make a mistake. Even when you know what you're doing is wrong, still there are times when it doesn't seem to matter; when the pressures of life, of emotions, of hopes and desires make that very wrong appear to be the most important thing in the world. People can get confused by their emotions. And when they do, only God can help them, for in themselves there is nothing left, nothing but the instincts of brutality, force and animal survival. If I could have only stopped for a moment of prayer at my own time of moral crisis, perhaps—no not perhaps, certainly I would not be where I am today. For unhappy as I was, I would have seen that two wrongs can never lead to happiness.

Frankly, I don't think there is anyone in the world who lives a more precarious hand-to-mouth existence than a poor farmer. My father was one. I grew up on his farm. To most of you, city or country dwellers, there seems to be something terribly romantic about farming, about the country. You think of broad fields, of golden crops, green grass, cool, shady orchards and hoary woods intermingled with an occasional deep sunspecked copse. You visualize brown faced, cornhaired, barefoot boys and girls laughing and happy.

That is romantic. But it wasn't father's farm. His land was thin, sandy and interspersed with rocks. His crops were small and patchy, growing under constant care and tending only where the soil could support them. His trees were scrub pine, small and stunted and giving everything a grim and hard look.

Children are both a curse and a consolation on a farm like that. A curse because every extra mouth is a burden to feed; a consolation because every pair of hands is needed to literally draw the crops out of the ground; an investment in the future.

I suppose my father loved me in his own way. But in an atmosphere like that, survival, self-preservation comes to be the biggest end in life. I don't suppose he ever would have consciously hurt me. And actually, from his point of view—and mother's too, what he did was for my best interests: to keep me from suffering the hardships that he'd gone through in life. Anything, yes anything at all, would be better than that.

And so he sold me to Old Man Roberts. For one thousand dollars in cash and forty bushels of seed, he took me down to Church and made me marry a man of more than sixty-seven. There I was, just seventeen at the time.

I cried a lot. I hated Mr. Roberts. He was known all over the valley as a mean one. He'd been married, they said, once before. But his wife must have passed on long before I was born. He used to bring up a woman from the city every year or so. They'd stay awhile, keeping house for him—and other things too, according to rumor—and then go away.

But I had no say in the matter. Father made his decision—and there I was, married, Mrs. Roberts, the wife of the richest man in the county, living in a nice house on bottom land, with a sitting room, fine furniture, pretty clothes,—and a husband old enough to be my grandpa.

I tried hard to be a good wife. I won't try to pretend that there ever was a drop of love in my heart for him, but, at the beginning at least, I felt that my parents had been wise, that they had given me a chance to get out of the rut of poverty.

Still, from the first day, it was obvious that my husband despised me. As far as he was concerned, I was another convenience around his house, something he had bought to make his life more pleasant. I was nothing more than a fresh young body, a woman to be treated as one would a prostitute.

I won't go through the degrading acts he made me perform in order to arouse his worn out sexual interest. It's enough to say that he was a most lecherous, despicable old beast.

I stood it all, until as a last resort, he turned to sadism. For he found that by hurting me, by beating me until the blood flowed, he could bring himself to the peak of excitement. After six months of marriage, I was a mass of bruises, cuts and welts.

Perhaps, if I had divorced him, or even run away, things might have still turned out all right, but it was about that time that I met and fell in love with Tom Carrell.

I had known Tom for years—in an offhand way. We had never really dated or even spoken to each other to any extent. But we had attended the same school. Looking back on it, I can see that Tom was hardly any better than my husband . . . though at the time, I never realized or understood that. It had seemed natural to me that as a town boy, he had never paid any attention to a poor farm girl. It never occurred to me that all he ever wanted from me was money . . . that when I was poor I was of no interest to him.

We met at a barn dance. It was wonderful to feel a young, strong, handsome man holding me in his arms as we whirled away to that happy music. It was exhilerating to listen to the nonsensical conversation of a boy my own age, instead of the nasty cursings and vicious outpouring of an old man. I liked Tom and told him so.

"You're a cute little thing yourself Carrie," he grinned in reply. "Where have you been all these years? No, don't tell me. I've been the blind one. If I'd had any sense I'd have done some exploring in the countryside instead of keeping my eyes on Main Street."

Corny, wasn't it? Yet I was so hungry for a compliment, so desperate for a kind word that I swallowed his line like a baby fish.

After that, he seemed to be around, where I went. He'd just "happen" to be outside the stores when I went shopping. He'd just "accidentally" pass by when I was working around the house. It was all so very casual. And yet, I liked seeing him and never actually thought it strange that he'd suddenly show up at places where he'd never been known to go before.

I suppose it's only natural that faced with the comparison of an evil old man and a courting, handsome young one, that I should get emotionally involved. I found myself looking forward to seeing him; feeling miserable when he failed to turn up.

And then came the evening when he told me that he loved me. I felt my heart jump inside my chest as he took me in his arms. I knew that I loved him too. I forgot everything, myself, my husband, the whole world, in the joy of one fast embrace.

My life changed completely after that. Nothing was just "casual" any more. We planned our meetings with the care of deep conspirators. We literally fought for every moment together.

And it wasn't long before our affair passed beyond the stage of only innocent kisses. The touch of his hands, the warmth of his breath, the soft urgency of his lips set me on fire. I didn't want to resist. I didn't feel that I had any reason to resist. For what else did I have to look forward to? Only the sickening caress of a brutal husband.

To this day I'm not certain whether or not my husband knew I was unfaithful. Sometimes I suspect that he did. For many times, after an hour of bliss with Tom, he'd take a special joy in inflicting some brand new "punishment" on me. He seemed to get an even greater kick than usual over taking my body on the nights I'd spent with my lover.

I appeared to be innocent enough when one day, after a particularly

(continued on page 71)



"The evening that he told me he loved me I forgot everything else—my husband, myself and the entire world — in the joy of our embrace."

"I thought I was a hero when I first arrived . . . I thought with my record I could fit right in with the clique."



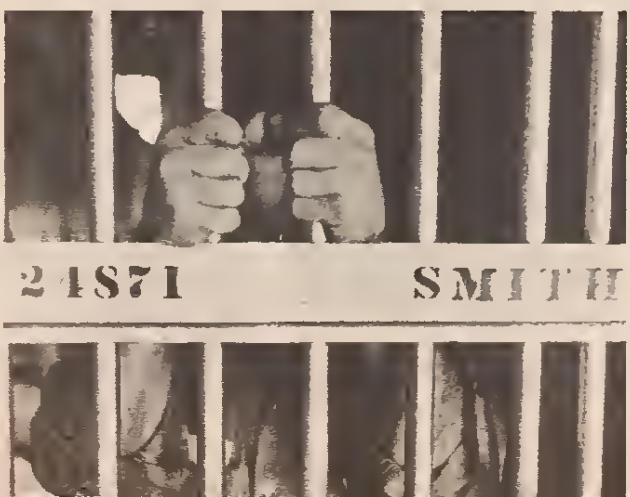
Living Hell for a TEENAGE CONVICT

AN EXPOSÉ PHOTO EXCLUSIVE

DESPITE our elaborate, precautionary system of reform schools, each year several thousand teen-age boys in the United States find themselves behind bars in state prisons.

Contrary to popular opinion, these youngsters are not always coached by their elders in the ways of crime, nor are they accepted as

Behind bars again after he escaped, seized guard's wife.



Interview with chaplain, who tries to win his confidence.





Prisan guidance cammittee, campased af chaplains, vacatianal afficers, try ta help Jahnny make plans far his future.



First night in state prisan, Jahnny panders future. Old timer tells him ta farget abaut trying ta act like a bigshat.



He trades watch far purse ta send mather, vialating rules against barter. He is sent ta salitary an bread and water.



Weoring stripes indicotes temporary loss of privileges.



Staring at outside, he panders result af breaking rules.



That night, for first time in years, he prays by prisan cot for guidance.



She has kept imprisonment o secret, his mother writes. He feels shame.



Mather's visit makes him even more ashomed. He determines to straighten aut.

social equals. More often, they are called "prison babies." A typical example is Johnny, although he is serving a 25-year term.

At 16, Johnny was sent to the state reformatory. At 18 he escaped, kidnapped a guard's wife, and stole a car. A few weeks later, he found himself at Iowa State Prison, in Fort Madison. "I thought I was a hero when I first arrived," Johnny says. "I'd heard a lot of stories about prisons, but I figured that with my record I could fit right in with a clique."

Johnny got his first shock when he found that prison "big shots" existed almost entirely in the imaginations of fiction writers. His second came when he learned that most of the prisoners looked at him with pity and compassion. His



He makes his first friend, is assigned ta prisan recards affice where he will be taught typing and baakkeeping



Jahnny makes arrangements with guard far wark materials ta be sent ta his cell sa that he may study at night.



Recreatian and study cantribute to his chance af refarm, and early parale.



third came when Warden P.A. Lainson told him, "We haven't had many dealings with you youngsters. You can either grow mentally and emotionally to fit in, or you can be a misfit all the way and get nothing but trouble."

Whereas Johnny had once imagined himself as a "master criminal," he soon changed his values. He yearned to "go home and tinker with an old jalopy, go to school and date girls." He wanted to do the things he used to believe were for kids.

If Johnny really means what he says he has a good chance to cut his sentence provided that he earns it. It appears that Johnny is on the right path. He has already abandoned his notion of becoming a master crook. THE END

THE U. S. TOWN . . .

WHERE RED LIGHTS ARE LEGAL

Prosperity brought men. Men brought trouble—trouble for Delano's decent women. But red lights solved the problem, townsfolk claim.

by Fletcher Cade

AN OUT-OF-STATE license plate was my open sesame to the strangest week I've ever spent. The town of Delano, California, population 8717 at the time of the last Federal Census, and today probably well on the way to the 10,000 mark, is the locale of the only legal, wide-open Houses of Prostitution left in America. While it is true that the local ordinances which officially permit prostitution do so in defiance of the statutes of the State of California, nevertheless as far as the residents of the town are concerned, the oldest profession is not only tolerated, but is definitely encouraged.

As one of the town officials put it, "The people of Delano are more than 90% in favor of the Houses. As far as we're concerned, the Madams kept the town from falling apart at the seams."

Delano itself is the center of a thriving farm community. By every law of economics it is, as it should be, a bustling urban center—vibrant, prosperous and happy. However, it wasn't very long ago that the leading citizens of the town were worried sick about the future. It seemed for a time that despite all the advantages that Delano possessed, the average family man wanted no further part of the place. More than half the population was actively considering the idea of moving away.

In a nutshell, it was the very prosperity of the farmland surrounding the city that posed the biggest threat to its very existence. Due to the nature of their business, the farmers have been employing thousands upon thousands of migratory workers, Mexican, Filipino and Chinese. Without this type of labor, the farms of the area could not possibly be operated profitably.

Now there is nothing wrong with this type of farming. Hundreds of communities throughout the nation, especially in the West and Southwest, work on the same principle. Neither is there anything wrong with the men who make up this army of workers. Individually and as a group, they are hard-working, thrifty, kind and decent.

But given any large group of womanless men who are worked hard, paid well, and then turned loose on a Saturday night, you will find a perfect situation for trouble. Army camp towns across the nation discovered the same thing during the war years, when they too were overwhelmed. The Army at least has compulsory discipline. Free and individual men are not so ordered.

These men, sometimes equal in numbers to the total permanent population of the town, were hungry for sex. There was no means of satisfying this hunger. They turned to the girls and women of Delano. In short order, the very prosperity of the farmlands turned life in the city into a nightmare. A few, a very few, of the local women turned happily to the excitement of the free-spending farmhands. To the rest, however, a walk in the street—even by daylight—was a stroll down Terror Lane. By night, a woman walking alone was openly inviting rape.

Mothers shivered whenever their daughters went to the local malt shop, and if they were even five minutes late, it was an occasion for weeping, and sometimes, horror. They dared not even go down themselves to fetch the girls home.

Something bad to be done, and the people of Delano were not afraid to look facts in the face. Their governing body, supported by the entire town, voted to bring in prostitutes, and to guarantee their safe operation. This decision was greeted with an overwhelming sigh of relief.

Today, the town of Delano is a model of deportment. Rape and crime have almost disappeared. Women walk the streets in safety. Delano is happy again.

I arrived in town with a lot of misconceptions. I had pictured it to myself as a vicious, lascivious town of iniquity, where sex ran rampant, and everyday life was one long, wild orgy. I found instead a well ordered, efficient community, where sex kept its proper place, and where the red light district was run like any other area of business.

It is true that a local bartender, in response to my leering request as to where I could find a woman, recommended me to a couple of Houses, but I also noted with interest that his reply was completely matter-of-fact, and without the slightest trace of suggestivity. Nor did he reply at all until he was

absolutely sure that I was an out-of-towner. I discovered the truth of what I was to hear over and over again: the Houses in Delano were reserved for farm workers and travellers. They are strictly forbidden to the local population. The Madams themselves help to enforce this ban; in fact, the Madams of Delano are among the most law-abiding citizens to be found in any town, anywhere in the world.

I took the addresses the barman gave me and carefully wrote them down. I then drove off in the direction of the red light district. On my way, to check on the "official" attitude, I stopped at a street corner to question a local policeman.

"Pardon me officer," I began in my politest tone, "I'm a stranger in town and I'm looking for a woman. They tell me prostitution is legal here."

He looked at me carefully and then stepped around to check my license plates. He came back to my window, smiling.

"That's right, sir," he replied. "I was just checking to see where you came from. Now, if you'll make a left turn at the next corner and go four blocks on down the street, you'll find Kitty's place. If you have any trouble, ask anyone at all. Hope you have a good stay in town." He stepped back and motioned me on. I was satisfied. Prostitution certainly was out in the open here.

The House itself was a plain, unadorned, two story stucco building. On the outside there was no sign, name card, or other means of identification. It looked like any one of a dozen similar residences in the neighborhood. There were several cars parked around at the side. Leaving my own automobile in the same lot, I walked over to the front door and knocked. A handsome, middle-aged woman answered.

"Is this Kitty's," I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "but we don't serve town folks here."

"Oh I don't live in town," I replied hastily, "I'm just travelling through. I took out my driver's license and handed it to her.

She looked at it, handed it back, and stepped away from the door. "Come on in," she said, "it's OK. How did you hear about us?"

"The cop down the street recommended you," I told her.

She nodded with understanding. "Visitors are always welcome."

I followed her into what appeared to be the reception room. There were several girls sitting about. Business was not active. Kitty evidently understood what I was thinking.

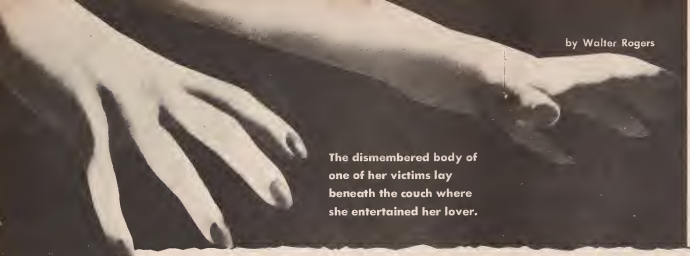
"It usually is kind of slow this early in the afternoon. Things don't begin to pop until about 6 P.M. or so, after the farmboys get into town."

I spent quite a few days in and

(continued on page 84)



by Walter Rogers



The dismembered body of one of her victims lay beneath the couch where she entertained her lover.

SHE SLIPPED A NOOSE AROUND THEIR NECKS

THE CONTINUOUS horror of sustained warfare effects each of us differently. Not only the soldiers in the front line, but the civilians of wartorn cities such as London and Berlin, who witnessed the daily flow of blood, whose evenings were a constant nightmare of the screams of their neighbors' agony; these innocent people, too, could not avoid being affected by the prolonged suffering all around them.

Warfare makes some of us more compassionate; more kindly and sympathetic toward others. Unfortunately it has the reverse effect on others, making them callous and brutal. The constant bloodshed and agony innures them to suffering and in some cases it has a further effect. They not only shut out the screams of agony and the pleas for help, but they themselves become infected with the bloodlust. Either they kill solely for the sake of inflicting pain, or violence comes to mean so little to them that they callously kill to obtain their objective. The war made Elizabeth Kusian into such a person. Undoubtedly, the prolonged bombardment of her native Berlin was the cause.

Elizabeth was small, demure and lady-like. Her neighbors knew her as the faithful mother of three children. Her patients knew her as a sweet and solicitous nurse whose hands comforted and whose manner soothed.

But Elizabeth Kusian, beneath her soft exterior and gentle manner, was as lethal as a jungle tigress. Fiercely passionate, a dope addict and the mistress of many men, she startled and shocked war-toughened Berlin when she confessed to the merciless strangle-murder of two innocent people.

The crimes first came to light in December of 1949 when children at play in the ruins of a bombed building in West Berlin found parts of a dismembered corpse hidden in the rubble. From an injury on a foot and from the teeth, the remains were identified as the body of Hermann Seidelmann, a small-town merchant from the Soviet Zone who had last been seen dealing on the black market at the Zoo subway station in Berlin. But since the war's end, 20 mutilated corpses had been found in the ruins of Berlin, and the murders had not been solved. Seidelmann's case merely became No. 21.

Then, only three weeks later, still another dissected corpse was discovered. This time it was the body of a woman. In both instances, the dissection had been committed by someone with medical knowledge. No ordinary layman could have performed the surgical cuts of which both bodies gave evidence. The two cases were linked.

Relatives identified the second body as that of Doris Merten, 46, who had been missing since December 20th. She had been an employee of an office supply shop, and was last seen when she left "to deliver a typewriter to a nurse on Kant Street,"

(continued on page 75)



Elizabeth Kusian: post war Berlin's most sensational trial centered around her.



Scene of second murder. Victim's body was hidden temporarily under couch.



Judge Korsh enters court. Donning cap, he prepares to pronounce the sentence.



Walter Kusian (r.) With court officer hears shocking accusation by ex-wife.



Instructor Al Ireland shows Olivia Cannery how to parry knife thrust, while knocking attacker off balance with foot, and striking across nose.



Blows in back of knee and across nose enable girl to flip man. As he hits ground, she steps on windpipe and applies wrist lock to make knife drop.

BEAUTIES WHO FLOOR THEIR MEN!

Would-be robbers, muggers, and rapists get their come uppance from girls who know their judo . . .

WATCH OUT, brother! Get fresh with the wrong girl and you may find a couple of your bones broken. In this case, the wrong girl would be any one of those who have graduated from a judo course given at Al Roon's Health Clubs in New York City.

Girls usually come to the Health Club for beauty treatments, but lately petite females have been flocking to classes in the manly art of self defense. What happens at these classes is enough to make any male think twice about forcing his attentions on a female.

At the classes, judo instructors recreate the actions of would-be mashers and accost the girls. Then they show the girls how to send a man flipping. "It's all a matter of weight distribution," say the instructors.

Whatever it is, after about two lessons the girls can easily heave a 200-pounder through the air. The "students" are also taught how to apply holds that could break a man's wrist or leg if the going gets really rough. They even taught how to send a dance partner sprawling when he gets too close for comfort.

So, take care! That girl you have your eye on may turn out to be dynamite.



Toni, weighing 112 pounds, mastered this maneuver in only 20 minutes. She shows how to handle attacker from side in a "shoulder-wheeling throw."



Instructor George Smith applies frontal choke. Toni breaks hold, stepping back, dropping to one knee, and flipping him by twisting his wrist.



As attacker kicks, Toni grabs his leg, twists ankle sharply sending him spinning. She applies a step-over leg hold, rendering the man helpless.



Al shows Singer Toni Carroll how to break bear hug from rear by sliding out of arms, grabbing attacker by the leg and snapping it up and out, flooring him.



The WARDEN Commits MURDER

Soldier, adventurer, jailer and ladies' man, he wound up behind cell bars with some of the convicts he'd guarded.

by Piers Gaveston

AFTER WEEKS of frustration, the two crack New York detectives began to wonder if they bad not at last come up against that rarity among rarities—the "Perfect Crime."

Yet, for a number of pretty good reasons, this didn't make sense.

In the first place, the murder was an exceptionally untidy one: certainly not the bandiwork of a "master criminal."

And the instrument of death, to say the least, was crude and unimaginative: a cheap, ballpeen hammer. Nor had any effort been made to dispose of the blood-smeared weapon, it was found near the bed where the body of the savagely bludgeoned girl lay.

The girl, dark, petite, and uncommonly attractive, reposed in an attitude of sleep, the covers neatly over her, but drenched witb blood.

More than once the bammer had been brought down upon her head. Her skull had been crushed. But there were no other marks of violence upon her shapely form.

And her eyes were closed . . .



Coming events forecost their shodow. In o playful mood the mojor ond his wife clown for the benefit of photogropher, hoving no premonition of the trogic hommer murder in which they would be involved — or hod they?

"Sbe must have been struck as she slept," reasoned the detectives, Sergeant James Pyke and Thomas (Pop) Martin of the Homicide Squad. "And there's not a sign of a fight or a struggle anywhere in the room."

The room was No. 1108 in a quiet, respectable midtown New York Hotel. Three days before, the dark-haired beauty had checked in with a rather handsome man in his 40s, a well-dressed, friendly sort, who bore himself with a military air.

He had signed the register: "T. W. James & Wife, Troy, New York."

And the desk clerk catalogued them mentally as "nice folks."

And so the couple seemed to be, "nice folks"—quiet and undemanding.

The floor maid remembered especially how polite tbe man had been to her, and how thoughtful he seemed to be about his wife.

On this third day—it was February 7th, 1928—the maid recalled going to the room around noon to make it up and knocking on the



Dissipation oged ployboy from time the photo on opposite poge wos token.

door.

"Mr. James opened the door," she said later, "and told me his wife had been sick with a headache and was trying to take a nap. He asked me not to disturb her until 4 o'clock, and that he was going out himself—so she could rest better. He came out. He smiled at me, gave me a quarter, and then walked down the corridor to the elevators . . ."

The maid came back at 4 o'clock. And receiving no response to her knock, she opened the door and stepped inside—and found the body of the murdered woman.

Sergeant Pyke and Detective Martin reached the scene within a few minutes and began one of the most fruitless searches for clues in the history of criminal investigation.

The room itself was in perfect order, save for the blood-soaked bedding and, of course, the hammer. Even the waste-basket was clean and empty.

And the closets were in neat arrangement, too. The only significant thing the detectives noted about them was that they contained not a single article of men's apparel—not even a man's handkerchief could he found in the room.

But there were a number of feminine things. Two pairs of pumps, for example; a dress, a new hat . . .

Before Pyke and Martin devoted too much time to these items, however, they wired Troy police for information on "Mr. and Mrs. T. W. James."

"Persons answering name and your description unknown to this department," came back the quick reply.

Now the shoes, dress, hat—every scrap or thread that belonged to the slain girl—took on a new, paramount importance.

Nothing else had been found in the room—no letters or documents of any kind—which offered the remotest clue to the victim's identity. And, until the detectives knew who she had been—and it was certain she had *not* been "Mrs. T. W. James of Troy"—it was fantastic to think of trying to track down her killer.

But, of the several articles, only the new turban-style hat hore a label. It was traced to a New York store. The clerk who had sold it was found. And, yes, she remembered the pretty young woman who bought it. She looked up the sales slip . . .

"Yes," she said triumphantly, as Pyke and Martin waited practically on the verge of nervous collapse. "Yes, here's her name—'Mrs. T. W. James'—and she lives in Troy—"

The detectives thanked the obliging sales girl and departed glumly. They decided to return to Room 1108 and give it one more good going over. And this time they found sometbing—something which, under other circumstances, might well have been passed over as being unworthy of more than routine notice.

But now, in the exasperating absence of even the most nebulous of clues, Pyke and Martin seized on this previously overlooked object with the proverbial desperation of a drowning man grabbing a straw. It was a time table issued by the New York Central Railroad's Harlem Division, which serves scores of suburban communities—some of them in the high fashion bracket—within commuting distance of the city.

And the detectives, having been assured by the maid (with a show of professional pride) that the time table could not have been left in Room 1108 by previous tenants ("I give my rooms a complete cleaning when guests leave—even under the desk blotter, where you found it") Pyke and Martin decided to do some serious travelling.

First, however, they equipped themselves with an expertly retouched photograph of the dead girl's face and a sketch of her handsome companion. The latter was executed hy a gifted police artist from descriptions supplied by the maid, desk clerk, and other hotel employes.

Up and down the line rode the two detectives until it seemed they knew practically every trainman and commuter by sight, and were as well acquainted with schedules on the Harlem Division as the chief dispatcher.

They stopped off in Mount Vernon, White Plains, Bedford Hills—and 20-odd other places—and found nothing, absolutely nothing. Then they tried Rye, for no better reason than it just happened to he another town in the general area.

And, as they had done in a dozen other places, they talked to the local police chief and showed him the pictures. He wasn't sure—in fact, he was a little doubtful—hut,

(continued on page 80)

STRANGE CRIMES OF WOMEN WHO HATE MEN

By Robert Mines,
former Psychologist Raleigh State Hospital, North Carolina.

A noted psychologist reveals the many weird and fantastic reasons why women commit crimes against men.

ONE COLD SUNDAY night a few years ago, a 17-year-old girl whom we'll call Ann Jones abruptly pulled a pistol on a taxi driver she'd hired to drive her between the towns of Woodsbury and McMinnville, Tennessee.

The taxi driver's name was George Patrick. He was a cripple. Probably this latter fact made the girl more confident she could intimidate him. Savagely, she demanded his money.

Then, before he could hand it over, she shot him in the side. A split second later she shot him in the jaw. A third shot passed through the glass of one of the car doors. As Patrick sank into unconsciousness, the girl reached into his hip pocket and pulled out his billfold. When she found that it contained only forty dollars, she shot him again—this time through the chest.

Then she placed the gun directly over his heart. She hissed, "Hard to kill, aren't you, Buh?"

Suddenly the headlights of another car swung into view. It undoubtedly saved George Patrick's life. The girl abruptly disappeared into a nearby woods, and was not caught until after an intensive search through three states. After many weeks of painful hospitalization, George Patrick ultimately recovered.

When Ann Jones was finally brought to trial for this crime in the Circuit Court in Woodsbury, over 1500 spectators were turned away because of the packed courtroom. The case attracted wide attention, not only because of the youth of the young would-be man-killer, but also because of her almost breathtaking loveliness. One reporter wrote that even knowing the crime with which she was charged, you still couldn't help thinking of her as anything but the moonlight-and-roses type.

Since no psychiatric testimony was introduced at her trial, it was never explained in court just why she had turned to such wanton crime; but even she referred to the robbery and attempted killing as "senseless." She confessed, however, that this was not her first experience in crime—she had previously engaged in numerous petty criminal offenses, the victims of which were always men. It was obvious that young as she was, she had already become a confirmed "man-hater."



Because she has completed the prison sentence which she received, her real name has not been used here. But unless she has received intensive help with her problems, one wonders in what type of man-hating activity she is engaged now.

"Ever since the scientific study of crime was begun in this country," says Dr. Albert Ellis, noted psychologist who is probably America's foremost expert on the sexual aspects of crime, "we have been especially concerned with those offenses which seem to be motivated by nothing more than tremendous hostility which the perpetrator has for members of the opposite sex. Evidently this hostility becomes so overwhelming that the only satisfactory expression for it seems to come from vicious or murderous criminal acts. It is found that this can occur with both men and women."

There was, for instance, the case several years ago of the murder of Ervin Lang, a young widower, whose dismembered body was located in a swamp near Hammond, Indiana.

Ultimately convicted of the crime was the mother of the young man's late wife—a woman named Blanche Dunkel, who had strongly resented his plans to remarry. Incredibly, a woman named Mrs. Evelyn Smith, a close friend of Mrs. Dunkel, was also implicated in the gruesome murder—and for no apparent motive whatever.

"Even the Smith woman herself," recalls one of the attorneys connected with the case, "was never able to give any rational explanation for her participation in the crime—except that she was a friend of Mrs. Dunkel, that she had wanted to 'do her a favor,' and that she didn't like men much." A reporter who covered the trial said that the latter fact was strikingly apparent from the way that Mrs. Smith glared at the men in the courtroom. "It was," he noted, "enough to shiver one's timbers."

Both Mrs. Dunkel and Mrs. Smith received sentences of 108 years each. It almost eliminates any chance that either one will ever be paroled.

Each year innumerable crimes are committed by women, which—although they may not be based on such unadulterated man-hatred as was felt by Evelyn Smith—nonetheless seem to have as their major motive "getting revenge upon" or "showing up" the opposite sex. When women turn to crime for this reason, their efforts usually involve considerably more color and variety than when men strike out against women. "It is," says Nathan Cantor, professor of criminology at Syracuse University, "one of the most fascinating fields of criminology."

Women may feel this overwhelming need to "punish" men because of real injustices they've suffered at their hands, because of fancied grievances against them, or because they feel men have always rejected them. Usually such attitudes will date back to a very early age. "Almost all women who end up harboring unusual hostility toward men," says Dr. Douglas Thom, the internationally known Boston psychiatrist, "do so because as children they gained the feeling that men either exploit women or deprive them of what should be their natural rights."



What are the most common types of criminal activity through which women express this tremendous hostility toward the opposite sex? The most direct, of course, is simply to kill as many of them as possible. Probably the most outstanding instance of this is the mother-and-daughter combination

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Bruised, battered and beaten to a bloody pulp, still she refused to reveal his name.

"she kept the SADIST'S SECRET!"

By Godfrey Benton

PLAINLY, the injured woman on the couch did not want to answer Deputy Mort Baskin's questions.

"Go away," she moaned listlessly, "I don't want to talk about it."

Twenty minutes earlier, someone had telephoned the sheriff's office to report shrill screams coming from the Adams cottage "right across the street." Baskin had been sent to investigate. In the trim white brick house at No. 365 Whitton Street, on the outskirts of Phoenix, Arizona, Deputy Baskin had found Mrs. Adams sprawled on the living room floor. Both her eyes were blackened, her nose was bleeding and her cheekbones were badly cut and bruised. She was alone when the deputy found her.

"A man, a stranger," she had mumbled, "rang the bell and when I opened the door, he . . . pushed me back and beat me with his fists."

Baskin had lifted her onto the couch. Then he summoned a doctor. The woman's husband, he learned, was a carpenter employed by a downtown contractor. Baskin tried to reach him by phone but was told Mr. Adams was out. Baskin message would be relayed to him the moment he returned to the shop.

"Are you sure you didn't recognize the man?" Baskin prodded, trying to fill in the incomplete picture before the doctor arrived.

"I never saw him before in my life."

"Then why did he hit you? Was he trying to grab you—is that why?—and you resisted him?"

"Please . . . please . . . !"

"We have to know. You want us to catch him, don't you, Mrs. Adams?"

Her eyes fluttered open. "A burglar," she whispered. "He ran into the bedroom after he hit me and took some money out of a cashbox I keep in the bureau drawer."

"How much money?"

"A hundred dollars."

"You told him where the box was hidden?"





Gaunt-faced killer (far r.) had nothing to say about sprawled corpse.

She compressed her lips.

"Did you, Mrs. Adams?"

"No."

"You mean the burglar—a perfect stranger—knew exactly where to go for the money?"

Mrs. Adams twisted away, her head resolutely turned toward the wall. She plainly wasn't going to answer any more questions. The officer stood up and walked into the



Pretty victim, though young and full of spirits, was regarded as devoted wife.

bedroom. A bureau drawer had been yanked open. A metal cash box lay overturned and empty on the rug. A key dangled from its lock.

The doctor arrived in short order, treated the victim's injuries and gave her a sedative. She was peacefully asleep when her husband came home. He stared aghast at his wife's bandaged face.

"A week in bed and she'll be all right," the doctor hastily assured her worried husband.

Mr. Adams verified that $104 in rent and insurance money was missing from the cashbox. "My wife was very careless about money," he confessed unhappily. "The butcher, baker, milkman and a dozen delivery boys saw her take money out of that box to pay for things."

Baskin nodded, but he was far from convinced that robbery had motivated the beating. If a delivery boy was the culprit, why hadn't Mrs. Adams recognized him? And since she had offered no resistance, why had the burglar beaten her? In all Baskin's considerable experience, he had never before run across a burglar who used his bare fists for a weapon.

On the other hand, could the attractive, slender Mrs. Adams have been entertaining a visitor during her husband's absence from the house? Perhaps it was this secret boy friend who had slugged her in the heat of a lovers' quarrel.

Deputy Baskin had no desire to stir up a domestic hornet's nest, however. If Mr. Adams was satisfied with his wife's story, then it was okay with him.

"When Mrs. Adams feels well enough to talk, ask her to phone me and I'll come over," he instructed the husband. "And if you don't mind, I'll just take this cashbox along and check it for prints."

Baskin dropped in next for a chat with the neighbor who had heard the screams. She had nothing of importance to add except that she had glimpsed the overcoated figure om a man she did not recognize running out of the Adams house two or three minutes after the cries had subsided.

Sheriff Ernest Roach and Chief Deputy Vernon La More agreed with Baskin that there was probably more to the slugging incident than met the eye. Nor were there any prints on the cashbox except for those of the Adams' themselves. And although Mrs. Adams was up and around about six days after the beating, she made no attempt to get in touch with Deputy Baskin.

TWO WEEKS PASSED. At 4:20 on the afternoon of January 15th, 1946, the police were again summoned to the Adams home. The caller this time was Mrs. Adams' 12-year-old daughter by a former marriage. The child had just returned from a Camp Fire Girls meeting and discovered her mother's dead, butchered body sprawled on the living room floor.

When the police arrived—Sheriff Roach, Chief Deputy La More, Deputy Baskin, Dr. O. C. West, the medical examiner, and D. L. McGovney, identification expert—the quaking girl was standing outside the house waiting for them.

"Poor Ma!" she cried bitterly, refusing to go back inside.

The officers found Mrs. Adams lying on her back close against the wall. Had anyone entered the room in the dark, he'd have tripped over her outflung right leg. Her left leg was curled up under the other knee. The killer apparently had dragged Mrs. Adams across the floor and wedged the upper part of her body under an end table. The lower half was less modestly concealed, especially where her red-patterned dress had twisted under the hips, exposing blood-spattered thighs.

The black handle of a knife protruded from under her left side.

It took McGovney about ten minutes to photograph the corpse and the scene. Then Dr. West proceeded with his examination. Moving the body for the first time he discovered the broken handle grips of a pistol on the rug.

He checked the temperature of the corpse, probed the injuries to the head, face and torso, then said wryly, "A really sadistic job, this. The killer cracked open her skull with the butt of a gun, slashed her right breast five times with this knife, beat her face with his fists and kicked her when she fell, after she was dead, probably."

"How long . . . ?" began Baskin.

"Several hours. When we post her, we'll likely find she ate lunch and died pretty soon after."

Chief Deputy La More, a veteran of twenty-five years of detective work and dozens of rugged homicide investigations, was frankly puzzled. The savagely battered body bore the signs of a sex sadist's unhurried hand. The five knife thrusts across her breast, for instance; they were deep, yet not too deep. And the kick in the abdomen. Revenge, too, of course, could motivate an attack as brutal as this one. But a search through the rooms revealed only utter confusion, especially in the bedroom, where every bureau drawer had been pulled out and its contents spilled onto the floor. Suitcases were ripped open and emptied, the closets were in complete disarray.

A jewel case had been ripped open and emptied. The metal cashbox was entirely bare.

"Looks like our friend with the ready fists paid a repeat visit," La More suggested, shaking his head in bafflement. "It didn't make sense then, that a burglar would beat her up like that. It makes less sense now, that he would kill her!"

"You think the murderer was kidding us—I mean all that drawer-pulling stuff?" Baskin asked.

For the moment, the question went unanswered. The officers completed their search of the house. McGovney's initial examination of the broken gun grips and knife revealed no prints—but latent ones might be built up later in the lab. The knife had come from the dead woman's own kitchen.

After the body had been removed, the officers turned to the still terrified child and questioned her gently. She told them she had left the house that day around noon and at that time there had been no

inkling whatever of any trouhle. Mrs. Adams had married her present husband about a year ago. They seemed to get along well together. The only break in the otherwise normally quiet routine of the household had occurred four days ago when her stepfather had quit his joh to go to New Mexico in connection with setting up contacts for a small sub-contracting business he planned to open on his return to Phoenix. She didn't know his New Mexico address but was sure it must be "somewhere around the house."

Baskin searched the premises but couldn't find it. He promptly phoned Adams' former employer who verified that Adams had long been planning to go into business for himself. He guessed that the carpenter had probably gone to Albuquerque. Sheriff Roach then put through a long distance call to Chief of Police Pat Dugan in that city, asking him to check all local hotels and rooming-houses in an effort to locate the man.

Deputy Stan Van Der Putte joined Baskin and La More in canvassing the neighbors, looking for any man or woman who could give them a lead. At the same time, they tapped the pipeline of neighborhood gossip for whatever items of interest they could pick up about the slain wife. Neighbors often see a great deal, even if they don't deliberately set out to do so, and if Mrs. Adams had, for instance, heen cheating on her husband—or in any way living a separate life apart from her daily life with her family—the odds were better than even that her activities had not entirely escaped observation. How welcome the description of any secret confederate from such a second way of life would be right now!

On North Seventh Street, a street at right angles to Whitton on which the Adams housew as located, Chief Deputy La More found an unwilling witness. She was a local housewife who knew Mrs. Adams by sight only, but was extremely loath to cast even a pebble at the dead woman's good name, until La More honestly assured her that to conceal a murderer was far more harmful.

Thus prodded, the witness related that a few minutes past 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the murder, a taxi had driven up to within a half-block of the Adams house and a stockily built man in a gray tweed overcoat and gray felt hat had alighted. He had paid the driver, glanced hurriedly up and down the street, then had walked rapidly to the Adams house where he rang the hell. The door was opened by Mrs. Adams in a moment, and he went inside.

A few minutes later, the neighbor noticed that one of the kitchen shades in the Adams house was being lowered. The neighbor was not a busybody. She had no particular interest in the incident had noticed nothing more in connection with it.

In general appearance, La More noted, Mrs. Adams' visitor resemhled the overcoated figure seen fleeing the Adams house some two weeks before, on the day Mrs. Adams had been heaten. There was no certainty that the two men were the same, but neither was there any proof to the contrary. The devious manner in which he had approached the house, the odd circumstance of the lowered window blind, plus the fact that Mrs. Adams had been killed somewhere around 2 P. M. and he was the last person known to haves een her alive, made the gray-overcoated stranger a surefire target for police suspicion. But how would they learn his identity?

Informed of the newest figure of mystery to enter the case, Sheriff Roach ordered an immediate questioning of local cabbies who might have delivered the stranger on his mission of death. At the same time, a more intensive probe into Mrs. Adams' background was begun via relatives, neighhors and friends.

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, the autopsy report was received from Dr. West. Mrs. Adams had died of hemorrhage resulting from multiple skull fractures at the base of her brain. Her stripped body revealed a vast number of bruises, cuts, scratches and discolorations caused by violent impact. She had not been criminally violated. The time of her death was set at somewhere around 3 P. M.

There were no latent prints on the kitchen knife or the broken gun grip parts. Further, it was learned that Mrs. Adams had not carried any insurance on her life and the house was in her husband's name so that no property settlement accrued to him at her death.

A second and more intensive search of the murder cottage had revealed a probahle motive for the killing. Six thousand dollars worth of insured jewelry was missing. But even in the face of this discovery, Chief Deputy Vernon La More remained openly skeptical that the theft of Mrs. Adams' valuables had motivated her murder.

If a hurglar had tortured her to learn where the jewels were kept, of course it could account for the butchered condition of her corpse But there had been no need to torture Mrs. Adams for this information. The jewels had been kept in open view on the bureau in a case so flimsily built, it would be simple child's play to rip it open, in the event a key was not at hand.

No. La More was certain there was calculated brutality underlying the pretty woman's death, a deliberate inflicting of pain that could be explained only in terms of savage revenge. A flaming romance, perhaps, that had back-fired and turned to hate when the woman—or her lover—had demanded an end to the affair.

They had quarreled violently; and in the heat of passion inspired by the frustrating, emotional *impasse*, he had killed her, delighting in the physical victory.

An outraged hushand, suddenly aware of his wife's infidelity, might have perpetrated such a brutal crime too. Which was another hig reason the police were eager to find Norman Adams and question him.

Thirty-six hours after the killing, Adams was picked up by police in

(cantinued on page 86)





Investigating reported beating, cops found Mrs. Adams bruised and frightened. (R.) Chief Deputy Sheriff Vernon La More who solved strange murder mystery.

ROVING RAPIST OF LOVERS' LANE

Four years after her fiance's murder, Betty saw his killer sentenced to prison

by Dan Marlin



FRANK BROMLEY'S downfall, in a manner of speaking, could be attributed to women. Several of them. . . .

First, there was attractive, dark-haired Betty Wharton, of Harborcreek, Erie County, Pennsylvania. It was Betty who saw her young fiance shot to death in a lonely lovers' lane by a phantom gunman, and narrowly escaped the same fate herself.

Then, there was Mrs. Frances Grandley. Almost a year after the senseless murder of 20-year-old Navy Petty Officer Lloyd Wilkinson—on the Good Friday he and Betty were to be married—Mrs. Grandley was the victim of a savage attack that very nearly cost her life.

Still another was Mrs. Alice Dimes. For it was she who first told authorities the strange story of a man who had been hiding out in a cave in the woods.

And there were others. But, to begin with Betty Wharton. . . .

Betty and Lloyd were driving home from a party when they stopped and parked on the side of deserted King Road, about a mile from Harborcreek. It was 3 o'clock in the morning of April 3rd, 1942—Good Friday, but the blackest day in all the life of young and pretty Betty Wharton.

"We had been parked only a few moments, and were talking about our wedding that day, when another car came up from the opposite direction," Betty was to relate. "It passed us, going very slow, and then stopped some distance behind. We listened for a little while but heard nothing. Lloyd was just about to get out to see what was going on when—suddenly—a man stepped out of the dark on the driver's side."

Betty said she would never for-

get the voice that commanded: "All right, sailor, let's have your money—all you got."

"Look," said Lloyd, "I'm in the service. You wouldn't stick up a Navy man, would you?"

"The hell I wouldn't—"

At this, Betty said, Lloyd threw open the door and got out, saying, "We'll see about that."

Betty saw Lloyd tangle with the bandit; saw fists flying—saw the flash of a gun, and heard the sharp crack of a shot.

Screaming at the top of her lungs, Betty scrambled out of the car as Lloyd fell and the gunman ran. Once again, Betty gave voice to a piercing scream. The fleeing man stopped, wheeled in his tracks, and took deliberate aim. He fired one shot at Betty, then leaped into his car and drove roaring off into the darkness.

The second bullet from the bandit's gun missed its mark, and Betty knelt beside her prostrate sweetheart, calling his name to no avail. As shocked and terrified as she was, the girl did not give way to hysterics or blind panic.

Instead, Betty stumbled off into the darkness seeking help. She found it at the home of Ben Haymes who lived on a farm not very far away, and who was a friend. She sobbed out the story of what had happened and Haymes called State Police. Then he drove Betty back to the scene of the shooting—and there they found Lloyd Wilkinson dead, shot through the heart.

In an incredibly few minutes, three police cars arrived bearing Sheriff Fred Lamberton of Erie County, State Police Corporal John Mehallick, and several detectives. The first thing the investigators wanted to know was whether Betty had gotten a good look at the killer. She had.

"He was husky built and dark," she said. "and he seemed to be young. Quite young. He was dressed funny, too. He was wearing a plaid shirt, riding breeches, high boots and a cap like a jockey's . . . I don't know what kind of car he was driving, or what color. It was too dark to tell."

Wilkinson's wallet was found on the ground near his car. It was empty. Betty said the robber must have taken the $40 she knew her husband-to-be had been carrying.

Trooper Mehallick noticed the ignition keys were missing from Wilkinsons' car. Betty had almost forgotten about that. The gunman had snatched them out when he first came up, she said, adding: "They have 'Dutch Mill' stamped on them. That's because they belong to Lloyd's stepfather. He runs the Dutch Mill Service Station—it's his car."

Before noon of the same day—at about the time Betty Wharton and Lloyd Wilkinson would have been marching down the aisle to the altar—the coroner made his autopsy report. The young sailor, he said, had been killed instantly by a .22 caliber bullet. The slug had pierced his heart and lodged between two ribs.

As they began a systematic search for clues, investigators made plaster casts of footprints found in the road between the place where the killer had parked and the car in which Betty and Lloyd Wilkinson had been riding.

At the same time, troopers were sent scouring the countryside, seeking anyone who might have seen a "suspicious" car. Scores of farmers and others living in the area were interviewed before the cops came up with even the vaguest lead.

A war worker was found who told Sheriff Lamberton of seeing a black Ford on King Road around the time of the murder. "I was on my way home from the plant," this man said, "when it passed me, going like a very devil. I figured the driver was either a fool or drunk. He was going so fast, I couldn't say what he looked like. But I'm pretty sure he was alone—and he was headed toward Erie."

The war worker's report on the speeding Ford took on added significance when the missing "Dutch Mill" car keys were found lying in a patch of weeds near the city limits of Erie. The keys, of themselves, however, were not much help in the investigation. Examined for fingerprints or possible telltale stains, they were found to have been wiped clean.

From this point on, the lawmen found themselves chasing up one blind alley after another, following all manner of red hot tips—all of which sooner or later blew up in their faces, and most of which came in an avalanche set off by the offer of more than $500 in rewards by the county and by the *Daily Times*.

So many suspects were collared, questioned, and released, that the investigators lost count.



Sailor Lloyd Wilkinson was murdered on the day he planned to be married.

Among them was one odd-ball, picked up in St. Louis, who, for reasons best known to himself, made a complete confession of Lloyd Wilkinson's murder. But it turned out he knew less about the crime than most casual newspaper readers. He was quickly forgotten by the frustrated Erie County authorities and State Troopers.

Still another youth was held in jail for awhile. He owned an auto that answered the description of the one the war worker had seen hot-rodding along King Road on the night of the killing. But of more interest to investigators—he had attended the same party where Betty Wharton and Lloyd Wilkinson were guests, and went dressed in a plaid shirt and riding pants.

The youth steadfastly denied the crime, however, and was released when Betty confronted him and was able to say only, "He might have been the one, but I can't say for sure." It was also determined that his shoes made a much smaller print than those left at the scene by the killer.

Weeks and months passed, and the hard-working cops—both county and state—admitted they were no nearer a solution than they had been on the morning of Lloyd Wilkinson's death.

Then, 11 months and 13 days later—on March 16th, 1943—something happened which had not the remotest connection with the Good Friday murder but which, in a roundabout way, served to blow

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His wife was beautiful, mysterious and scary. His girl friend was blonde, friendly and lovely . . . He knew if the two ever met—

ONE WOULD DIE VIOLENLTY!

by John. J. Murphy

I VIOLATED every traffic law in Cairo driving from Groppi's Restaurant near Suleiman Pasha Square to my home that afternoon. I had given Louisa my door key and told her to go on ahead while I finished up a business luncheon meeting.

As I ran up the steps filled with the delighted anticipation of a few hours alone with Louisa, the door opened. I got the shock of my life.

Ulfet, my wife, was standing there. Her slanting green eyes flashed with astonishment.

"What a surprise, darling," she exclaimed. "How were you ever able to leave the office so early?"

I mumbled something about having brought home some papers to work on. Luckily, Ulfet didn't notice that my hands were empty, that I had no briefcase with me.

She smiled her wonderful, slow, sweet smile, her even teeth white against her olive skin. "Of course, darling. It's quieter at home than at the office."

She kissed me and went inside. To hide my agitation, I pretended to read my mail on the hall table. I said to her, with a show of casualness, "I thought you were going to spend this afternoon and tomorrow morning at the museum in Ismailia."

"I drove over, darling. Old Hittite pieces. Really not very exciting." Ulfet shrugged. "Instead of spending the night I took one look and started for home."

I turned and looked beyond Ulfet. Through the screen door I could see her car parked across the street. I had been so excited by the thought of Louisa when I drove up that I hadn't even noticed it. Louisa, thank God, had at least been smarter than I. She had recognized Ulfet's car and had just kept on going. Thank God for the Grade A brain in that lovely head.

"But don't worry, darling," Ulfet put her warm arms around me. "I won't disturb you at your work. I'm going to work, too."

She kissed me again and went downstairs to her basement studio. Ulfet was one of the finest ceramic artists in Egypt. Our house was filled with beautiful bowls and plates and figures she had created. She had an ancient clay brick kiln in the basement which she had purchased when the household effects of Prince Abbis were auctioned off in the Mousky.

Installing it in our house and wiring it for the 220-volt Suez electric system had cost almost as much as the house itself. Ulfet had wanted it, though, and as usual that was that. She was a very strong-willed and complicated person, my Egyptian wife. I was bewitched by her odd Oriental beauty, and at the same time oddly repelled. There was something mysterious about her, as if she were in possession of secrets to which I, with my American background, could never penetrate; something hidden and disturbing.

For example, I had an eerie feeling about Ulfet's relationship to her ancient kiln. There seemed to be a closer connection than there should be between a woman and a thing. Countless times I had stood watching her open the door of the furnace. A flesh-searing blast of white heat would shoot out of the interior and silhouette her body against its glitter. Her eyes would reflect the fire and become sea green. Her breathing would come fast. She seemed to be filled with a strange, primitive excitement as she waited to see what had been born in that blasting and continous heat of the furnace.

Yes, the opening of the kiln each Friday night was Ulfet's greatest moment. It was always then that she looked her most beautiful—and most evil.

I can never forget the day our Turkish wolf dog, Aralen, was run over by an automobile belonging to one of the Zemidars of the Indan Regiment stationed at Heliopolis. Ulfet had rushed to the street and furiously ordered the Zemidar, despite the fact that he was a Moslem and therefore one to whom dogs are unclean animals, to pick up Arslan's bloody body and lay it out on the Oriental rug in our living room.

All that morning, Ulfet had crouched in brooding silence beside the dog's body. Later, scorning my offers to help, she had dragged it down to the basement. To my horror, she had pushed it into the huge kiln and turned on the current. The 2,000-degree heat had reduced Arslan's body to a little pile of snow-white powder. Ulfet had scraped it up and placed it in a glass bottle.

A few days later, she presented me with a large vase. Its shape was well-turned and graceful, but what really startled me was the glaze. It had a white and golden lustre such as I had never seen in any of her previous pieces.

"It's strange and beautiful," I said running my hands over it. "How did you get the glaze?"

"It's a special ceramic called a wax finish matt," Ulfet amiled. "One hundred parts white lead, twenty-five parts of whiting, twelve of zinc oxide, one hundred and eleven of feldspar, and fifteen of bone. The bone came from Arslan's body. That is why the glaze looks so much like his coat. Don't you recognize it?"

I gaped at Ulfet and almost dropped the vase. She put her hand in mine. "Don't you like it, darling? I thought it might console you for the loss of Arslan."

"Yes," I lied, "I like it."

In reality, I didn't like it at all. I don't know exactly why. Perhaps it was the memory of Ulfet's inscrutable look as she mourned beside the dog's body, or the picture in my mind of her dragging its broken and bloody body down to her kiln.

That was exactly the kind of preposterous and scary thing that I had come to expect from Ulfet. I think it was this, although I loved her, that was the reason I also loved Louisa. Louisa was beautiful, too, but in a completely different way. She was tall and blonde, with a frank, open face, and clear almost translucent white skin. Besides, she was American. She had grown up in the Middle West, as I had. We had much in common. We understood each other.

Love with Ulfet was exciting, but it was also frightening. I always felt that I had to watch her, never knowing what she might do next.

Love with Louisa was without fear. It was a love that enabled me to close both eyes and sleep.

Louisa and I had been seeing

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Three kill-crazy, escaped cons cozily shacked up with four broads—when suddenly, all hell breaks loose . . . !

SET-UP FOR SLAUGHTER

by Harry F. White

Pock-marked by police raiders' bullet holes, nude body of Ballard Nolan lies sprawled in convicts' shack-up apartment.



ON HIS RIGHT hand was tattooed the sentiment, "Call Me Lucky"; on his left, the inscription, "Death Or Glory." The hands, obviously only one of which bore true prophecy, belonged to 21-year-old Elmer Schuer, late of Chicago, but now a long-term resident of the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. At the moment they were busily engaged in aiding their owner to break his lease, by sawing to escape through the steel bars of his prison dormitory window. The success of this enterprise and subsequent feats of derring-do, namely two kidnapings, six car thefts, one stabbing, three stickups, one $12,000 bank robbery, the murder of a police detective and two other deaths, at the end of which Schuer was at least still alive, would prove ample testimony to the efficacy of his good-luck inscription. For the present, Schuer and his fellow-conspirators, the brothers Joe and Ballard Nolen, were concentrating solely on getting the hell out of Lewisburg.

It was 1 A.M. on the bleak and foggy morning of Sept. 9th, 1952, not fit outside for man nor beast, but nonetheless ideal for a murder or a jailbreak. That the latter had been executed successfully but once in the penitentiary's long history, may have tended to put the guards somewhat at ease, to relax their characteristic, well-patterned vigilance. Be that as it may, Elmer Schuer and the brothers Nolen, taking turns on the hacksaw, soon had effected a 10-inch passage through the bar windows, large enough to escape by.

They passed through swiftly, landing silently on the pads of their feet in the prison yard below. They flitted ghostlike across the prison yard through the shadows to the 30-foot wall, separating them from the world outside. Tossing up a scaling ladder which they had secretly contrived from hoarded metal scraps, they ascended the wall, then lowered themselves to freedom by a rope of knotted towels. With just a little bit of luck,

not even the guards were any the wiser.

They were dressed in their prison denims, without money, a car or weapons. They did not even have a plan. They ran swiftly through the fields and along silent roads, desperately putting distance between themselves and the grim, foreboding rock.

Two miles from the prison, the shadow of a house loomed up. Joe Nolen told the others, "Here's where we make our first play," and they broke swiftly and silently into the basement, made their way to the kitchen where they procured two butcher knives.

They awoke Mr. and Mrs. Paul Heitman and their daughter, forced Heitman to dress, and locked the two women in the bedroom. A knife at his throat, Heitman drove them into the town of Lewisburg itself, listened silently as they discussed breaking into a local sporting-goods store and arming themselves.

It was this, possibly, that gave Paul Heitman his sudden courage, a sense of civic responsibility which derived from the awful knowledge that it was up to him alone to prevent these desperate men from obtaining the means to further, unimaginable violence. There was nobody else who could help; it was up to him alone to do what he could.

As they drove through the deserted streets of the sleeping town, Heitman suddenly jammed on the brakes of his car, flung open the door alongside him and leaped out headfirst, yelling for help.

Touseled heads popped out of bedroom windows, curious, inquiring what all the fuss was about. Meantime, Joe Nolan slid over and squeezed behind the wheel of Heitman's car and sped off in the direction of Bucknell University.

The Lewisburg police, suddenly flooded with phone calls, in turn aroused Warden George W. Humphrey out at the penitentiary. Humphrey had the guards bedcheck every dormitory and cellblock, was stunned to learn of three empty beds and the gap in the window bars. He speedily determined which of his reluctant charges had flown the coop, and sent out an alarm.

Special Policeman Mickey Dewire, employed by the university, was strolling along the edge of the Bucknell campus when a car skidded to a halt alongside him. A harsh and grating voice demanded, "Which way is the road to Harrisburg?"

Although it was too dark for Dewire to detect that the men were dressed in prison denims, and he had not yet heard of the jailbreak, by some special sixth sense which God bestows solely on women and policemen, he divined exactly what had happened. At which point he subconsciously decided to be a hero.

A fist shot out through the window and caught him squarely in the nose. Dewire staggered back, then persistently lunged forward again.

Now a hand reached out, holding a butcher knife, and slashed him twice across the chest. Dewire fell to the ground, injured although not critically. Heitman's car sped south toward Harrisburg.

When the authorities found it abandoned there, a Mercury was missing from a nearby garage. The



Cops found an arsenal (r.) under the back seat of escaped cons' car.



(Above l.) In Knickerbacker Hospital Detective Nicholas Catter fights for life as Dr. Frances Selesnick attends him. (R.) Detective Philip La Manica: he died heroically in a shower of submachine gun slugs and pistol fire.

cons had jumped its ignition wires. Roadblocks were set up throughout the state, and especially south into Maryland, but whether it was due to Schuer's inked-in good-luck motto, the cons were not caught.

The Chicagoan knew of a sporting-goods store in Reading, Pennsylvania, approximately 60 miles northeast of Harrisburg, and they headed there. They smashed the store's front window shortly before dawn, lifted two shotguns and sufficient ammunition and continued toward Philadelphia. Though armed, what they most needed now was food and a hideaway.

By 8 o'clock that morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill of Whitemarsh Township had fed her family and had seen her husband, James, off to work and her daughters, Susan and Betsy on their way to school. She was home alone with her 11-year-old son, Jimmy, and the twins, 4, and was listening to the morning news on the radio when she heard a knock on the back door. Thinking it was a tradesman, she opened it.

A rough-looking young man stood there, scowling and unshaven. He said, "I'm here with a couple of friends. Maybe you already know who we are." Mrs. Hill did.

Joe Nolen shoved her aside and entered the kitchen. She was about to flee through the back door when Ballard Nolen and Schuer appeared from a Mercury parked in the concealed driveway. Each carried a box of ammunition and a shotgun. They quickly herded her back into the house.

"We're not going to hurt you," Joe advised her. "We just want to use your house for a day. If you do as you're told nobody will get hurt."

It could be said for Mrs. Hill that she knew how to quickly adjust to a thoroughly dangerous situation. With surprising presence of mind, and doubtless thinking of the ultimate safety of her three younger children, she said cheerfully, "You boys must be hungry. Wouldn't you like some breakfast?"

"Yes," Joe Nolen said less roughly. "We'd appreciate it."

They demolished hot platters of bacon and eggs and drank more than a quart of coffee. Each went upstairs singly, shaved with Mr. Hill's razor, showered in the bathroom, and took one of Hill's suits. When Joe Nolen's didn't fit him, he sat down at Mrs. Hill's sewing machine and, with amazing versatility and coolness, altered it. Obviously, he, too, was prepared to cope with any emergency.

The convicts took turns sleeping. Neither Mrs. Hill nor the kids were let out of sight all day. Susan and Betsy returned home from school at four, and Mr. Hill at six. All were greeted by the business end of a shotgun, and all agreed that, for the protection of the family as a whole, wisdom was the better part of valor. That night everybody dined together on canned soup, chili con carne and spaghetti. Mr. Hill cracked jokes, told stories, and attempted to keep the three desperadoes in a reasonable humor. After dinner they began to play poker. Mr. Hill wisely sat in. Even then, cordial as relations were, the cons never let one of the Hills out of sight for a moment. Telephone calls and visitors at the door all were greeted by the Hills with natural casualness—and quickly gotten rid of; for just out of sight was a shotgun, pointed at their head.

Joe Nolen pointedly suggested that the Hills sleep up on the third floor. When Mr. Hill said that there was only one bed up there, the cons obligingly carried pillows, mattresses and blankets upstairs to make the family as comfortable as they could. Maybe some of the younger members even slept that night.

But not Mr. Hill. He turned and tossed and wondered how long this intolerable situation would continue. It was with a considerable feeling of relief that at about 4 A.M. he heard a car start outside and back out the driveway. He cautiously proceeded downstairs, to find the fugitives gone. So was his own car and their stolen Mercury.

He could not telephone the police. The wires were slashed. He rushed next door and awoke the neighbors. Soon, every policeman in that area of Pennsylvania had been alerted. Meanwhile, the Hills told their story to the newsreel cameras.

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Nolon brothers' desperate bid for freedom ends in bloody death.



Elmer Schuer, heavily manacled, stares bleakly ahead at grim prison future.



Officers Grant and Mattarza examine a submachine gun, dented by bullets.

SHE DOOMED SIX TO DIE

by Don. H. Helm

Red-headed Rhonda Belle paid for their funeral expenses — then collected the insurance.

RHONDA BELLE MARTIN is a most remarkable woman. The very fact that she had been married five times would be sufficient to set her apart. For not many women in Mrs. Martin's area of society either attain to or achieve such a record of multiple matrimony.

It's the sort of thing one expects to hear about among the safe sets and, not infrequently, among certain romantically dizzy residents of glamorous Hollywood, California.

Indeed, so often do we read in the paper that so-and-so ("blonde, curvaceous, etc.") has grabbed herself a fifth, and sometimes a sixth husband, that the news is something less than exciting.

But, we can assure you right off, there is nothing tiresome in the strange history of Rhonda Belle Martin.

Rhonda Belle got an early start in her matrimonial marathon. When she was only 15, she married



Married five times, Rhonda had what it takes — until the police took her in tow. She is being escorted to jail.



Daughters Ann Coroline and Ellyn Elizabeth and her husband, Ronald, 22 years younger, all were fed orsenic by waitress.

a hoarder in her mother's rooming house, when they were living in Mississippi.

She divorced No. 1 when she was 21 and married her next-door neighhor, George Garrett. Between Garrett and Claude Martin, Rhonda Belle picked up another hushand—a customer in the restaurant where she was working. She divorced him, Rhonda Belle said, "not very long afterwards."

No. 5 is Ronald Martin who, hefore hecoming Rhonda Belle's hushand, was her stepson. His father was Rhonda Belle's fourth husband, Claude Martin.

When Claude died in 1951, the widow married Ronald, who is her junior hy 23 years and weighs a scant 130 pounds—which is 40 pounds less than the plump Rhonda Belle.

Rhonda Belle is not only plump, hut husky as well. Although most of her adult life she had heen a waitress, during World War II she was a metal-worker in an Alahama aircraft plant, which takes muscle.

Rhonda Belle had five children hy her second hushand, George Garrett. All five are dead.

And so is George Garrett.

Mrs. Mary Francis Gihhons, mother of Rhonda Belle, also has passed away.

Death first struck the family circle of Rhonda Belle in their home in Montgomery, capital city of Alahama, in 1934 .

Mary Adelaide, aged 4, was the first to go. Then, in 1937, George Garrett followed Mary Adelaide, his first-born, to the grave. That same year, Imogene, aged 3, died.

In 1939, death claimed Judith, aged 12 months. Ann Caroline, aged 6, died in 1940. The last of the children, Ellyn Elizaheth, aged 11, was buried three years later.

Rhonda Belle's mother died in 1944. And in 1951, Claude Martin was fatally stricken.

With the exception of Rhonda Belle's mother, all the victims were buried in the "Last Supper" section of Memorial Cemetery at Montgomery. And Rhonda Belle paid all funeral expenses.

Last January, the shadow of death once again hovered over the blighted household. But this time, death took a holiday. And when Ronald Martin was seized with a strange lingering illness, his life was saved by quick medical aid.

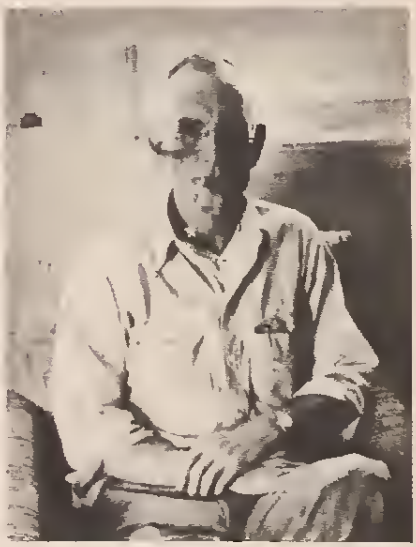
As this is written, Ronald lies in a veterans hospital at Biloxi, Mississippi, paralyzed from the waist downward.

At first, doctors were puzzled by Ronald's mysterious, crippling malady. But after repeated examinations and endless tests, they agreed on a diagnosis: *arsenic poisoning.*

The symptoms of arsenic poisoning rarely vary. A check back over the medical histories of the six who died in Rhonda Belle's home over a period of 17 years disclosed that these same symptoms had been detected in every single instance.

Authorities were notified and an investigation started. Exhumation of Claude Martin's hody was ordered and an autopsy showed, police said, that he had consumed fully "enough poison to kill two dozen strong men."

With two of her hushands dead and another seriously ill; and with all her five children and her mother in their graves, it was only natural that investigators moved swiftly to question Rhonda Belle.



One of the fortunate few, ex-husband Talmodge Gipsan suspected wife and left her before she poisoned him.

But they didn't find her at once. She had quietly moved to Mohile, Alahama, 150 miles to the south of Montgomery.

Rhonda Belle's Mobile neighbors descrihed her as a "quiet and devoted housewife."

They recalled, also, that she visited her husband in the Biloxi hospital last Christmas—taking him a trimmed Christmas tree.

On Friday night, March 9th, Rhonda Belle was taken in custody as she left a Mobile restaurant where she was working.

Still wearing her white waitress uniform and protesting her innocence, Rhonda Belle was returned

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FEATURE BOOK-LENGTH BONUS

POLICE REPORTER

by Ted Prager, in collaboration with Donald D. McLennan

A top New York crime reporter for 40 years, Ted Prager tells all! . . . about the crooks and cops, the racket guys and politicians he has known intimately. He gives the never-before-told facts on crime stories the *newspapers didn't dare to print!*



CHAPTER 1: I learned the hard way that it doesn't pay to play cop when two pistol bullets went whizzing past my head in a dingy downtown alley one rainy April night in 1925. I thought then that I had learned the lesson once and for all, but like a lot of other things I forgot it occasionally during the years. Never again was I reminded of it with such a scare.

Back in those days, before the '29 stock market crash, the depression, and World War II, I weighed in at one hundred and twenty pounds garlanging wet and could run a lot faster than I can now. If I had not run fast then I might be dead now, but, on the other hand, I would not have been shot at if I hadn't run, so maybe I'm better off now than I was then.

This particular night started off to be a quiet one like so many others. We hadn't had a good story for several days and I was beginning to feel that maybe the city desk would start thinking they would not need a man at Headquarters any more. So I spent the early hours of my shift scouring through the huge old Police Headquarters building in search of something to print. Through the halls and up and down stairs I prowled, stopping in at every office and bureau headquarters in search of news. All I got was small talk and the usual kidding from my friends scattered through the nooks and crannies of the grimy old building.

I finally gave up about midnight and headed back toward the reporters' shack across the street to phone the office and let them know I was still alive anyway. I hadn't given them a story for so long that I wondered whether they cared.

As I walked out the back door of Headquarters on Centre Market Place one of those old patrol wagons that have long since been passé pulled up in front of me. Cops had it a lot tougher in many ways in those days than they do now, and those old patrol wagons were a case in point. They were small vans with a driver up front, two rows of seats inside the van for the prisoners, and an open door at the back where they let the prisoners in and out. A couple of steps led to this rear door and alongside them were two shiny rails. When the van was loaded, one cop was supposed to stand on those steps with an arm on each rail to keep the prisoners from escaping. It could be a cold job and pretty rugged. Today the vans are closed with a locked steel-wire door to keep the prisoners safe inside.

At first I guessed this Black Maria must be empty for there was no cop hanging on at the rear. Then out of the back of the van stepped my old friend Detective John Dunn of East Twenty-second Street station. When he didn't bother to speak to me I knew at once he was busy.

Johnny and his partner had picked up three stickup men in their precinct and after booking and fingerprinting them at the station, it was their job to bring the men to Headquarters for mugging and appearance in the line-up next morning. As so often happened then, and still does for that matter, Johnny's partner had a sick wife so Dunn had volunteered to bring the prisoners to Headquarters alone.

Because of the rain John climbed inside for the ride with his prisoners whom he had not bothered to handcuff. When he got to Headquarters he wished he had handcuffed them for as John stepped down from the van and ordered the prisoners out, all three of them had different ideas. There was hell to pay for a few minutes.

Number-one man brushed past Johnny like he was running to catch a train and dashed south down Centre Market Place toward Grand Street. Poor Johnny hardly had time to realize what was happening before Number-two man leaped out of the van and sprinted up Centre Market toward Broome as though the devil himself were after him. Luckily Number-three man was

(From POLICE REPORTER, by Ted Prager. Copyright 1954 by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.)

not very brave. He stayed in the van.

Dunn took off after the first guy, blazing away with his pistol as he went and yelling to the wagon driver, Patrolman Tom Madden, to catch the other fellow. Madden must have been asleep or something, for he didn't move. Then old Prager got into the act.

Without stopping to think what I would do if I ever caught up with him, I took off after the fellow who was running toward Broome Street. Then Madden came to life. Unlimbering his gun as he climbed out of the cab, Madden started chasing me and hollering:

"Stop! Or I'll shoot!"

Now Centre Market Place is a very narrow street and at the moment there was not another car or another soul on it except the patrol wagon, the two cops, three prisoners, and me. Despite the rain and the dim street lamps Madden certainly must have been able to see that there were two men running up the block ahead of him. Apparently he had not looked inside the van and seen the third prisoner safely seated there, however, for he very obviously decided that I was one of the escapees.

After yelling his warning once more Madden let go with a shot. He had a fine record as a marksman but fortunately his aim was a little off that night. Even so he came pretty close. A slug whistled within inches of my ear and my stomach started turning upside down. Too dumb to stop and too scared to think, I kept running.

I was gaining on my man, who by that time had reached the corner of Broome Street, when Madden fired again. This one scorched my other ear and I knew I had enough. I halted just as the fugitive turned east on Broome and made his getaway. As long as there were two targets for Madden I was game, but when the other one disappeared, I quit.

"You goddam fool!" I yelled back at Madden. "You've let him get away."

By that time Dunn had caught his man, cuffed him and the third prisoner to the van, and had run up to Madden and me. When he saw what had happened he gave Madden hell, too. Madden was smart enough not to argue, and in a few seconds the three of us scattered over Broome Street to search for the missing prisoner.

We got nowhere, even after calling out reinforcements including an emergency crew with searchlights. For the rest of the night we combed every alley and building in the area, but the fugitive never turned up.

"That's the last time I'll ever try to help you guys," I promised Madden and Dunn just before we knocked off for the night. Madden didn't say anything, and Dunn just shook his head.

About a week later Dunn captured his man again in Hudson Terminal. He had spent the interim tailing the guy's wife. One day when she stepped off a Hudson Tubes train and into her husband's arms, Dunn nabbed his man. But even that was not the end. Dunn had to face departmental charges for letting a prisoner escape. Thanks to his previous good record, however, he got off with light punishment.

I met him when he came out of the trial room. He was smiling then for the first time in weeks. He hustled over and pumped my hand.

"If I only had you instead of Madden to work with I'd be okay, Teddy," he told me with a grin.

"Let's leave Madden out of the next one," I answered.

"Okay, kid. Now if your stomach has stopped turning I'll buy you a drink."

I let him do that. It seemed to me small enough pay for the scare I had had. I was sure I would never try to play cop again.

A couple of years later, however, I was back at it once more. That time, though, it wasn't all my fault.

That was the May night in 1927 when a virtually unknown young fellow in the *Spirit of St. Louis* was winging his way across the Atlantic to glory. Less than twenty-four hours later Charles A. Lindbergh would be lionized by the crowds of Paris at the end of his epochal flight. In little more than two weeks he would return for a triumphal progress up Broadway to take his place at the top of the long list of national heroes America delighted in idolizing back there in the Golden Twenties.

But at Headquarters and throughout the country that night there was far more interest in a love triangle slaying out in Queens that was to rival even the earlier Hall-Mills murder case in the reams that were written and read about it. It was just two months before that corset salesman Henry Judd Gray and his paramour, Ruth Brown Snyder, did away with Ruth's husband, Albert. My fellow *News* reporter, George Kivel, was the key figure in breaking that one when he found a railroad ticket stub in a wastebasket that helped cops break down the killers' alibi. They confessed and went to the chair the following January.

With the Queens murder case in such good hands we at Headquarters had far slimmer pickings. The most exciting thing for us that night was the arrest of a thug who had helped a pal hold up a haberdasher in Little Italy a few hours earlier. Shortly after he was brought in by the Safe and Loft Squad, Detective Sam Dribben sent for the holdup victim and then summoned additional detectives and a couple of us reporters. He asked eight or nine of us to line up against the wall of his office with the stickup suspect while the little haberdasher looked us over.

The bandit wasn't talking, and the victim, face to face with the power of the law, was sure he had to identify two men as his malefactors or have all the cops down on him. It used to be an axiom among cops and newspapermen that when a crime was committed in the Italian community nobody knew from nothing. Guns could blaze all over the place and a minute later every soul in Little Italy would swear he had not heard a thing. It took strong "police measures" indeed to get thugs to talk, and thugs and honest people alike knew it. Thus when a poor little guy like our friend the haberdasher came to Headquarters he was sure he had better "co-operate" or else. It didn't matter to him whether somebody else might be hurt by it.

The haberdasher was the most scared guy in the room when he walked into Dribben's office and faced the impromptu line-up. Some of us standing against the wall were having a hard time to keep the grins off our faces. It wasn't so hard for me to do this a few minutes later.

Without hesitating a second the little guy walked up to the bandit and fingered him for the cops. Then he was told to pick out the stickup guy's pal. He swallowed hard and started walking up and down in front of us. We all could see what was going on in his mind.

"If I don't pick out someone," he was telling himself, "I'm going to be the sorriest guy in Little Italy. But the right guy doesn't seem to be here."

After a little more pacing and pondering he finally made up his mind.

"This looks like the guy," he announced, sighing heavily and pointing to me.

"Positive?" Dribben bellowed loud enough to scare the haberdasher.

"I wouldn't swear to it, but he looks like the guy," the poor little man stammered in broken English.

"Take 'em away," Dribben roared, and before I could catch my breath or even look at Dribben two cops hustled the bandit and me out of the room.

Although I had not seen it, I was sure Sam Dribben must have winked at me before giving his orders. Confident of this, I played along with what must be a gag.

Outside the office the cops marched the pair of us down a long corridor to a small room with a single chair in it. They shoved me inside, told me to "wait here awhile," then closed the door. They took the bandit somewhere else.

Still at ease, I waited until the sound of their footsteps died away and then walked to the door. It was locked. That seemed strange but not too worrisome, so I lit a cigar and resigned myself to wait. As I said before this was a little room. The longer I waited the smaller it became. The chair was a straight wooden one and rickety. There was a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling, but so far as I could see there was no switch or string with which to light it. At the end of the room opposite the door was a small window cut high in the wall and beyond my reach. All its panes but one were glazed so that only a thin light came into the room, certainly not enough by which to read a newspaper and barely enough to allow me to make out the walls.

By this time I wasn't sure whether I really

was playing along with a gag or whether I was in a jam. I drew deep on my cigar then mashed it on the floor and stood still in the murkiness for a moment thinking the whole thing over. I wanted to yell, but I knew this was the last thing I should do. If Sam Dribben was playing a joke on me that would be exactly what he would want to hear. But if he weren't joking, well, I figured I had better keep quiet.

The chair squeaked and groaned under me with my slightest movement, and above its sounds I began to be sure I could hear the echoes of "police measures" being applied to the other holdup suspect somewhere down the hall. I puffed a little faster on the cigar. Somehow it seemed to me the cigar was not lasting so long as usual. Either that or I was spending more time in that room than I should—if I were only the butt of police humor.

The sounds down the hall finally stopped. Then there was a hustle outside my door and the biggest cop I had ever seen flung it open. I hadn't realized before how brightly the hall outside was lighted. It partially blinded me as I looked into it out of the murk, and the shape of that huge cop seemed to fill the whole doorway.

"Come on," he grumbled at me.

I hesitated an instant, then slowly got out of the chair.

"Hurry up," the cop growled, and I did as he said.

Without another word he marched me down the hall and back to Dribben's office. There he shoved me inside, turned back into the hall himself, and slammed the door shut. Dribben waited until the cop had gone before he said a word. I stood there glaring at him, so mad I forgot to be scared.

At last Dribben's fist slammed down on the desk and he exploded in laughter.

"How'd you like it, kid?" he demanded between bursts of laughter.

Then I let go and banged my fist on the desk beside his.

"If you ever do that to me again, you big son of a bitch, I'll have you broken," I shouted, so mad I could hear my own voice quiver.

Sam kept on staring at me, still laughing, then walked around the desk and flung a gigantic arm around me so tight I could hardly breathe.

"Take it easy, kid, it's all in fun. I wouldn't dare do it if I didn't like you," he said.

Then even I had to grin. After Sam explained that the holdup man had broken down and that his pal had been picked up, we went around the corner together for a drink. I needed it. Underneath I was still a little mad, but I didn't show it. That was just as well, for in the years to come Sam Dribben and his friends gave me a lot of help and more than my share of inside tips. They thought I was a good guy.

Everybody and his aunt started playing cop five years after that when the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped. By that time the previously unheard-of aviator had become Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. He was the hero of every adult and child in America. On the strength of his Atlantic flight he had piled up a fortune and after one of the most publicized romances of the era he had married Anne Morrow, whom he had met during his good-will tour of Latin America when her financier-diplomat father, Dwight W. Morrow, was serving as our ambassador to Mexico. By March of 1932 the couple, after years in the headlines, were living in comparative seclusion with their first-born child, Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., in the bleak Sourlands Mountains country of Central New Jersey.

There were breadlines in every city as the depression worsened, and even people with jobs were pinching their pennies for fear another week or another month might find them out of work like their neighbors. It was a time when parlor games returned to popularity—they were good cheap amusement—and while they played folks decided in their conversations that the time at last had come to get rid of Prohibition. In the following year they did.

These two things—the romantic Lindbergh story and the fad for inexpensive diversion—immediately turned everyone into a detective when the twenty-month-old baby was stolen from his crib during the night of the first of March. Everybody had a theory as to how and by whom the awful deed had been done. And an amazing percentage of normal folks as well as crackpots began phoning and writing their ideas and "tips" to the police and the newspapers. It reached the point where fathers grew uneasy about appearing with their infants in strange neighborhoods for fear of being pointed out as the Lindbergh kidnaper.

The night the baby disappeared I was covering a three-alarm fire in a downtown loft building, so rather than call me away from that *The News* city desk routed a reporter out of bed who lived in New Jersey and rushed him to the Lindbergh home. After that I was off for three days, but when I returned to work I lived, ate, and slept nothing but the "Lindbergh case," just like every other newspaperman.

On Saturday, March 5, I waited nervously around Police Headquarters while cops questioned a kidnap suspect and then let him go. The next day and the day after that I joined other reporters on the watch around the Morrow home in Englewood, New Jersey, in the hope that some word from the kidnapers would come there. The next day, Tuesday, I checked a tip from a guy in the Flatiron Building who phoned *The News* office to say he had all the inside information on the kidnaping. He turned out to be another crackpot. After leaving him I went back to the Morrow home.

Although the greatest police investigation in history was under way there was not yet a single, solid hint as to the baby's whereabouts. Everybody hoped and presumed he was still alive, but nobody knew. So popular was Lindbergh that even the underworld was trying to help the cops break the case and rewards were being offered for the baby's return by public and private agencies, newspapers, and individuals.

Then I got what looked like the biggest newspaper break of the century. Managing Editor Harvey Deuell called me in early in the evening of Wednesday, March 9, to talk about what I had learned in Englewood. He was hoping that perhaps I had turned up something important that had been overlooked by me and everyone else. *The News* was straining, as it had never done before, to break this case. Later, as a matter of fact, it even offered a $50,000 reward for information leading to the baby's safe return. As I walked out of Harvey's office, having satisfied him I had learned everything I possibly could about the kidnaping, a copy boy told me that a man and his wife in the reception room were asking for a police reporter. I was overlooking nothing, so I went outside to meet them.

They were a plain-looking, middle-aged German couple who spoke with heavy accents. They were obviously nervous and just as obviously sincere.

"We haven't been able to sleep for nights—and we're afraid to go to the police—you've got to help us," the woman told me as soon as I sat down beside them.

I had heard that opening many times before, but with the Lindbergh case on my mind I was ready to listen to anything. As well as I could I calmed them down and got them to begin at the beginning.

Both had been born in the old country and were now living in a ground-floor tenement on West Eighteenth Street near Ninth Avenue. The husband worked, when he could, as a plasterer and, like everyone else in those hard times, he needed money. Besides themselves they had two children to raise, and as though that were not enough the wife was having trouble with her eyes—they needed still more money for doctors and glasses.

About a week before the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped they had been visited by a couple they had known since their childhood in Germany and who then lived in West New Brighton, Staten Island. After supper the women went to the kitchen to wash the dishes and the men talked in the living room.

"Now you go on, Herman, and tell the story—just what he told you," the wife urged her husband as they sat facing me.

After the two men traded the customary remarks about how hard it was to earn a dollar in those days, Herman said his friend complained that he was sick and tired of working for a living, especially while work was so hard to find and money was so scarce.

"Let's kidnap a rich man's kid, say from the Morgans or the Rockefellers or the Lindberghs," Herman's friend suggested to him. "They've got lots of money. Then our

worries will be over."

Herman did not pay much attention to that at the time. He was sure his friend was joking. So was I until Herman turned to his wife and said:

"Now, Frieda, you tell your story."

The women also had talked about their lack of money—as who didn't in those days?—with Frieda complaining that she could not afford to pay a doctor to treat her eyes but must visit one of the free clinics in a hospital. Still worse, she could not even afford to pay anyone to mind her children while she visited the clinic. Would her friend do that job for her on Wednesday, March 1, while Frieda went to the clinic? Frieda said her friend consented.

Frieda never got to the hospital on Wednesday, March 1, the day the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped. Instead, she had to stay home and mind her children because her friend from Staten Island did not show up. When Herman came home from work he joined her in denouncing their false friends and together they made plans for Herman to watch the children the following week while Frieda went to the clinic. Their anger was forgotten until later that night when one of their favorite radio programs was interrupted by a news bulletin telling of the kidnaping. Then Herman remembered what his friend had told him.

Even then the couple did not take the Staten Island man's talk too seriously. Still, they lay awake thinking of it much of the night. In the morning Herman decided to investigate. Perhaps their friends were ill and needed help, he told Frieda. After all, it was not like Karl and Irene to treat old friends like that. Since Karl and Irene had no telephone, Herman took a ferry to Staten Island. He was terribly worried when he returned to Frieda late in the afternoon.

There was something very mysterious about the little bungalow in West New Brighton where Karl and Irene lived, Herman told his wife. The shades were drawn and the door was locked, but even as he rang the doorbell and knocked at the windows Herman was sure he heard hushed voices within. Once he thought he heard a baby cry. That was strange, because Karl and Irene had no children.

The more Herman and Frieda puzzled over this strange behavior the stronger their suspicions grew. Frieda suggested going to the police, but Herman's Old World fears and suspicions were too strong for that.

"That would only make more trouble for us," he counseled his wife. "There must be some other way."

Then the sleepless nights began, and lasted until the couple could stand them no more. They came to *The News*.

As soon as I heard this story my suspicions were every bit as strong as those of the German couple and my hopes were high that I had something big served up to me on a silver platter. Harvey Deuell was just as excited when I told him about it.

"Jesus! This is the best yet," he exclaimed, hustling me out of his office with carte blanche to run the thing down.

Determined to keep this lead from the other papers, I telephoned Inspector Ernest Van Wagner, then in charge of Staten Island detectives, and told him I was sure I had the key to the Lindbergh mystery. Van Wagner had known me for years and was willing to take my word for it. He understood my reasons for secrecy and promised the fullest co-operation. Then I sent Herman and Frieda home, after promising not to reveal them as my sources of information, and hurried by cab to the Battery. All kinds of crazy dreams ran through my head for the next few minutes during the seemingly interminable ferry ride to St. George, Staten Island.

There Van Wagner was waiting for me at the head of a small convoy of cars loaded with a dozen detectives equipped with riot guns and searchlights. Photographer Al Willard and I climbed into Van Wagner's car and the manhunt began.

After directing the driver to head for West New Brighton I told Van Wagner most of the story. But I still withheld the street address toward which we were heading. I was not going to give any of those detectives in the following cars a chance to tip their friends on other newspapers. Once in West New Brighton I gave Van Wagner the address, and without a word to the other cars we headed there, the detectives stringing along behind.

It was 1 A.M. by the time we reached the neighborhood and drew up before a vacant lot next to the suspicious bungalow. Quietly Van Wagner gathered his men about him for instructions, then ordered them to surround the house. With one other detective he went up and rang the doorbell.

While this was going on I slipped over to the house next door and finally routed a middle-aged woman out of bed. She was more than willing to co-operate, for she had long been trying to figure out the queer behavior of our suspects. Karl and Irene had lived there only about six months, the woman said, and in all that time they had never spoken to their neighbors. No, she had noticed no baby about the place or any older children for that matter, she said.

"But something strange happened last night," she added. "They moved out bag and baggage about eight o'clock."

Luckily this observant housewife had noticed the name painted on the van that carried away the furniture. With this information I hustled back to Van Wagner, who was then on the point of smashing the bungalow door. Then we got still another good break. One of the detectives knew the moving man, so our convoy rushed off to the mover's home in New Dorp.

Roused from bed, this fellow remembered well the "funny people" he had moved the night before. And although he could not recall the address to which he had moved our suspects he was sure he could lead us to the place. He threw on some clothes and joined us for another ride.

Everyone's hopes were high as we pulled up before the house to which the moving man led us. After posting guards about the place and getting no response to our pounding on the front door, Van Wagner, the moving man, two detectives, Willard, and I moved around to a cellar door at the side of the building. That was quickly smashed and we were in the cellar. Still there was no noise from any possible occupants of the place. They certainly must have been sound sleepers.

Crates and packing boxes littered the cellar and upstairs in the kitchen there was more of the same. Furniture and rugs were strewn helter-skelter about the other first-floor rooms as might be expected in a house to which people had moved only a few hours before. Two upstairs bedrooms were empty, but from the third came the sound of snoring. The cops rushed into that room with flashlights blazing and guns drawn. Willard and I were close behind them.

There in the flashlight glare I saw the most scared and surprised couple I have ever laid eyes on. The woman screamed and flung her arms about her husband who sat up in bed and stared at us, dazed.

"Who are you?" he finally managed to ask us.

When the cops identified themselves the man and woman were even more frightened than they had been when first awakened. Obviously they were guilty of something.

While Karl and Irene crawled out of bed and threw coats over their night clothes, Van Wagner bombarded them with questions. Irene was a rather pretty woman and while her husband, a surly type with the powerful torso of a wrestler or a weight-lifter, appeared to be capable of anything, I had an uneasy feeling that we were on a wild-goose chase as I looked at her. I know the psychologists say you can't spot criminals solely on physical appearance and I've been fooled enough times to know the head tappers are at least partially right. Still, I have been right enough times to know the psychologists are not always right, either. Irene did not look like a criminal to me and I was willing to bet she was not one.

She let her husband do all the talking. He answered in grunts—"*Ja*" or "*Nein*."

Van Wagner was getting nowhere with his quizzing of them. They had satisfactory explanations of their whereabouts for the last few weeks and it was apparent from what Karl said that he knew little or nothing about New Jersey. They had no children and no trace of a baby could be found in the house. Exasperated, Van Wagner at last came up with what he thought would be the clincher:

"Why did you move during the night when everyone knows that honest people move by day?"

Karl thought that one over a long time.

He stared at the floor and then looked up at us with a shrug of his shoulders and the air of a man trapped at long last.

"To save a month's rent," he said with a heavy sigh.

Karl explained that his arrangement with the owner of the hungalow made him liahle for a month's rent if he stayed in the place even a day after April 30. He had moved at night to dodge his landlord.

There was not much else for us to do then hut to leave two men to keep an eye on the couple until the cops could check on their story in the morning. Everything Karl told us checked out. He and his wife had no more to do with kidnaping little Charles A. Lndhergh, Jr., than I had.

I wanted to ask Irene why she had not kept her promise to mind Frieda's children, but I remembered my pledge to Herman and Frieda. I never did learn the answer to that question. Nor did I ever learn whether the friendship hetween the two couples was resumed. A few days later I told the story to Herman and Frieda. I never saw any of them again, for which I am quite thankful. There might he too many embarrassing explanations.

And I never again invited Van Wagner along on a man hunt. He might not have been willing to go.

For four more years, until Hauptmann was executed April 3, 1936, I worked intermittently on various angles of the kidnap story. The same was true of nearly every other New York newspaperman, however, and the details of Hauptmann's arrest, conviction, and execution are too well known to he rehashed now. I did not play cop again on the Lindhergh case although in other circumstances, as the years went on, there were times when I did with more satisfactory results.

Neither, however, did I become so foolishly hlasé ahout the story as one of the police reporters for another paper.

This fellow strolled into the Headqnarters shack late in the afternoon of September 20, 1934, a few hours after Hauptmann had heen arrested on a tip from a gas-station owner where tbe kidnaper had passed some of the ransom hills. The rest of us were far more excited at the news than we had heen two years before when the baby's decomposed body was found in the woods near the Lindbergh home in Jersey. Not our friend, however.

"What's doin', youths?" he asked as we brushed past him on our way to the Greenwich Street station where Hauptmann was heing held.

"They picked up a guy in the Lindy case," somebody yelled hack to him.

"That all?" our friend replied. "I think I'll go 'round the corner and get myself some vino."

He did just that. How he ever explained it to his office I never did find out.

CHAPTER 2: Prohihition-era hooze may not have heen so good as the stuff you huy today, hut if you were a police reporter it was a lot easier to come hy. I spent very little for most of what I drank, except on visits to speakeasies, and often had enough to keep my friends' cellars stocked, too.

There was one downtown station that was my favorite as a source of liquor supply. The police of that precinct were no different from those in other parts of town. I simply happened to know them better.

The manner in which speakeasy raids and liquor seizures worked in that precinct was typical of the way things went all over the city. The cops were no more anxious to make raids there than they were anywhere else, nor were they any less zealous in what portions of the public seemed to feel should he the performance of their duty. Like cops across the land they were up against something that was too big to stamp out and too profitable for most of them to allow their consciences to hother them.

After all, the enforcement of the Volstead Act was the business of the federals, and municipal police generally were content to let the speaks stay open as long as they remained true to the code of the times.

This provided that an orderly, well-run speakeasy was as necessary to a neighborhood as the corner gin mill is today. So long as the proprietors and patrons did not make outstanding nuisances of themselves, thus causing neighhors to file complaints with the police, the cops from the man on the beat to his hig hosses down at Headquarters closed tbeir eyes to what was going on and calmly accepted their pay-offs.

But when the pay-offs were neither prompt nor sufficient, or when a place hecame such a neighborhood nuisance that even the cops could not ignore the complaints made against it, then there were raids, after which things calmed down and gradually went hack to normal again.

On these raids the cops always had to be careful to seize sufficient evidence to prove that the speakeasy or still owner really had heen in possession of liquor at the time of the raid. We were generally tipped off to these swoops and, especially if my supply was low, I made it my husiness to get to the station immediately after covering the raid for my paper.

There, some of the evidence would he stored away for use in court and the rest of it split up among the police on duty and me. Sometimes we were lucky enough to have some liquor seized that the speakeasy owner had not found time to cut and then we all had comparatively good whisky to drink for the next few days.

We never knew what we did have, however, until it had heen tested. In my favorite precinct I was always called in to help witb the testing, and hefore long I was known throughout the area as the Official Taster of the —th Precinct. Sometimes my duties were as rigorous as an all-night session in a present-day gin mill, hut always there was enough left over for me to take home for myself or friends.

Naturally, in addition to liquor, a raiding party also would hring hack to the station the speakeasy owner or owners and perhaps a hartender or waiter or two. Then another lucrative husiness hegan. Certain favored hondsmen, like us reporters, also happened to he on hand in order to help the arrested people go home to hed instead of spending the night in jail.

Police desk lieutenants in those days were empowered to accept up to $500 hail in such cases, and this they were most ready to do. The hondsman always could he depended upon to cut the lieutenant in on his hond premium—except in those very rare cases wbere he did not want to do any more husiness in that particular house. The same applied in most cases of those arrested for prostitution, dope peddling, assault, petty thievery, and other similar misconduct. It was a very profitable racket.

The lieutenants in my favorite precinct were such good friends of mine that they did not even try to conceal from me their share in the business. One of them, in fact, while leaving the desk to change his clothes before going off duty invariably would call me in to count his take for him.

Mayhe he expected me to slip some of the loot in my pocket. Perhaps he was only testing my honesty. Whatever his reasons, I always turned the cash hack to him intact. I took my pay-offs in tips on stories, and these came to me only hecause the cops learned they could trust me. Because they did, they also had confidence in my judgment. Sometimes that helped them as well as myself.

For example, there was the July night in 1932 when an anonymous tipster phoned our city desk to say that a man had heen shot in a Union Sicilione headquarters at 304 East 107th Street. I happened to be in *The News* office when the call came in and was told to check it out with police. They told me they had no report of a shooting in that area nor had any ambulance calls heen received from the neighhorhood, so I sat tight for a while.

Minutes later reporter Tony Marino phoned from Police Headquarters to say that a wounded man had just been dumped in front of Fifth Avenue Hospital at Fifth Avenue and 105th Street. I was sent hustling up there.

Shortly after arriving at the hospital I met Police Inspector Frank Kear who had heen questioning the wounded man. Frank said the guy had heen shot twice—in the stomach and in the chest — and that he claimed he had heen held up, robbed, and shot by two men while walking in nearby Central Park. When his attackers fled, he managed to stagger to the hospital — he said. Frank seemed willing to buy this and looked at me as though I were crazy when I said to him:

"Let's take a ride to East 107th Street.

If we find a Union Sicilione headquarters there I'll prove this guy is lying."

"I haven't got time for games, Teddy. You'd better be right. Come on," Frank replied after studying me a moment.

I explained my reasoning on the way to East 107th Street in Frank's car.

Sure enough there was a Union Sicilione headquarters at No. 304, just as the tipster had said. But the place was dark and there wasn't a soul inside. Kear ordered a couple of cops to smash the door, and when we turned on the lights we found blood spattered all over the place. There were several bullet holes in one wall. And in a back room we found about fifty slot machines.

It did not take long for Kear's men to learn from neighbors that there had indeed been a terrific brawl in the place earlier in the evening but they could find no one who would or could say who had been involved. Later, the man in the hospital identified himself as a small-time slot-machine racketeer and changed his story to claim he had been shot while leaving the Union Sicilione rooms. He died later, still refusing to identify his slayers.

All that police could find out about the murder was that three men had taken him to the hospital in a taxicab. Who they were remains a mystery. But because I played cop we at least knew that the slaying was part of a slot-machine racket feud and not a simple holdup. The killers may have gotten theirs in some subsequent battle.

It was such shenanigans as these as well as corruption in higher places that in 1930 had led to the appointment of the highly respected New York attorney, Samuel Seabury, as a referee to inquire into the functioning of the Magistrates Courts. His inquiry soon spread in so many directions that early in 1931 there was established the Joint Legislative Committee Appointed to Investigate the City of New York under the chairmanship of State Senator Samuel H. Hofstadter.

Seabury then was named counsel to the Legislative Committee and because he and his staff did all the spadework the probe has ever since been known as the Seabury Investigation.

Before it was ended, Jimmy Walker felt obliged to resign as mayor, several judges were toppled from the bench, and a small army of major and minor city officials were fired, resigned, or committed suicide. Cops also lost their jobs or were transferred to lesser duties in a series of department reshuffles, and a host of pimps, prostitutes, dope peddlers, and petty racketeers were sent to jail.

The probe was the most sensational municipal scandal in a generation. It paved the way for the ultimate election in 1933 of Fiorello H. La Guardia, the Fusion party candidate for mayor and, but for Mayor Walker's resignation, might well have cost Franklin D. Roosevelt his chance to be nominated for president in 1932. Roosevelt then was governor of New York State. The Seabury findings served him up such a political hot potato that only Walker's retirement took him off a very hot spot.

Had Walker remained in office, Roosevelt's chances for nomination would have suffered badly in other sections of the country. Had the governor fired the mayor, he would have alienated Tammany and thus probably lost the support of the powerful New York State delegation to the Democratic National Convention.

Like so many investigators before and after him, Seabury quickly learned that much of the information on which he was to base his subsequent findings had to be gleaned from a host of minor unsavory characters. One of these was Chile Mapocha Acuna, a sad-eyed, curly-haired little Latin American who made his living as a stool pigeon extraordinary by helping Vice Squad cops frame women, both innocent and guilty alike.

The framing worked in this way:

One of the stool pigeons, working in cahoots with the Vice Squad, would lure women to a prearranged rooming house, hotel, or what have you, which then would be raided by the cops. Then began an interesting round robin out of which cops, stool pigeons, hail runners, and lawyers whacked up among them a tribute estimated by one Seabury investigator of "at least several millions a year."

The racketeers would squeeze the ultimate penny out of every woman trapped by assessing "case-fixing" fees or by arranging bail bonds for them.

One instance involved a married woman who had some $3,800 in her own name in a savings account. Before she got entirely free that account dwindled to about $100 or so.

As the Seabury Investigation proceeded, the vice racketeers necessarily curtailed their activities and the stool pigeons thus were left without a livelihood. Pinched by hunger and the fear of prison, some of these characters then joined forces with Seabury by blowing the whistle on their former colleagues. Chile Mapocha Acuna was one of the most eminent of these turncoats.

Out of the storehouse of information that he had to sell the prohers Acuna, late in 1930, came up with the startling tale that he had been hired as a Vice Squad stool pigeon by an "Inspector Ryan" with whom he claimed to have consulted frequently in the West 123d Street station. This was a shocker to everyone who knew anything about the Police Department, for the only "Inspector Ryan" then on the force was the highly respected Inspector Thomas Ryan.

Typical of police and other knowledgeable reaction to this charge by Acuna was the comment of Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney.

"If Tommy Ryan is wrong," Mulrooney said, "then everybody is wrong."

I shared Mulrooney's opinion.

Acuna told his Ryan story to Lowell Limpus, who was covering the Seabury Investigation for *The News*, and the reaction to its publication had Managing Editor Frank Hause worried. He assigned me to check Acuna's tale and to find out, if I could, what cop had hired him as a stool pigeon in case it were not Ryan.

I knew Acuna was either lying or mistaken as soon as I talked with him and Limpus. The stool pigeon claimed that the "Inspector Ryan" with whom he dealt was a tall, husky, book-nosed man of about forty-five. Tommy Ryan could not be described as husky, he was well over forty-five, and he certainly did not have a hooked nose.

So I decided to go up to West 123d Street and find out who, if anyone, there had hired Acuna. Luck was with me again. The first man I met in the station was a veteran officer who had been on the force for many years.

Although the first thing that struck me about him was that he fitted perfectly the description Acuna had given us of "Inspector Ryan," I knew better than to try to bull my way through at once on such flimsy evidence. But when I hinted at the business that brought me there, he became so flustered that I knew I was on the right track. So I called Limpus and in a few minutes he joined me there.

As I thought the thing over while waiting for Limpus I could not help feeling a little sorry for the old-timer. But, like Commissioner Mulrooney, I was so sure that Tommy Ryan would not be mixed up in such an affair that I did not care who had to get hurt in order to clear him.

When Limpus and I put it up to the cop he was indignant.

"You guys must be crazy," he shouted at us. "All you have to go on is the word of a stool pigeon."

We knew that, but we still had plenty of ammunition, and as we cited chapter and verse from the stories Acuna had told us of his meetings with "Inspector Ryan," our man finally calmed down. Then, to our surprise, he admitted that he had been questioned about the same thing by Isidor J. Kresel, a special counsel to the investigators. But he insisted that he had never laid eyes on Acuna until he saw Acuna one day in Kresel's office.

"It looks like my word against Acuna's," he told us. "All I can do is to point to my record and hope that it will be sufficient to outweigh the accusations of a man who is, by his own confession, a stool pigeon. It is a terrible thing to have to face such charges after a lifetime in the service."

We left him sweating and chain-smoking and went down the hall to see Inspector Archibald H. McNeill who had succeeded Tommy Ryan in charge of the Sixth Division when Ryan was transferred a short time earlier to Long Island City.

"I have the utmost confidence in this

man," McNeill assured us. "His long record of service has been unblemished."

That may have been true. Even so, we had a story that took at least some of the heat off Tommy Ryan and at the same time bolstered Acuna's accounts of the vice-ring shakedowns. It took the other papers by surprise when *The News* printed it and gave us a good beat for the day in the fast-growing vice inquiry.

Proof that we were not the only ones to believe Chile Acuna came a few days later when our veteran friend and four other Vice Squad cops were suspended by the Police Department. Perhaps because the Seabury probers were so busy with other matters, however, they took no formal action. For the lack of such action the Police Department likewise never brought the quintet to departmental trial on its charges of conduct unbecoming officers.

The Seabury Investigation went on, and the heads continued to roll. Magistrates dropped by the wayside in handfuls, and the heat turned to Jimmy Walker.

In the midst of all this Chile Mapocha Acuna, by that time the loneliest man in the world, died in June 1932. Throughout all his troubles Chile Acuna's wife had been the only person to stand by him—his wife and a squad of detectives assigned to guard their home around the clock. When they took Acuna out to the cemetery even the detectives were missing. His wife was his only mourner.

Acuna's death collapsed what there was of the case. The departmental charges against the five were withdrawn at last on February 16, 1932, and the pay that they would have received during their suspensions was awarded to them. The old-timer went back to desk duty in another precinct. A short time later he retired.

CHAPTER 3: I spent more time parking in secluded lovers' lanes that early summer of 1930 than most men would be able to abide. But if you think it was fun—even though I had a girl with me most of the time—you are badly mistaken. It is no fun to be a sitting duck for a murderer, and the sight of a stumbling, gory partner in a love-sparked suicide pact is not pleasant. I was careful not to let my wife know what I was doing those nights, not because I was an errant husband but to spare her worry.

It all began shortly after the still-unsolved slaying of Joseph Mozynski, a Polish-American delicatessen owner, who died of a bullet in the head the night of June 11 while enjoying an extramarital tryst in a lonely lane in Whitestone, Queens. He was the first victim of the elusive maniac who signed himself "3X, the Man Behind the Gun," in the strange correspondence with police and press that punctuated a cold-blooded brace of killings.

The storekeeper's brunette companion, Catherine May, gave such an implausible account of the events that interrupted their caresses that police quite understandably locked her up and the courts co-operated by fixing her bail at $50,000—more than enough to make sure she would not quickly go free and quite sufficient to scare her so that she changed her story several times.

Five days later both cops and courts realized how wrong they were and how right Catherine was when radio mechanic Noel Sowley was shot to death in another Queens trysting place and his sweetheart, Betty Ring, told a tale that matched Catherine's in nearly every detail. Miss May's bail was hastily reduced, and it was not long after that she went free. It was then that Rosaleen Doherty and I began making like lovers each night of the week though neither of us enjoyed it.

This is the story that Catherine May had told:

While she and Joe were petting, the door of his car was suddenly flung open, there was a deafening sound, and Joe slumped dead in her arms. Before she could scream, the killer calmed her and assured her he meant her no harm. Then quite matter-of-factly he searched Joe's pockets, removing some papers most of which he burned beside the car but others which he was careful to take with him.

Next the assassin courteously helped Catherine wipe the blood from her clothes, then escorted her to a bus on which he rode with her, and then aboard a trolley car to a stop close to her home. When he left her at the trolley stop, the killer handed her a slip of paper on which Joseph Mozynski's name was stamped with a rubber stamp beside the slayer's signature, a circled "3X."

Although Catherine retained sufficient control of herself to note and later give to the police a fair description of the killer she was forgetful enough to leave her bloodstained coat in the car beside Joe's body. It was this circumstance plus her perhaps natural desire at first to avoid the cops that strengthened their suspicions. It was not until several hours after the murder was discovered that they located her for questioning.

When Sowley was shot, the cops and everyone else in the metropolitan area realized for the first time that a maniac was on the prowl. Terror struck all lovers' lane habitués, driving them either to forego their love-making or to carry it on in safer spots.

In their places on the lonely lanes and byways of Long Island pairs of cops, one of each pair often disguised as a woman, sat out nightlong vigils in parked cars hoping to trap the killer. It was then that *The News* city desk decided that a pair of reporters should join the cops on these night watches and Rosaleen and I were elected.

Neither Rosaleen nor I enjoyed the assignment very much. We were always prudent enough to park within yelling distance if not in sight of a police stakeout and we spent the nights smoking nervously and theorizing as to when, where, and how the killer might strike next. That gave us plenty to talk about, for Mr. 3X was doing his best to spread terror throughout the area.

He picked an evening newspaper as his channel of communication with police and public, and in a series of almost daily letters he let it be known that his work was far from done. First he announced that he planned to slay fourteen more persons all of whom must know they were marked for death because they were backsliding members of a Polish-White Russian secret society which 3X called the Red Diamond. As it turned out, the society existed only in the mind of 3X, but his repeated references to it made good copy and heightened the mystery.

One night while Rosaleen and I were carrying on our ruse in the pitch-dark Queens lane, a Brooklyn businessman was shot before the eyes of his wife and daughter as he sat in his sedan in front of their home. Witnesses immediately announced that the assailant fitted the description of 3X, and another borough began to bar its doors at night and to stay off the streets and highways after dark. Fortunately this victim recovered from his wounds, but the fear of 3X continued.

Next the maniac announced through his letters that seven of his proposed fourteen victims had redeemed themselves and thus saved their lives. The rest still were to be killed, he warned. Night after night the watch continued with false alarm following false alarm as the public clamored for the police to find the slayer. By this time cranks of every kind were flooding the police with letters and phone calls purporting to be from 3X or his agents. Cranks in cities across the land took up the case, and soon 3X letters were turning up from coast to coast. All were spurious, at least 3X said they were in a missive declaring his work was confined to the New York area.

Since no more killings or shootings ensued that might be traced in any way to 3X, police and public interest in the case gradually waned, although it was not until more than a year later that the last letter from 3X announced that only three more victims remained to be slain. Nothing more was heard from him after that, and the 3X murders remain unsolved.

Rosaleen and I stayed with the case until about the end of June. Barely a week later, though, I was haunting lovers' lanes again, this time in New Jersey.

It was late on the night of July 5, 1930, that the body of a buxom blonde, a bullet through her head and a note bemoaning frustrated love on the seat beside her, was found in a car parked just off a byroad in a petters' paradise near Echo Lake, New Jersey. The note indicated that nineteen-year-old Jenny Brauer, a philosophy student and champion swimmer, had died in a suicide pact with twenty-eight year-old concert violinist Roderic Meakle, son of a Paterson family long prominent in Jersey banking and social circles.

Although only one bullet wound was found in the girl's head, there were two empty cartridges resting on her lap. This led police to believe that her lover had indeed shot and wounded himself, then staggered off in search of help. But in the darkness no trace of him could be found. He remained missing all through the following day, although police and bloodhounds beat the brush throughout the area in their hunt for him.

That night police stake-outs were posted in the area and I was chosen again to sit near the cops in the death-stained lovers' lane. It was one of the stormiest nights in my memory. Rain pelted so hard against my windshield I could barely make out the dim parking lights of the state police car pulled up off the road just a few feet ahead of my station. Thunder peals and lightning flashes made it a fit night indeed for a murder.

Even so this was more pleasing work than the 3X vigils Rosaleen and I had so recently kept in Queens. We were not hunting for a madman this time, and the element of danger was virtually non-existent. Everyone was beginning to believe that Meakle certainly must be dead by that time, and the chances of turning up his body on such a night as this seemed hopeless. Even were he still alive, there appeared to be little to fear from him, for this was no maniac bent on wanton killing but a mixed-up kid who had slain his sweetheart and then somehow bungled his own suicide. Granting the remote possibility that he might yet live and wander into one of the police stake-outs, I could find no reason to fear the lad.

With the element of danger thus removed and the thunderstorm raging outside the car, a man and a woman in our situation could have been most cozy and comfortable. But my partner that night was definitely not feminine. Instead, he was *News* photographer Tiny Brinkman, alert, so we thought, for pictures at the first sign of action.

Tiny was no happier than I was about the assignment, so we spent the night smoking, grousing about the fate that sent us to the Jersey wilds on such an apparent fiasco, and spelling each other in taking catnaps. It was just before daybreak that we got more action than Tiny, at least, was prepared for.

All through the night, as the rain poured down, he had assured me that his camera was at the ready. I had no reason to doubt him—until it happened.

I was tamping out my last cigar when a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the earth around us, giving me my first good glimpse of the troopers' car parked ahead of us. Before it died I spotted movement in the underbrush just off the road. I was sure that I had seen the outline of a man.

"Get going fast," I shouted to Tiny, turning my headlights up to their brightest beam.

While Tiny wrestled with his camera and struggled to get out the door on his side of the car, I saw one of the goriest sights I ever have seen staggering toward the troopers.

Drenched with rain and blood, his hair matted and his dank clothes plastered to him, wild-eyed Roderic Meakle was stumbling out of the brush. In the glare of my headlights he looked like something come out of the grave with his ghastly white face splotched with his own blood. Then, before Tiny could pull himself and his camera together, the troopers were out of their car and had secured their prisoner.

By the time poor Tiny reached their parking spot the cops had bundled Meakle into their car and were roaring hell-bent for a hospital. I saw Tiny's shoulders sag as their car sped way. He had missed what could have been the best spot-news picture of his career.

There was no time then to weep about that. Tiny scrambled back onto the seat beside me and we took off after the state police. We followed them to St. Joseph's Hospital in Paterson where Meakle died four or five days later.

The chance for a picture of Meakle was gone forever. Managing Editor Harvey Deuell was furious when he heard of Tiny's failure. It made me resolve once more always to be ready. I suppose it did the same for Tiny, but he never got such a chance again.

Everybody was ready, however, when Vincent (Mad Dog) Coll got his two years later in a drugstore telephone booth at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. Everybody but Vincent, that is. Covering his murder was one of the easiest jobs I ever did.

Coll, also known as Baby Face, was a crony of Jack (Legs) Diamond and, like Diamond, he lived dangerously if not well. After getting his start as a lieutenant in the Dutch Schultz beer barony young Coll—he was only twenty-three when he was slain in the very early morning of Monday, February 8, 1932—decided that the town was not big enough for him and Schultz and that one of them had to go. He went.

The baby-faced killer first won widespread notoriety when he was tried and acquitted in the Harlem Baby Massacre of July 28, 1931, in which a carload of gunmen, believed to be Schultz allies, mowed down five children on a crowded street in a futile attempt to wipe out a gangster who had defected. It was not long after this that Coll decided to try to take over the Dutchman's empire.

Even before his feud with Schultz had barely begun the ambitious young Coll started another war, this one with Owney Madden, who shared the beer and other rackets with Schultz. He went so far with this one as to kidnap Big Frenchy DeMange, one of Madden's closest lieutenants, who was delivered up only after Madden had paid a fat ransom.

Such an obstreperous young fellow obviously was not long for this world and gangland moved to get him first in a raid on an uptown flat, February 1, 1932, where Coll was thought to be partying. Three persons were slain as they dined in this foray, but Coll, luckily for him, was among those absent—off honeymooning somewhere with his recent bride, Lottie Kriesberger, whose two previous husbands had died of gangland lead.

Although all this was fresh in our minds, a week later, when the call came that there had been a shooting in Chelsea, none of us at Headquarters smelled any connection between this gunfire and the Coll-Schultz-Madden disagreements. That is probably why I was the only reporter to leg it over to the scene at the first alarm.

By the time I reached the drugstore the door was closed and locked and the Homicide Squad was busy inside. Then Detective Frank (Chubby) Trainor noticed me at the door and came rushing out.

"It's Vincent Coll," he whispered, and I was off.

In a hotel across the street I found a phone and soon a rewrite man, one eye on the sketchy notes he had taken from me and the other on clips from the library, was batting out the story. In less than an hour *The News* was on the streets with the first tidings of Baby Face Coll's demise. Meanwhile, I was back at the scene cleaning up the details. I had plenty of company then, for the other police reporters at last were on hand—but not in time to catch up with *The News*.

The rest of the story came fast and easy—how Coll had walked into the pharmacy with a bodyguard who sneaked away as soon as Vincent entered the phone booth; how the killer came in with a submachine gun crooked in his arm while two pals stood guard at the door; and how Coll was mowed down before he knew what hit him, and the killers sped away in a big, black Packard. It was front-page news all over the country, and my luck had held. I had been first again.

Murder, like everything else, falls into patterns, and although the names and details vary with every slaying the basic elements are constant. There are the gang slayings, sixty-six of which I covered during my years at Headquarters; the love murders, I was with the press at the scene after thirty-eight of these; the cops killed in line of duty, I was on hand as thirty such policemen died; and last, those like hundreds of miscellaneous ones to which I was assigned, when lunatics went wild, barroom brawls ended in homicide, or gang guns spouted death as a by-product to other crimes.

For a newspaperman, however, there is one other pattern that often embraces all of these, and that is when a friend of yours is a victim. You cannot associate with cops and criminals, as a police reporter must, without this happening occasionally.

From the time I first broke into the news-

paper business I was frightened by the casual air with which both the police and their enemies handled guns. As I came to know the cops better I guess I harped on this subject to the point where many of them must have thought me quite a bore.

"Be more careful," I would plead when, for example, a cop would stuff a gun nonchalantly into the top of his trousers and then move dangerously near a suspect he was questioning. It always seemed to me that sometime the cop would get the surprise that might end his life if a desperate man were to seize that gun and blaze his way to freedom. Most of the time they laughed at me. Johnny Singer should have taken my advice.

Singer, one of my closest friends in the department, was a detective in the Auto Squad when early in the morning of August 11, 1926, he became the first cop ever to be killed in Police Headquarters. I was the last of his friends to see him alive. I wish I had warned him once more then to "be more careful, Johnny." It might have saved his life.

It had been a quiet night, and after a futile search for news through all the squad rooms I walked back down to the main ground-floor hall of Police Headquarters at 2 A.M. on my way back to the shack across the street. The other reporters were all over there, and I had decided there was nothing better for me to do than to kibitz on their poker game. As I turned toward the Centre Market Place entrance three men came in the main entrance opposite on the Centre Street side of the building.

One of them was Johnny Singer, and as I was to learn later the others were Eugene Pierce, a giant Harlem car thief, and a man named Louis Kuku, of 171 Henry Street, whose car Pierce had stolen the day before. Singer had gone someplace in Jersey with Kuku that night to pick up Pierce and the Kuku car which were being held for them by Jersey state troopers. It was not much of a story, and I lost interest in it as soon as Singer told me the gist of it.

Because I had nothing better to do, however, I went on talking to Johnny in the hope that when he had disposed of his prisoner we could go out and have a drink or two.

"I'm tired, Teddy," Johnny said to me, breaking off the interview and moving toward the Auto Squad room with Kuku and his prisoner, "but maybe I'll see you in a little while."

I will always remember that he said "maybe."

By that time we were at the Auto Squad door. I turned and left them, walking back slowly again toward Centre Market Place. Out of force of habit I stopped at the desk in the corridor to check the slips once more and make sure that nothing newsworthy was afoot. Then I stopped to pass the time of day with Patrolman John Kramer, who was just coming out of the deputy chief inspector's office on his way back to the main hallway where he was on duty for the night.

I left Kramer, and was walking through the Centre Market Place door, when both he and I heard five loud shots. Then a man screamed, "Get him, get him," and the chase for another killer was on.

As I turned around, the big Negro I had seen with Singer was sprinting out the Centre Street entrance on the other side of the building. A second later Kramer started off in pursuit. Both of us yelled, and soon the whole building was aroused, but Kramer was the only man with half a chance to make the capture.

He chased his man to Broome Street, where the fugitive turned east so far ahead of his pursuer that he soon was lost in the darkness. Within minutes the area was swarming with cops, but their search turned up nothing immediately.

Back in the Auto Squad room Johnny Singer slumped dead over a table and Captain Thomas Brennan, on duty in the deputy chief's office, was listening to Kuku's story. It was his voice Kramer and I had heard immediately after the shots.

After they entered the Auto Squad room, Kuku said, Singer took off his coat, hanging it over a chair, and ordered the prisoner, Pierce, to sit down across the table from him. After the detective had asked Pierce and Kuku several questions and had noted their answers on paper, Pierce looked pleadingly at Singer and said:

"Please, boss, can I get a drink of water?"

Singer nodded permission, and the prisoner walked to a water cooler in the far corner of the room. Singer, intent on the paper before him, paid no heed as Pierce walked slowly back to his chair. He did not see the prisoner's eyes light up as he saw the detective's pistol in the holster attached to his belt over his right hip, bared when Johnny doffed his coat. Kuku did notice this, however, but too late to warn poor Johnny.

Pierce leaped to Singer's side and grabbed the gun. Then, before Johnny could turn around, the prisoner poked the gun into Johnny's back and fired five times. Singer sprawled across the table, dead. Then, as Pierce fled down the main corridor, Kuku dived through the door of an adjoining room yelling his alarm.

It was too late then to do anything for Johnny Singer, but the cops did what seemed to them the next best thing. I saw part of what they did, and although the district attorney's office investigated—and came up with nothing—I never mentioned what I saw. It seemed to me it was little enough for the guy who had so cold-bloodedly slain my friend Johnny Singer.

It was hours later before Pierce was caught, and what happened when he was taken I cannot be sure. He was staggering when they got him to Headquarters, however, and it took four men to drag the two-hundred-pounder up the entrance steps. Shortly thereafter he was taken to Bellevue in a coma. He died there two weeks later.

Funny things can happen at murder scenes, too. I will never forget the dumfounded look on the face of the cop guarding the door of the Hell's Kitchen speakeasy the night Davie the Beetle shot up the place and Ebbs Breuer and I sneaked a picture of the killer.

Davie the Beetle was a twenty-two-year-old water-front tough whose right name was David Beadle. For some time he had been at odds with the Lawlor brothers, Lawrence, twenty-three; William, twenty-six: and Michael, thirty, also well known along the docks, for reasons that were best known to himself and the Lawlors. Early in the evening of April 25, 1930, Davie got drunk and decided to settle things once and for all.

His gun was drawn as he walked into the speak owned by the Lawlors' brother-in-law, Bartholomew Cronin, at 500 Eleventh Avenue, where Lawrence Lawlor was tending bar shortly before eight o'clock.

"Cut it out, kid. Put that rod back in your pocket," Lawrence warned him from behind the bar.

Davie's answer was to pump Lawrence full of lead, killing him instantly. When William and Michael rushed at Davie from out of a back room, he plugged them, too. Michael died three hours later at Bellevue. William spent weeks in a hospital recovering from his wounds.

Sobered by the holocaust, Davie flung his empty gun away and ran for the door where Patrolman Thomas McMahon of the West Thirtieth Street station, attracted by the sound of the shots, easily captured him. By the time Ebbsie and I reached the scene Davie the Beetle was so badly scared that even the cops took pity on him. One detective, in trying to learn where Davie threw his weapon, painted such a grim word picture of the electric chair at Sing Sing for his prisoner that Davie was close to passing out from fright.

So after clearing everyone else out of the place and posting a guard at the door, the cops served Davie a jolt of whisky at the bar. There he stood, fingering his glass and worrying about the Death House, when Ebbsie and I arrived. It was a natural for a front-page picture, but we could not possibly make it through the cop and the closed door. I tipped Ebbsie to be ready, and walked up to the cop.

"The captain wants to see you next door," I said, as though it were the most matter-of-fact message in the world, and motioning with my thumb to the store at the right.

The young cop, whom I had never seen before, did not hesitate. Immediately he marched away to report to his superior. I threw open the door and stepped aside quickly. Ebbsie was every bit as fast. His flash bulb popped, and the cop turned back, aware too late that he had been tricked. Ebbsie and I sprinted up the street to our car and were in the office in less than ten

minutes.

Out of the corner of my eye as I turned to run I caught a quick glimpse of the young patrolman. I wish now we had dared stop and take his picture, too. His mouth was open wide and his eyes were popping in amazement. He glanced quickly into the store where I had sent him and confirmed what he had guessed already—there was no captain and no cops in there. He looked toward us dashing for our car and then started to run after us.

Nervously glancing around the street to be sure no one else had seen what had happened, he halted suddenly and took up his post again at the speakeasy door. He probably had some awful thoughts to think as he stood there on guard and again next day when he saw the picture of Davie the Beetle in *The News*. I was glad to hear later that he was not disciplined for it.

In some mysterious way that was common to that era Davie the Beetle beat the rap for the Lawlor slayings just as he continued to beat a variety of other charges in his skirmishes with the law for the rest of his life. Gang guns finally got him nearly ten years later as he stood swallowing heart pills and waiting for his wife outside a saloon near his home on Tenth Avenue. Four men mowed him down with pistols that night of December 9, 1939, then fled, as Davie crumpled to the sidewalk, dead. Nobody went to the chair or to prison for that murder, either.

CHAPTER 4: More than anything else a newspaperman needs a good memory, especially on the Police Headquarters beat. Until one summer night in 1954, when I spoke to Polly Adler for the first time, I thought my memory was just about tops. Polly taught me, but fast, that there are other professions that train the memory.

By that time she had come a long way from the days when her little black book had made her Manhattan's most notorious madam. She was an author then and she was having dinner with her publisher and Eugene J. McHugh, night managing editor of *The News*. As I walked past their table in the Fourth Estate, a favorite hangout for *News* employees, Gene stopped me and introduced me to Polly.

"Polly doesn't know me but I know her," I told Gene a moment later when I thought Polly was not listening.

"Oh yes, I do know you," Polly interrupted. "I remember well you chasing me out of Jefferson Market Court, and that was a long time ago!"

It sure was. About twenty years, as a matter of fact, and how she remembered my face after the fleeting glimpse she got of it then is still a mystery to me.

I had been sent down to Jefferson Market Court with a photographer to cover Polly's release on bail during the then-current vice probe. She did not want any pictures taken and the court co-operated with her pretty well. The only chance they gave us to approach her was on the sidewalk outside the building.

After one quick look at the camera, Polly sprinted down the sidewalk like a scared rabbit. Darting another glance at us over her shoulder, she jumped into a taxi and got away. The office was not happy about her escape and neither was I. But it must have pleased Polly no end, since she remembered it so well.

Just as they have their own peculiar personal codes gangsters also have good memories, after a fashion. Theirs, however, have a strange habit of failing them whenever they are talking with cops. Take the case of Max Goldberg, also known as the Litwack, who was the only hood I ever dared to try to straighten out. Of course I failed.

The Litwack—that is a derisive name for Lithuanian Jew—murdered at least six men according to underworld gossip, yet for some reason I found him one of the pleasantest men I ever knew. I used to enjoy talking to him in the speakeasy he and Big Louis Gitzler and Sam Goldstein ran on the second floor of a tenement at 86 Orchard Street. I came to know him pretty well, and he obviously liked me. That was why I tried to talk him into going straight during his short-lived reign as boss of the old Kid Dropper gang in 1925 and early in 1926.

Kid Dropper, whose real name was Jack Kaplan, succumbed to a sudden attack of pistol bullets shortly after he lost his girl to Louis (The Midget) Schwartzman of the Little Augie gang. Schwartzman was gunned down as he sat with the girl on the stoop of his home and Kid Dropper was haled into Essex Market Court in connection with the slaying. Minutes after the charges against him were dismissed, Kid Dropper was shot and killed as he and a couple of detectives were getting into a cab outside the court. Louis Cohen of the Little Augies was sent up for life for that one.

Eight more killings followed in fairly rapid succession as the Kid Dropper gang, then headed by the Litwack, and the Little Augies continued to slake their vengeance in their own underworld way. Early in 1925 Goldberg was brought into the Clinton Street station for questioning about the death of another one of those who fell during the feud.

"Listen, Captain," the Litwack told the precinct commander. "This ain't no police matter. This a personal affair. The police ain't got no business interferin'."

Every other possible witness to the latest murder agreed with Goldberg, and the police had to let him go. It was the third time he had been haled in and later released as a principal suspect in a slaying.

About a year later I was alone with Goldberg in his speakeasy one day when he began to question me about my family and where I lived and so on in such a way as to make me think he perhaps envied people who lived "legit."

So I said to him:

"Max, you're too nice a guy to die with your shoes on. Why don't you start going straight? If you don't, why, one of these days I'll be covering your murder."

"Don't shed any tears when you do, Ted," he answered, and that was the end of that. It was the last time I saw the Litwack alive.

A week after our conversation Goldberg was talking with two other men in his place—that was on April 18, 1926—when the phone rang. He got up to answer it and when he did his "friends" followed him out into the hall. Each man held a pistol at the Litwack's head and fired. They got away, and the Litwack was dead by the time police arrived. I went to the funeral just as I had predicted I would.

Things worked out much the same way just about every time I tried my hand at straightening someone out. I could not help but come to believe it was a pretty thankless business. There was my old friend Charley Wolf, for example, who once was an ace police reporter and later a good rewrite man.

Charley started to hit the bottle about 1930 and kept on going until he hit the Bowery. Then one summer night in 1940 he came to me and said:

"Ted, I have an offer of a job on the Newark *News*. If I can get myself an outfit and look halfway decent I will try to make the grade."

Even though I knew better I decided to gamble on him. Like every other reporter at Headquarters I knew Charley had been living for years by panhandling and sleeping in Bowery "smoke" joints. All the other men in the shack were fed up with listening to his pleas for nickels and dimes and perhaps I should have been.

Instead, I phoned Eve and had her get together one of my suits, a pair of shoes, a shirt, some underwear, and a necktie, and soon I had Charley looking fit to hold down a job. Then I gave him $5.00, wished him luck, and told him to get over to Newark and keep his nose clean.

"Teddy, you will never regret this," he assured me as he left. "If I fail you this time, don't you ever speak to me again. I'll be back Monday and repay the $5.00."

He did not show up that Monday. But he showed up the week after that with a beautiful black eye, no job, no money, and no Prager's clothes. He had hocked them to buy smoke. He went back to the Bowery, and we saw little of him after that.

The help I gave Louis Davidson in getting a job with *The News* was more satisfying. It was in 1928 that Davidson, then a reporter for the *Post*, was barred from Headquarters by Commissioner Joseph A. Warren, who charged that Davidson had printed three false stories and had violated a confidence which all other reporters had kept. Davidson and the *Post* denied these

charges and won his reinstatement after a lawsuit.

Harvey Deuell thereupon decided that Davidson was the kind of reporter he wanted working for *The News*. He asked me whether I thought Louis would be interested in coming with us.

"Certainly if you make it worth while," I replied.

"How much is he making at the *Post?*"

"About $75 a week," I answered, knowing full well that Louie was making considerably less.

"Would he come to us for that?" Deuell wanted to know.

"Why should he? But if you offer him $85 or $90 you probably can get him."

"All right. Have him come to see me," Deuell directed.

I hustled to Headquarters and got hold of Louie.

"Listen, you hum," I told him, "this is probably the only time in your life that a managing editor will be looking for you. Do as I say, and you can make twice as much as you are making now."

Davidson listened and took my advice. Two weeks later he was on *The News* pay roll at $90 a week. He stayed with us only a little more than a year, but he was always grateful for the favor I had done him.

John (Boats) Rogan who still covers Headquarters for *The Mirror* had even worse luck than I had in helping people, at least he did on one occasion I remember well. That was when he went over to the Bowery to "cheer up" a would-be suicide.

I had just returned to the shack after checking the slips at Headquarters when John asked if there was anything doing.

"Nothing very exciting, but there might be a good human-interest story over on the Bowery. Some guy is threatening to kill himself in one of the flop joints there. Why don't you take a look at it, John?" I said.

"Think I will," said John, and he was off.

He came back an hour later convinced he had saved a man's life.

"That would make a good story, but I'm not going to use it," John explained. "He was a seafaring man down on his luck. I talked to him about my boat on Sheepshead Bay and then we had a drink together. It cheered him up a lot and he is okay now."

A few minutes later John and I went across to Headquarters together to check the slips. The first one we saw told how John's friend had shot himself to death.

"You certainly must have cheered that guy up, John," I said to him kiddingly.

"Nuts. Let's have a drink," he replied.

I had better luck some years after that when I helped save the life of a suicide-bent young fellow and the wife and child he planned to kill. I was at the city desk of *The News* about eight o'clock in the evening of July 8, 1953, when a twenty-four-year-old jobless pressman phoned the desk and announced:

"I'm going to kill my wife and kill myself."

I kept him talking, and learned that he had just lost his job, had a wife and child to support with another baby on the way, and felt he simply could not go on. Try as I might, however, I could not get him to identify himself or to tell me where he was. The best I could do was to tip the police on another phone while I continued to keep the young fellow talking. Then came the lucky break. The telephone operator broke in to ask my caller for more money.

"Don't waste your money. Let me call you," I advised the guy.

That made sense to him, and he gave me the number of the pay booth from which he was calling.

When I called back, Sergeant Thomas Baker of the police communications center listened in and heard me pry from the caller the information that he lived down on Allen Street and his wife was at home there. Cops were sent there immediately to protect the young mother. From her they learned that her husband had gone down to a neighborhood luncheonette a few minutes before. Police nabbed him in the phone booth there and took him to Bellevue.

All kinds of people bring all kinds of trouble to the newspapers, firmly convinced that the press can and will do anything. Much of the time we do. I'll never forget the grief-stricken young woman who walked in on our *News* receptionist one night to report that her baby had died in Bellevue. The woman's husband was sick and out of work, the family had no money, and the child would be buried in potter's field unless someone helped them, the woman sobbed. The receptionist phoned me to ask what could be done.

After talking to the young mother only a few minutes I was convinced she was not a phony and that she really deserved help. So I phoned Sammy Fuchs, the mayor of the Bowery, and told her troubles to him. Sammy always was ready to help the unfortunate. Since I was satisfied that the woman was on the level, he told me to send her down to see him. Then he gave her a check to cover the baby's funeral expenses and the child was buried decently. That woman still sends me a card every Christmas.

Not all of the down-and-outers we helped were so grateful, however, as any number of them proved no end of times. I remember well the family to whom we referred in *The News* on February 5, 1940, as follows:

"A Tobacco Road family of a mother and seven children, transplanted in Brooklyn from a hill-billy section of North Carolina, presented the relief authorities with a tangled problem yesterday.

"Living in rags—some of the children don't even have shoes—and existing on the scraps of food that neighbors give them, they have been taken off the relief rolls because they refuse to go back home."

The story went on to tell how the father had been jailed for beating his wife and neglecting his children and how the family's troubles had been compounded by the recent arrival of the mother's sister and two more children, fresh out of North Carolina. The family had been on relief since 1937, but further payments were being withheld in an effort to persuade the group to return to their old home in the South.

As so often happens in such cases the family was snowed under an avalanche of gifts of cash, food, and clothing donated by sympathetic people who read of their plight in *The News*. It made them more prosperous certainly than they ever had been before. But in the hours before the story appeared they would still have gone hungry and cold if I had not dug into my own pocket and bought them a basket of food and some fuel for their flat. It made me feel good to know that I had helped these people, not only by getting their story before the public but also by giving them some much-needed assistance by myself.

My glow of satisfaction disappeared next day, however, when the eldest daughter of the family phoned *The News* to demand a retraction of the story and threatened a libel suit.

"We never lived on Tobacco Road," she complained.

We printed no retraction, and the indignant Southern lady finally dropped her plan to sue us for libel.

Another woman I helped was decidedly more grateful. She always has been convinced that I saved the lives of her two children and herself. She was the twenty-five-year-old wife of a hulking construction worker who was committed to Rockland State Hospital after he went berserk and bowled over several cops before they finally succeeded in getting him into a straitjacket in August of 1950. One night about three months later the woman rushed into *The News* office on the verge of hysteria because she had just been informed by telegram that her husband had escaped from Rockland. She was convinced he meant to kill her and the children as he had threatened to do several times before.

All our reporters were busy with other assignments so I left the city desk to talk to the young wife myself. She said she had appealed to the police for protection but had been told they could not provide her with a guard until and unless her husband returned home and started to cause trouble.

"What are you going to do? Send a policeman here after he kills me and my two children?" the frightened girl asked the lieutenant at her precinct station.

The best answer she was able to get was that the police could do little more than that. This was far from satisfying to her. When I phoned the lieutenant he confirmed her story and told me that it was impossible for him to post a special detail in the woman's apartment as she had requested. So I then called an old friend of mine, Inspector Walter Harding, and soon two

patrolmen were assigned to guard the woman's house.

I also called Gene Spagnoli, who was our reporter at Headquarters that night, and sent him to the house. About eleven o'clock Gene and the two cops spotted a man fitting the description of the husband entering the building. They grabbed him without any trouble and soon the man was back in Rockland.

There was nothing that any of us could do to help, however, in one of the weirdest murders I ever covered, the lovers' quarrel between two deaf-mutes that ended in an apartment-house elevator. That was a few days before Christmas 1936, when pretty Alberta Castello refused to go out on another date with her onetime boy friend, Valentino Orrigo.

By the time the police and I heard about it Alberta's body was crumpled in the self-service elevator of her apartment house and Orrigo was bending over her dabbing away the blood that welled from her lips. The cops grabbed Orrigo and his gun and then all of us began firing questions at him. We were sure he was crazy when we got absolutely no response from him. Then Sergeant Edward Byrnes, who understood sign language, took charge, and in, less than a minute Orrigo had confessed.

"I killed her. She don't love me," he spelled out with his fingers as Byrnes translated the message for us.

Later in his signed confession Orrigo explained how it happened. Jealous because Alberta was being wooed by another suitor, Orrigo waited for her to leave her work as a typist at a deaf-and-dumb school that evening and met her on the elevated platform of the White Plains Station at the end of the Lexington Avenue IRT line. In his pocket was the gun he had bought three months before.

On the station platform, in the subway train, and along the sidewalks that led to Alberta's home at 711 East 230th Street in the Bronx, the pair argued in the only language both of them knew. Orrigo pleaded, then demanded, that she go out with him again, and repeatedly the pretty blonde refused. In the elevator Orrigo could stand it no longer. He struck her, then shot her, and she died. The apartment-building superintendent aroused by the shots, brought the elevator down to street level. There they were when we arrived.

Another love story I "covered" ended more happily for everyone involved but the policeman Lothario with too many sweethearts. Jim was a handsome young cop who began his career pounding an East Side beat. Like others before and since he came to know most of the women of the neighborhood, three of them especially well. All three women were married, and while their husbands were at work Jim would leave his beat to take his ease with whichever of the trio appealed to him at the moment.

Most of the other cops and reporters in the precinct knew of his escapades, and so one day somebody typed out an unsigned note and sent it to Jim at the station.

"If you don't stay away from my wife I'll kill you," was all the note said.

Jim read it, and turned white as a sheet. He never suspected that anyone could be playing a joke on him, and he did not dare try to guess which of the three husbands might have written the note. So he played it safe the only way he could. He gave up all three sweethearts. Unless he reads it here I don't believe he will ever find out how he was fooled.

CHAPTER 5: About a year and a half after Max Goldberg was rubbed out, gang guns mowed down Little Augie, who had fought Max for so long, and brought me to my first meeting with a guy who was to become one of the country's most notorious mobsters, Jack (Legs) Diamond. He was just another punk to me then, as indeed he was to most of the rest of the world, for he was known then only as the younger brother of the much more infamous Red Diamond. But Legs Diamond acted completely in character that October night in 1927, hard as nails even with death staring him straight in the face.

They got Little Augie, whose right name was Jacob Organ, as he stood talking to Legs in front of 103 Norfolk Street, between Delancey and Rivington streets. The assassin had followed the pair as they sauntered along the crowded sidewalk, and then, without warning, had filled Little Augie full of lead. A getaway car was waiting and before most of the street crowd realized what had happened the killers had fled. By the time passers-by stooped down to attend Little Augie the gang captain was dead and his companion had disappeared too.

We first heard about it a few minutes later when a young boy, big-eyed and pallid with the excitement of his news, ran into the Clinton Street station and gasped:

"They croaked Little Augie. He's laying up there in Norfolk Street now."

Cops and reporters alike hurried up there as fast as we could. By that time it was about eight-thirty. Witnesses were scarcer than hen's teeth, for the citizenry of that area know full well that on such occasions it is unwise to know too much. But we did learn that two men had been hit by the bullets. Where was the other body?

Half an hour later we were told that a wounded man had stumbled into Dr. Katz's private sanitarium at 141 Broome Street, six blocks away from where Little Augie lay. He was shot in the stomach and was not expected to live. Detective Bill Nammach and I bustled over there.

Johnny Diamond—that was what he was called then—was stretched out on a hospital table with a medic bending over him. Nammach wasted no time.

"Who shot you?" he demanded as I crowded in closer to hear Diamond's answer.

Diamond only sneered and looked back at us sullenly.

"You know better than to ask me that," he said at last, wincing as the doctor probed his belly.

He was warned that he probably would not live and still he was true to gangdom's code. The cops never did learn who did the shooting, even though they were sure that Diamond must have seen his assailants.

I was assigned to the death watch, but as he was to do so many other times in the future—until he finally was slain in an Albany rooming house—Diamond refused to die.

Information was easier to come by on other murders, though, if you knew your way around. One night a bartender got mad at a former boss and shot and killed him in a gin mill at Forthy-fifth Street and Second Avenue. I got there with the cops and rushed inside with Inspector Frank Kear. After a minute or two Kear ordered the place cleared of everyone but cops and a few key witnesses. As I was being edged toward the door, Kear grabbed my arm and told me I could stay. All other reporters were forced outside, including one fellow who had been standing next to me.

"Why not let him stay, Frank? That's Walter Winchell," I said to Kear.

Kear was not acquainted with Winchell then although they were to become good friends later.

"I don't care who he is, he is going out," Kear snapped back, and that was the end of that.

The shooting was a simple thing from the newspaperman's point of view, and I soon had the story cleaned up. I went outside and turned my information over to the other reporters. Winchell asked me why Kear had put him out of the place and had allowed me to stay inside.

"This is Second Avenue, not Broadway," was the only explanation I could give him. "If it had been Broadway, I probably would have been outside and you would have gotten the story."

That seemed to satisfy him.

Not long after that Winchell helped me get a story that his own office would not take from him. That was the night he telephoned Managing Editor Frank Hause with the tip that Greta Garbo was in town and was staying at the St. Moritz. Winchell was mad at his own paper because when he had given them the tip they had checked with their Coast reporters and been told that Winchell was wrong, Garbo was not in New York because she still was in California. Hause ordered me and photographer Artie Auerbach to meet Winchell at the St. Moritz. We did.

There Walter explained the situation to us and helped us as much as he could in trying to track Garbo down. We kept at it four hours without success, until Artie and I began to think that Winchell had given us a bum steer. Then in the early morning

we saw the actress leave the hotel and head across the street for Central Park. In a few minutes we had some exclusive pictures for *The News* of Garbo walking in the Park. Winchell had proved to his paper that his tip was right and everyone was happy—except Garbo.

That all happened long before Artie Auerbach quit the newspaper business to become famous as the Mr. Kitzel of the Jack Benny radio and television show. In those days all his talent for entertaining was spent on us as he amused us with his hilarious Jewish dialect during those long waits that seem to be a part of so many big news stories. Once, however, I heard Artie turn down a chance to become an entertainer.

That was the night we were sent over to the Park Central Hotel to meet Dave Hutton, the comedian-baritone who was then in the process of being divorced from evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson.

Hutton was in good form for the interview and so was Artie. After listening to a few of Hutton's gags he gave with a few of his own. Hutton, just then starting a comeback as a comedian after his stint as a singer with his famous evangelist wife, was impressed.

"You're great, you're tremendous!" he exclaimed after listening to Artie. "Let me be your straight man. We'll double up."

Artie shrugged it off, however, and we got back to the business at hand. Hutton opened at the Brooklyn Fox Theatre a few days later and Auerbach continued taking pictures for *The News*.

It was about a year earlier that Artie had talked himself into jail when we should have been covering a train wreck. We had to read about that one in the newspapers while we waited for *News* lawyers to get over to Jersey to free him.

At about one o'clock in the morning of June 8, 1932, I pulled my car off the road near the railroad tracks in the little town of Deans, New Jersey, where a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger train had just sideswiped a derailed freight and then plunged four of its coaches over a twenty-foot embankment, injuring twenty-five persons. Out of the darkness a voice yelled:

"Hey, you can't park there."

Artie, just getting out of the car with his camera, turned to me and complained:

"Aw, nuts! Do we have to find another place to park?"

Before I could answer a New Jersey state trooper appeared out of nowhere and stood menacingly before Artie.

"What was that you said?" the law demanded.

"I was talking to my friend here," Artie explained.

"Yeah, but what was that you said?"

"Aw nuts—"

Poor Artie never finished that sentence. Bam! the trooper hit him with a right. Bam again! and Artie went down on the wrong end of a left. Even as he lay on the ground his eye began to blacken. Next thing we knew Artie was under arrest as a disorderly person and I was following the police car into the village where Artie was arraigned and held in $100 bail.

Managing Editor Harvey Deuell went to work fast as soon as I telephoned him the bad news. In less than two hours he met us at the police barracks and posted bail for Artie. Then he ordered us to put up at a hotel in New Brunswick while he contacted our law department and arranged for local counsel to defend Artie.

When the case finally came to trial before another justice of the peace, the locals were out in such force one might have thought Artie was charged with first-degree murder. Both he and I told our side of the story, and then the trooper and two local cops whom I never had seen before gave their version of what had happened. The result was a foregone conclusion. Artie was found guilty but let off with a suspended sentence.

Later *The News* appealed the case to a higher court and Artie was exonerated. When that was done, *The News* went to work on the trooper. Eventually he was fired from his job.

My only other trouble with the courts came about two years later when Anne D. Gould, daughter of financier Jay Gould, complained before a magistrate that she was being annoyed by a Detroit-born writer who called himself Mohammed Al-Raschid II, the Emir of Kurdistan. Miss Gould charged that the "Emir" bothered her repeatedly by calling and asking that she accept a part in "my opera." The case was heard by Magistrate Overton Harris, who called the press in before mounting the bench and announced that no pictures would be allowed. This would have deprived photographer Walter Kelleher of the only picture in which we were interested in the court that night.

"To hell with him. Take the picture," I told Walter after this announcement, and Walter, who has at least as much moxie as anyone, nodded his agreement. Our brief confab was overheard by photographer Roland Harvey of the old *Morning American*. He decided then and there that if *The News* was going to get the shot, he was not going to be left without one.

So when Miss Gould and the "Emir" appeared before the bench both Kelleher and Harvey took the picture. Walter quickly passed his plate to me and I hustled outside and sent it back to *The News* by cab. When I got back into the courtroom the place was in an uproar.

As soon as he saw the flash bulbs pop Magistrate Harris arose and ordered the court clerk to take the cameras away from the photographers. Then, after learning what papers they represented, he threatened to hold the two cameramen in contempt.

While Harris was ordering his clerk to summon the editors of the papers involved, I slipped outside again and phoned Frank Hause, then our managing editor. In fifteen minutes Hause was in the courtroom and the proceedings were recessed while he and Harris discussed the incident.

The judge pleaded with Hause not to use the picture, but Hause was adamant. He explained that we were running a picture newspaper and that we would not kill any story or picture merely to suit the whim of a magistrate. The upshot of it all was that the cameras were returned to the photographers, there were no contempt charges, and Kelleher's picture was printed.

When things calmed down, Harris turned back to Miss Gould and after hearing her case gave the "Emir" a suspended sentence on his promise to refrain from annoying the young heiress in the future. By that time the judge was as discomfited as I was the day I tried to help capture that fabulous jewel thief, Arthur Barry.

Although he has since reformed and turned to managing a restaurant and lecturing on juvenile delinquency, Barry was reputed to be the world's ace jewel thief back in the Golden Twenties. He himself has estimated that he stole at least $5,000,000 worth of gems and baubles in the days when he ranged Long Island's Gold Coast looting the homes of the wealthy.

Leading the list of the crimes that can be certainly attributed to him was the theft of $100,000 in jewels from the home of financier and Mrs. Jesse Livermore in Kings Point back in 1927. Something went wrong with that job, however, and a week later Barry was captured, convicted, and sent to prison for forty years.

That is a long time by any man's measurement, especially when he is a stir. So when Barry's wife, Anna, visited him in Auburn pen one day in 1929 and told him she was going to die of cancer, the master thief began to plot his boldest stroke. One Sunday afternoon a few weeks later Barry and three other cons broke out of Auburn and were free.

There followed three sequestered but happy years with Anna, first in Manhattan, then in Newark, and finally in Newton, New Jersey, where the FBI caught up with the fugitive while hunting for suspects in the Lindbergh kidnaping case. Barry was returned to prison and finally was paroled in 1949, nine years after his beloved Anna had died.

As happens in all such cases the air was full of tips to Barry's whereabouts during those years of his freedom. It was on one such tip that I went along with detectives one day to an apartment on 101st Street near Park Avenue. There, we had been told, Barry was holed up, perhaps with Anna. No one was home when we arrived, so we broke into the apartment from the fire escape and settled down to wait. An hour or so later the sound of a key was heard in the door and I began to wish I had brought a photographer with me. It was just as well I had not.

The cops braced themselves and so did I, and as the door broke open we were ready for anything but what we saw. There with the doorkey still in her hand and a startled look of surprise on her face was a raddled old whore whom I would have guessed was far past the time when what she had to sell would find any buyers.

She had a customer with her, but he most certainly was not Barry. After all had recovered from their surprise, it was made quite clear to us that this hard-working businesswoman and her companion had nothing to do with the Barry case and that the tip that brought us to her abode had undoubtedly come from some disgruntled, perhaps jealous neighbor.

So we left this honest old damsel to her own affairs and I forgot about trying to capture the fabulous Arthur Barry.

CHAPTER 6: It made a pretty good story for an otherwise dull night, packed as it was with drama, action, and pictures. One man was dead, two others might be dying, and the hunt was on for a fleeing killer. To put the frosting on the cake one of the dying men was a newly appointed Vice Squad cop, put on the spot, so the story said, by a woman aroused by his shabby behavior. It was in many ways a wonderful story, and it must have sold plenty of papers on the newsstands—but I knew it was not true and nobody wanted to believe me. I was so hurt and mad I was thinking of quitting my job. It's a very good thing that I didn't.

Earlier that evening I had been over on the West Side covering a ship's sailing. Mayor Jimmy Walker had been among those on hand and everywhere that Jimmy went there was sure to be gaiety, women, and wine. There had been plenty, and I felt good as I stood on the pier watching the liner slip downstream, then turned back crosstown to see if anything was doing in the office. I found something doing, all right.

There had been gunplay on Third Avenue, just three blocks downtown from our office, and Tom Cassidy had been sent out to cover it. He had come back with the story and now it was written, being set into type, and hurrying on its way to the presses. Idly I picked up a dupe of the story and read it. Somehow it did not ring true.

It told how Bernard Sherry, first uniformed policeman to be transferred to the new Vice Squad that was helping so manfully in the Seabury Investigation, had been shot by three well-dressed gangsters as he sat with a woman in the back room of a Third Avenue speakeasy near Thirty-ninth Street. He apparently had been put on the spot there by the woman, the story inferred, although it was hazy on the details as to just who the girl was and why she had done this.

Before he went down with a bullet in his stomach, however, Sherry was able to draw his own gun, slay one of his attackers, and wound a second. The third man got away.

"The actions of the three marauders indicated, those in the place said, that they were familiar with the layout of the restaurant and that it was not a holdup but an attempt to slay a Vice cop who had incurred the hatred of a woman of the streets," Cassidy's story said.

I knew young Bernard Sherry when he walked a beat out of the East Thirty-fifth Street house and that put-on-the-spot-by-a woman angle made no sense to me.

As I finished reading the piece Night City Editor Jeff Burke called me over and told me to go out and see if there were any angles to the shooting still uncovered. I leaped at the chance, for I was sure there must be such angles.

Minutes later I had the truth and was phoning it back to Burke. Every cop at the scene had verified my story and so had several patrons who had been in the place at the time. This is what had happened:

Sherry, who was passing the place shortly after midnight, had become suspicious of a car, with its engine running, parked at the curb in front of the restaurant. He strode boldly into the place in time to see three gunmen herding the customers to the rear of the room. Drawing his revolver, Sherry dropped one of the gunmen, killing him instantly. He wounded another before a bullet from the gun of the third hoodlum wounded him in the stomach.

Knowing well how friendly I was with the cops, Burke found it hard to believe that some of my friends had not sold me a hill of goods in telling me this story. Besides, the Cassidy version of the incident was far more sensational and Tom was just as sure as I was that he had gathered the truth. So all Burke would do to satisfy me at the moment was to insert the following paragraph in the Cassidy story:

"Police who investigated the shooting denied reports that Sherry had been put on the spot by a woman. They said Cozzi [the wounded bandit] had taken $58 from the restaurant before the shooting began and that Sherry had interrupted a stickup."

That still did not satisfy me, and I returned to the office. I pleaded with Burke to change the story, pointing out that I knew Sherry well, that he had been married only six months, and that he certainly had not been playing around. I reminded Burke that every cop in the investigation had insisted that Sherry had broken up a holdup and that we should print the facts, not fiction, or we soon would lose our readers. He stuck with the Cassidy version.

It was then I was on the verge of quitting my job: I was that discouraged. I did not feel much better next day when young Bernard Sherry died of his wounds in a hospital. But I made up my mind I would make things right in the very best way I could. In less than a month I was able to do it.

Nine days later police captured the bandit who had fled the scene. With the man whom Sherry wounded he was later tried and convicted of murder during a holdup. Both died in Sing Sing's electric chair a little more than a year later.

Meanwhile, as the evidence mounted that the cop-on-a-spot story was pure fiction I got the chance to make amends to Sherry and his family.

Almost since its beginning *The News* has awarded a Hero Prize each month to a member of the Police and Fire departments who has best proved himself a hero above and beyond the call of duty. It consists of a citation for the officer and cash for his family. The award is made on the recommendation of the Police Headquarters' reporters and I had been picking the recipients of the Hero Award for years.

On the following June 2, therefore, Jimmy Walker presented that month's Hero Award to Sherry's family in a ceremony at City Hall. I had done what I could to prove that my cop friend was a hero, not a bum.

It is not always the newspapers, however, that sometimes mistakenly brand heroes as bums, as the bitter experience of another cop friend of mine proved in 1945. He was Eddie Fritz of the Miller Avenue, Brooklyn, station who first was suspended for cowardice then won both *The News* Hero Award and the Police Department Medal of Honor all as a result of the same incident.

Trouble came looking for Eddie Fritz about three o'clock of a cold November morning as, off duty and in civilian clothes, he stopped off in Dudy's Bar and Grill, at 826 Remsen Avenue, Brooklyn, on his way home from work. He scarcely had time to finish a drink before four armed bandits burst into the place, stole $151 from the cash register, and fled.

As they made for their getaway car there was gunfire, and when it ended a man sprawled dead on the sidewalk in front of the saloon. He was Al (Bummy) Davis, a Brownsville tough who earlier had built a middling reputation as a welterweight boxer. In the excitement scarcely anyone noticed that Eddie Fritz had commandeered a car to pursue the bandits. They soon outdistanced him, however, and he gave up the chase upon discovering his revolver was empty.

Those were about all the facts police, press, and public had to go on when Police Headquarters announced about a week later that Fritz had been suspended:

"For conduct unbecoming a police officer and conduct prejudicial to good order and efficiency of the department."

It did poor Eddie little good to protest that he had traded shots with the gunman right in the saloon and that he was positive he had wounded at least one and possibly three of the hoodlums. Even the subsequent discovery of the abandoned getaway car, its seat cushions stained by blood and two bullet holes in the rear of it, did little to improve his situation. The supposition was that he had failed to act with proper gallantry during the actual holdup and that he had plugged the car only after chances

of danger to himself had considerably lessened.

There were a few of us, however, who had faith in Eddie although that did him precious little good during the period of his suspension.

Then a few days later police picked up Vincent (Jimmy) Giaraffa at his sweetheart's home in Brooklyn with a bullet in his neck. About the same time Kansas City, Missouri, police arrested David Donohue, paralyzed from the waist down with a slug in his spine. Both Giaraffa and Donohue admitted that they had been wounded by Fritz during the holdup. Giaraffa also disclosed that Donohue's brother, Russell, had been wounded in the left arm. He was still at large.

With these developments the rest of the story began to piece itself together and the doubters were forced to believe the story Eddie Fritz told from the beginning.

When the four thugs entered the place, Fritz had claimed all along, three aimed guns at the patrons, one of them covering him. The fourth, Giaraffa, vaulted the bar to grab the cash in the till. When the man covering Fritz turned his attention momentarily to another patron, the cop worked his gun out of his trousers pocket and put it in an empty beer case.

As Fritz did this, Davis stepped between him and the bandits. Bummy Davis, who had sold the place only a few days before, then shouted to the holdup men.

"Give the guy a break. He just bought the place."

By then Giaraffa had grabbed the money and the quartet began its getaway. For the first time the brawny, six-foot Fritz had clear shooting. He whipped up his revolver and the roar of shots echoed through the tavern.

As the four thugs backed through the door their guns barked back at Fritz. Davis followed them to the street as three bullets sped past the cop's head. Once in the car, the gunmen fired at Davis and he was killed instantly as they roared away.

With the truth at last known I saw to it that the December Hero Award went to Eddie Fritz. Five months later the Police Department realized its error and gave its Medal of Honor to Eddie Fritz for the heroic part he had played in the holdup.

David Donohue subsequently died of his wounds. Russell Donohue, Giaraffa, and the fourth member of the bandit band, John Romano, were tried and convicted by an all-male blue-ribbon jury of slaying Bummy Davis during the tavern stickup. As part of their defense they tried to claim that shots from Eddie's gun had mowed down Bummy. The jurors refused to believe them.

Of all the hero cops I knew the pair I shall longest remember were Detectives Morris Borkin and Benjamin Cantor, who invited me to join them on their date with death only fifteen minutes before they were slain. I took a rain check because I had just finished my dinner.

Borkin and Cantor worked out of the Clinton Street station and were among my closest friends there. On May 17, 1927, I remember well going with them to the Bellevue Morgue where Borkin was called to identify the body of a man he had found stabbed to death in Water Street the day before. While we were there the medics began their autopsy on the corpse and Borkin turned to me with a remark I shall never forget.

"If they ever carry me in here I hope the docs go easy on me," he said with a wry grin.

It never occurred to any of us then that they would be carrying poor Morris into the morgue the following night.

I met Borkin and Cantor that night as I was entering the Clinton Street station on my regular rounds. They said they were going over to Louis (Label) Gold's restaurant at 142 Forsythe Street for dinner and why didn't I join them. I had eaten dinner only a few minutes earlier and did not feel like a drink right then, so I said I would take a rain check.

They went on their way to dinner, and I continued into the station. Barely fifteen minutes later, while I stood at the desk talking to the lieutenant on duty, his telephone rang and in a moment I heard him repeat the message given him.

"Two detectives shot at 142 Forsythe Street."

"My God! That's Morris and Benny," I cried, rushing out to the restaurant as fast as I could.

When I got there, I found Morris Borkin dead on the floor of the place and saw an ambulance moving away to St. Mark's Hospital with the wounded Benny Cantor. I cleaned up the available details of the story in record time, phoned my office, and then rushed over to the hospital. They were taking Benny Cantor up to the emergency ward when I got there. As they wheeled him along the corridor past me, Benny turned his head as though he knew I would be waiting there.

"I sure am glad you weren't with us," he said with a weak smile.

That was the last time I saw him, for he died a few days later.

It was small consolation to know that Borkin, one of the department's crack pistol shots, took a gunman to death with him.

The two detectives had barely seated themselves at a table at the rear of the restaurant when three armed young punks came in and announced a stickup. Borkin, whose back was to the gunmen, wheeled around, firing as he did so. The shot struck one of the trio and was the signal for all to fire at the detective, who collapsed with five bullets in his body.

Cantor drew his weapon but was shot down before he could use it. As the gunmen turned to flee, one of them fired a random shot that wounded a restaurant entertainer in the hand.

About an hour later the wounded bandit was picked up a few blocks away in a parked stolen car. He had a bullet under his heart and he died not long after that. His companions got away.

CHAPTER 7: In those days before a truce was signed that has lasted to this day, battles used to be fought regularly between the On Leong and the Hip Sing tongs in every city in America where there was a sizable Chinese population. Because of the language difficulties and the almost supernatural reticence of the Chinese it was very nearly impossible for a non-Chinese to make a great deal of sense out of these

As well as I could figure them, though, the On Leong Tong was composed principally of wealthier business people and the Hip Sings represented primarily the workingman. This was no hard-and-fast division, however, for gambling and women also entered into the picture, as did kidnapings and smugglings in the last days of the violent tong outbreaks.

The tongs were strictly an American institution, having been formed in the gold-rush days in Nevada and California as secret fraternal and commercial organizations. Although there were various other minor tongs, it was the On Leongs and the Hip Sings who became the largest and most powerful and who carried on their wars with only intermittent periods of peace for half a century.

They would stab, shoot, garrote, or beat to death their enemies in wholesale lots, which made a lot of trouble for the police and good stories for newspaper readers. The government finally cooled them off in the early thirties by threatening the tong leaders with deportation unless the violence stopped. Under that threat the rival leaders signed a truce that apparently endures.

Covering these tong wars was like playing blindman's buff. We were almost completely dependent on the police for information, although I finally was able to strike up a slight acquaintance with some of the leaders in the rival headquarters. Much good that did me, however, for all they ever told me was how many of their own tong and how many of their enemies had been killed. Who, where, when, and why were obviously none of my business.

"What's the score?" I would ask the Hip Sings, and then after chattering among themselves they would give me their estimate of battle casualties. Then I would walk down the street and go through the same performance with the On Leongs. When, as was usually the case, the figures did not agree I would make up some of my own and no one ever was the wiser.

It was not only in Chinatown that odd things happened. Walking along Mulberry Street outside the Chinese quarter, for example, you were apt to see most anything. Knowing this, you seldom became overly curious, for when you did, you generally regretted it.

One day when I was heading for dinner

over at Gruber's, on the corner of Grand and Forsythe streets, I came upon a man stretched out on the sidewalk at the corner of Grand and Mulherry. Ordinarily, I would have stepped around him like everyone else, for a bottle baby sprawled on a sidewalk or in a doorway was not an unusual sight.

For no good reason that I now can think of I kicked the guy and drew no response. Patrolman Jack Phillips, who was walking with me, had his curiosity aroused, too, so he tapped the prone man across the feet with his club. Nothing happened then, either, so Jack summoned an ambulance.

First thing the ambulance attendant did was to open the man's shirt which, I then noticed for the first time, was an unusually clean one for a bum to be wearing. Inside the clean shirt was dried blood and under that a bullet hole in the man's chest. We had a murder on our hands.

Some thoughtful killer had undressed his victim, provided him with a clean shirt, and then caused him to be in state there on the sidewalk of Mulherry Street. There was no clue to the dead man's identity and naturally none to involve his murderer. Because I had known no better than to kick what I thought was a drunken bum on a sidewalk, I had to eat my dinner alone that day. Jack had other business to attend to.

More stylish if no less baffling was the murder at the Marguery which happened that warm Monday night of June 4, 1945, not long before I left Police Headquarters for my present job on the city desk. The Germans had surrendered and President Roosevelt had died some weeks before, and although the Japanese still were fighting and the A-bomb was yet to be dropped on Hiroshima, the war seemed not far from over, and with that the time would be not far off when a mere Manhattan murder mystery again might make headlines. If this had indeed been the end of one era and the beginning of another then the murder at the Marguery would certainly have been a fitting inaugural for the return of the good old days.

There was wealth, society, the arts, and murder all twisted together in that one which remains unsolved to this day.

It was eight forty-five that night when two mysterious strangers rode the elevator to the seventh-floor apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Langford in the swank Hotel Marguery at Park Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. When Langford, a textile-firm executive, answered the bell at the door of his suite, the strangers sought permission to speak to his wife about a former Metropolitan Opera tenor, Rafaelo Diaz, who had died more than two years earlier.

Not so well acquainted as his wife with affairs in the world of the arts, Langford returned to their bedroom, where Mrs. Langford was preparing to retire, to tell her of the callers. Marian Langford, once the fiancée of movie actor Carlyle Blackwell and a wealthy widow before she married Alfred, told her husband she had no idea who the callers might be, and certainly did not wish to speak to them.

Then, she told police later, her husband returned to the foyer with her message and there was the noise of an argument and a scuffle. This aroused the couple's Pekingese, whose barking brought the elderly art patroness rushing to the scene. There, although she had heard no shot, Mrs. Langford said she found the mysterious strangers gone and her husband lying dead on the floor, a bullet through his skull.

Both before and after her marriage to the man then dead the wealthy Mrs. Langford had been a motion-picture bit actress and the sponsor of many promising young artists. This background opened up all sorts of interesting possibilities which, coupled with Mrs. Langford's near hysteria and the absence of any obvious clues, made for a long-drawn-out questioning of her and a minute examination of her apartment by police.

Meanwhile, we reporters were waiting out on the street and interpreting the slightest sign of movement in, out, or into the building as a maneuver of possibly the utmost significance. An officious building employee was co-operating with police far beyond the call of his duty in helping to keep the press at a discreet distance with the result that all of us were getting nowhere fast in developing anything beyond the barest facts of the story.

Naturally, therefore, when he emerged from the building after about an hour and demanded to know which of us reporters was from *The News* I lost no time in identifying myself and ushering him back inside. What tremendous tip might he have for me? It did not take long to find out.

"What's new with Dick Tracy?" he asked as soon as we had shut the door behind us.

The News may have lost a reader then and there. Here I was doing my utmost to cover a front-page story, and all this jerk was concerned about was the latest adventure of a comic-strip character. I made doubly sure that it was only because of this that he had hunted down *The News* reporter then.

"Spend four cents and find out," I told him, ending the interview.

CHAPTER 8: When they sent me out to Queens to cover the brutal bathtub murder of pretty Junior Leaguer Mrs. Mary Harriet Case I was far too concerned about my ability to keep up with the competition even to dream of coming up with an exclusive story. After all, most of my work had been done in Manhattan, and the Queens reporters certainly would have closer contacts among the cops of their own borough than I could be expected to have. But the ball bounced my way on that story even though it did so more through good luck than good management.

Mary Harriet Case, a striking brunette, was the twenty-six-year-old daughter of a socially prominent Lancaster, Pennsylvania, family. When she was hammered to death in her Jackson Heights apartment on January 11, 1937, she had been married a little more than a year to Frank Case, thirty, a Manhattan hotel executive. It was he who discovered her battered, lightly clad body almost completely submerged in a bathtub when he came home to dinner that evening.

Frantically the young husband lifted his bride from the water and after carrying her into another room called in a physician from another apartment in the same building. It took the physician only a few seconds to be sure that the comely matron was beyond his help.

"Call the police," he told Case, and soon the place was jammed with investigators.

The poor girl's skull was crushed and the right side of her face bore the marks of blows by a heavy weapon. It was obvious that she had put up a terrific fight for her life. There were indications of a battle in the kitchen, the living room, and in the narrow hall leading from the bedroom to the bathroom. Rugs were kicked into knots, chairs were overturned, and tables were askew. An autopsy disclosed that Mrs. Case had not been criminally assaulted.

Who, then, had killed her? And why?

As a matter of course her husband was grilled by the sleuths, but from the straightforward account he gave of his doings that day, backed up by plenty of witnesses, and because of the story he and others told of his idyllic life with his artistically inclined young bride, it soon was apparent that he was above suspicion.

Robbery hardly seemed a motive. True, the killer had taken Mrs. Case's wedding ring and about $15 in cash from one of her pocketbooks as well as a suit of her husband's clothes. But the place had not been ransacked. Other jewels and valuables were untouched. And the missing suit apparently was accounted for by the discovery of a pair of bloodstained trousers in an incinerator shaft. The slayer must have donned Case's suit when he discarded these. As it turned out that was what had happened.

In the incinerator police also found what turned out to have been the murder weapon, a heavy machinist's hammer stained with blood. The only other clues were eighteen or twenty strands of black hair, probably from the murderer's head, glued by blood to the fingers of the victim's right hand.

The medical examiner estimated the time of death at about 2:30 P.M. Before that hour several deliverymen had called at the apartment and found nothing to arouse suspicion. A downstairs neighbor believed she had heard footsteps in the Case apartment as late as 4 P.M. And none of the neighbors reported hearing any screams or other sounds of a struggle in the place.

A neighborhood garage attendant who had been fired a short time before on the complaint of Mrs. Case was brought in for questioning. He had an airtight alibi and

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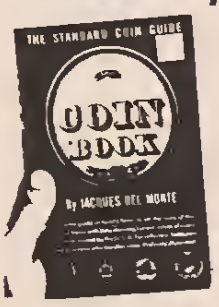
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soon he was released. Everywhere the investigation turned it ran into a blank wall.

Gathering all this information was not difficult and when I phoned it back to the office I was secure in the knowledge that so far, at least, I had done every bit as well as any other reporter assigned to the story. With the rest of the boys I settled down for the long wait for a break that is so much a part of every such story.

Later that night the police laboratory reported that the hairs found in Mrs. Case's hand were from her own head. So we wound up the first day on the Case murder story no further ahead than when we started. Next day, Tuesday, there was nothing but more of the same, so far as we reporters could determine.

But over in Manhattan a pair of detectives had been making the rounds of dry-cleaning establishments in what seemed a fruitless hunt for the owner of the bloodstained trousers found in the incinerator shaft, their only clue a dry-cleaner's mark found on the pants. Toward nightfall the miracle happened. They chanced into the Harlem shop where the trousers had last been cleaned. The trail next led to a Harlem handyman named Major Green, whose doom was quickly sealed. Not only was he wearing the suit stolen from the Case apartment when the cops caught up with him, but his fingerprints matched those found in the murder bathroom. Green had been employed from time to time by Mrs. Case to wash windows and do other odd jobs around her home. Police guarded all this news so well that none of the press was aware of it.

Then came my lucky break. As I walked back from dinner into the Newtown Precinct station, where the Queens end of the investigation centered, whom should I meet in the hall but Detective Andy Hagen, whom I had not seen since he had been transferred to Queens from Manhattan several years before. It was like old-home week for a minute or two, and then Andy whispered to me to follow him into the bathroom.

No sooner had the door closed behind us than Andy began telling me all the hush-hush news from Harlem. When he had finished, we walked back through the hall as though nothing out of the way had happened, and he returned to the detectives' room outside which the other reporters were clustered. I sneaked across the street to a phone and told the office what I had learned, then I rejoined the other reporters.

A couple of hours passed. Still there were no more news breaks as the cops guarded Green well and went ahead with their plans to bring him over to Queens for further questioning. Then somebody brought the next edition of *The News* into the police station and all hell broke loose, for there was the story of Green's arrest complete with details of how he had been apprehended.

All I could do was to swear to the other reporters that I had not the slightest idea where my paper had gotten its information. Fortunately, they were all willing to believe me and to concentrate their efforts on pressuring the police into either denying or confirming *The News* story. I had to go along with them just for the ride, but I was careful to remain in the background as they stormed into the offices of first one police official and then another to demand an explanation.

At long last the police brass were ready to release their story and they did. But our paper was hours ahead of the others merely because I had run into a detective I had not seen for years.

Later, of course, Green was tried, convicted, and put to death in the electric chair. It came out at his trial that he had slain Mrs. Case as the aftermath of an argument with her over whether he should use vinegar in the water with which he was to wash the windows of her apartment.

"I'm sorry I did it," was all he had to say as they led him from his death-house cell to the chair.

It was also in Queens that I scored my most worthless news beat. Even though it was a dud, it took far more cleverness on my part than the lucky break I capitalized on in the Mary Harriet Case murder. Cleverness obviously does not always pay.

When the British liner *Vestris*, bound from New York to South America, went down in a gale off the Virginia Capes on November 12, 1928, some of the most dramatic pictures ever made of tragedy at sea were taken by passengers and crew. When these were published, they caused such a stir that press and public have been alert ever since for shots that might equal them.

Because of this we lost no time about six months after the *Vestris* disaster when a man over in Astoria, Queens, called *The News* to say that he had for sale some terrific pictures of another shipwreck. He said he was a sailor aboard a freighter and had taken some pictures of lifeboat crews making rescues that would put all earlier ones to shame. He was offering them for sale at this late date because he had returned to this country that day for the first time since the tragedy. The city desk gave me twenty-five dollars and told me to go out and try to buy the film.

When I reached the caller's house I found reporters from *The Mirror* and the *World* camped on the porch ahead of me. They said the man with the pictures had taken his family out to dinner and that he would return in half an hour to auction them off to the highest bidder. *The News* had long had a reputation for spending large amounts of money whenever it wanted a story really badly, and because I knew the other boys were aware of this I decided to try and outsmart them.

With one hand in my pocket clutching the twenty-five dollars I had brought with me to buy the film I turned to them and said:

"I don't know why you guys are hanging around. I got $2,000 to buy this."

This had exactly the effect I had hoped it would have, and they took off to call their offices with the news that I was on hand and ready to buy the man's pictures for two G's. Their editors called them in and I was left alone when the sailor-photographer returned. He was disappointed to find a representative from only one paper interested in what he had to sell, but after I had repeatedly assured him that the others had decided against paying him anything he asked me what I thought his pictures would be worth.

"I can't buy a pig in a poke," I told him. "No one can have any idea what the pictures are worth until we have developed the film. I'll give you at least twenty-five dollars for each one we use, however, and if they are as good as you say they are, you can be sure *The News* will treat you more fairly than any other paper would."

After a little more haggling he finally agreed to let me take the film for twenty-five dollars on my promise that he would be paid far more handsomely if his shots turned out to be as good as he said they were. I called the office to let them know I had closed the big deal and they ordered me to get back there pronto.

I ran every red light between Astoria and Manhattan and broke all the speed limits in my haste to get my great prize into the paper. Breathless, I rushed upstairs to the city room and stood around smoking nervously as the studio gang went to work on the film.

A few minutes later I slunk back to Headquarters as unobstrusively as possible. The film for which I had paid twenty-five dollars was absolutely blank. Whether the man who sold it to me was a crook or whether he truly believed he had taken some sea-rescue pictures I never did bother to try to find out. He never contacted *The News* again, however, nor did anyone else ever publish the pictures he claimed to have taken.

It was luck that was in my corner once more when I was sent over to Belleville, New Jersey, on the night of December 21, 1937, to cover the holdup murder of a bus driver and came back with another exclusive. At first this one appeared to be just another routine stickup and slaying and the papers all treated it so until I was lucky enough to sit down next to the right guy when I stopped in a diner for coffee.

As we got it from the police at first, two men had stopped the bus driven by William Barhorst, thirty-four, as he approached the corner of Main and William streets in Belleville, just over the Newark city line, at about 10 P.M. Opening the door to take on what he thought were two passengers, Barhorst next found himself staring into the muzzle of a sawed-off .22-caliber rifle. Seconds later he was dead, apparently shot while trying to protect the measly two dollars and ten cents in fares that later was found to be missing from his change carrier.

The bandits made their getaway in a car that had been parked nearby and police still were looking for them. Until he stopped to pick up his last "passengers," Barhorst had been alone on the bus. The only witness to the crime had been a pedestrian nearly a block away. That was that, the cops said, and it did not strike me or the other reporters as having very much to it that was out of the ordinary.

Then I walked into a diner to have some coffee and sat down next to a cop. We had not talked very long before he asked if I was a reporter. When I told him I was, he took my breath away by drawing me to him and whispering:

"Did you know it was a dame who killed that bus driver?"

I certainly had not known that, and I pumped the cop for all he knew. I had nothing to lose by taking his word for it, so I phoned the office to change my earlier story and we wound up with a pretty good piece about a hard-faced gun moll who had killed a man in cold blood for a lousy two bucks and some change. No other paper had that angle for several days. Finally on January 4, 1938, the whole story came out and I was proved to have been only half right in my latest news beat. There had been two, not one, girl bandits who filled poor William Barhorst with lead. And they were two of Jersey's toughest female desperadoes.

One was mannish Mrs. Ethel Strouse (Bunny) Sohl, twenty-year-old daughter of a Newark policeman, and the other was her clinging eighteen-year-old understudy, Genevieve (Chippy) Owens. When the law finally caught up with them, the girls confessed not only the Barhorst murder but also several automobile thefts and a number of gas-station stickups. Then they told how they spent the proceeds of their crimes.

"We always went to the movies when we could find one with gangsters in it. We would go anywhere around here when we found one advertised," Bunny Sohl calmly told the cops while Chippy Owens nodded.

"We wanted to see the gangsters but we wanted to see their molls most.

"We went to dance halls, too. We thought perhaps we would find some gangsters there. We wanted to meet them and find out what it was like to be their molls, like the girls in the movies."

They had been trapped when Chippy Owens, on probation for vagrancy, made a slip of the tongue while reporting to her probation officer in Newark a couple of days earlier. She complained that her mother was objecting to her boy friends, one of whom she said "may have had something to do with that bus stickup in Belleville."

Under further questioning she broke down and confessed that she had driven the getaway car when Bunny Sohl shot Barhorst down and stole his two dollars and ten cents. They were convicted of murder and sentenced to life in prison.

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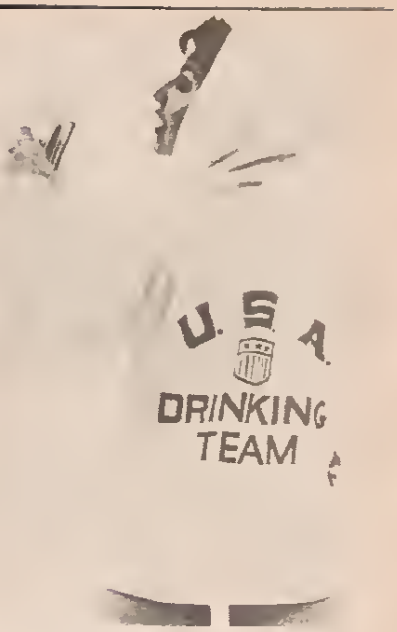


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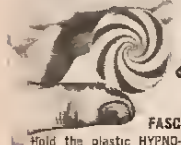


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Three years later Bunny Sohl hit the headlines again when she and two other women were recaptured about twenty-four hours after they escaped from the New Jersey Reformatory for Women at Clinton. Chippy Owens apparently has been a more docile prisoner.

It was both good luck and good management that gave us another exclusive story in December 1950, when the nude, hacked-up body of chestnut-haired Dorothy Martin, thirty-five was found in two suitcases checked in two lockers at the Long Island Railroad Station over at Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, in Brooklyn. Although this grisly discovery had been made on December 4 there was such a total lack of clues to the woman's identity that it was not until the day after Christmas, December 26, that we were able to break the story and identify her as the daughter of an upstate postmaster.

Subsequently it developed that she had been slain and butchered by her common-law husband, house painter Pasquale Donofrio, thirty-eight, who later escaped the chair by pleading guilty to first-degree manslaughter and drawing a ten- to twenty-year sentence in prison.

Our luck came in the form of an anonymous tip that police had been showing an extraordinary amount of curiosity in the third floor of a rooming house at 135 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, where Donofrio and his paramour had lived until recently. Neither had been seen in the neighborhood, however, since about the time the two suitcases in the railroad station disgorged their gruesome contents, and gossip had it that Miss Martin had been done to death by her lover.

I was on the city desk when the tip was phoned in, and I made up my mind at once that this was one story we were going to keep to ourselves. I was sure that if I told our Brooklyn headquarters man about the tip, he would be tailed by the other reporters if he tried to break the story.

Instead, I ordered reporter Gene Spagnoli in Manhattan and photographer Tom Gallagher to move from Queen to the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn and to telephone me from there. It was not until they had done this that I gave them the address of the rooming house and told them what the tipster had said to us. They reached the rooming house only minutes after police had completed another one of their supposedly secret visits to the place. There they found the tenants who had succeeded the Donofrio-Martin combine on the third floor considerably annoyed by the unwanted police attention and more than willing to talk.

This harried couple, William Gillen, a shipping-company guard, and his wife, Gladys, lived in an oddly decorated room with two cream-colored and two dark-green walls. Although the Gillens were not pleased with this motif, they had reluctantly decided to put up with it, housing being as scarce as it then was. They said they had been told by other tenants that Donofrio had added the green paint only recently.

The Gillens also had noted with understandable irritation that on each of their visits the cops had methodically peeled more and more of this green paint off the walls. Four times since Christmas Eve, the Gillens complained, the cops had invaded their privacy and each time still more bare spots had appeared on their green walls.

As though all that were not enough poor Mrs. Gillen had been having the devil's own job trying to scrub a horrid big red spot off the floor.

The landlord and other tenants confirmed what the Gillens told Spagnoli and voiced their suspicion that the body in the suitcases was that of Miss Martin. Spagnoli rechecked his notes. Gallagher took plenty of pictures. Then they left.

Meanwhile, we had learned that Miss Martin's stepmother, worried because she had received no Christmas card or other word from Dorothy that year, had been in touch with the state police upstate.

"Could that body in Brooklyn possibly be Dorothy?" she asked with a shudder. The troopers said they would find out.

Dorothy Martin, they learned, had an appendicitis scar, a bad heart, feet that required the use of arch supports, and false teeth. So did the butchered body in the station. Now all the loose threads tied up into a neat package and we had another exclusive story. After it appeared, Deputy Chief Inspector Howard C. O'Leary reluctantly admitted at 1 A.M. that it was "substantially correct."

When he was captured shortly thereafter, Donofrio confessed that the murder indeed had been done in the Fort Greene Place furnished room. He had added the green paint to the walls in an attempt to hide the blood that spattered all over the place when he battered and butchered Dorothy Martin. Like Mrs. Gillen, however, he had been unable to do anything about that awful red spot on the floor.

Brooklyn likewise was the scene of the one exclusive story I would like to forget. That one involved the capture of world-famed bank robber Willie Sutton and the subsequent slaying of the young man who fingered him for the cops, Arnold Schuster.

Willie (The Actor) Sutton was America's most wanted bank robber from the minute he broke out of a Pennsylvania jail in 1947 until the afternoon late in February 1952 when two radio patrolmen found him tinkering with his broken-down car less than half a mile away from Brooklyn Police Headquarters. Less than three weeks later Arnold Schuster was shot down as he walked another Brooklyn street not far from the spot where the cops nabbed Sutton. Ever since then his killer or killers have ranked high among the most-wanted murderers in the country. And a police gnard remains with Schuster's father every minute of the day lest the slayers return to wreak further vengeance on this hapless family.

They called Willie Sutton The Actor because he was a master at disguise and as cool as the proverbial cucumber at work or in flight. They called him the country's most-wanted bank robber because he had crowded into his fifty-one years a career in crime that was believed to have netted him and his associates at least a million dollars from a series of heists throughout the East. He had been convicted of so many jobs that despite the time already served he still owed the states of New York and Pennsylvania a total of 105 years that judges had sentenced him to spend within the walls of the two states' big houses. And when they finally caught up with him, and shortly thereafter with two of his associates, that winter of 1952, there was plenty of evidence to point to the fact that he and his gang were deep in plans for still another major holdup. While still a fugitive, Willie and his boys had bagged $64,000 in 1950 in a precision stickup of the Sunnyside, Queens, branch of the Manufacturers' Trust Company.

Small wonder, then, that the public was led to believe that handsome rewards would be paid for his capture. There were credible rumors that these totaled at least $70,000, and federal, state, and local police did nothing to discourage these rumors. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, as a matter of fact, flooded the country with fliers picturing and describing Willie and calling on all citizens to come forward with whatever information they might stumble on that could lead to Sutton's apprehension.

These fliers were sown so thoroughly that in October 1951 one of them reached Mac's Clothes Shop, at 5507 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, where Max Schuster specialized in the sale of men's pants. There Schuster's twenty-four-year-old son and clerk, Arnold, a former coast guardsman, filed it away in a desk where in idle moments after that he studied it so thoroughly that Sutton's face became engraved on his memory.

Early in the following February young Arnold Schuster took one last look at the flier and threw it away. He had memorized it so thoroughly that he would need it no longer to recognize Sutton. Besides, the man hunt had been on so long that Schuster, like many others, was ready to believe that clever Willie never would be caught.

A few days later, shortly after noon on Monday, February 18, 1952, Arnold Schuster left his father's shop and went by subway to downtown Brooklyn where he hoped to pick up a bargain or two at the going-out-of-business sale of one of the borough's oldest department stores. One look at the hordes jamming into the store changed his mind, however, and he boarded another subway train to return to his father's shop.

If you have ever seen $70,000 in greenbacks or silver piled in one vast heap so close to where you were sitting that you could reach out and scoop it into a bag, then, and only then, can you understand fully what went through young Schuster's mind as he sat down in that homebound subway train and glanced at the man seated opposite him a few feet across the aisle. That man was Willie Sutton and Arnold Schuster knew it.

Schuster swallowed hard and tried to hide his nervousness as his brain whirled in a frantic effort to devise a course of action. What would he do? What could he do? Then Sutton made up Schuster's mind for him. The train stopped at the Pacific Street station of the BMT and Willie The Actor alighted. Schuster followed, at a discreet distance of course, and watched as Sutton walked to a gas station at Third Avenue and Bergen Street, two blocks from Brooklyn Police Headquarters.

Should he risk losing his quarry by hustling to Headquarters for help or stay with the chase awhile longer and see where the trail might lead? Schuster still was asking himself that question when a police radio car hove into view. Suddenly abashed at his own temerity, he ran toward the car.

"You'll probably think I'm crazy," he said to Patrolmen Donald Shea and Joseph McClellan, "but I think I just saw Willie Sutton."

Unexpected tips are old hat to cops as well as newspapermen, and the two officers were not nearly so excited at this point as Schuster. But a tip, no matter how wild it sounds, must never be brushed aside.

"We'll take a look at him," the cops told Schuster, and they rolled their car into the gas station.

Schuster stayed behind watching. That was where he was to remain for more than twenty-four hours—hidden in the background while seventy thousand great big dollars seemed to slip from his grasp.

The gas-station attendant told Shea and McClellan that the man Schuster had trailed was known in the neighborhood as Charles Gordon, of 340 Dean Street, who had just reported that his car was stalled in front of his home. Gordon was on his way home then, the attendant added, to bring in the battery of his car for charging. Just as the man had said they would, the two cops found "Gordon" removing the battery from his car.

If the cops were at all nervous, their quarry was not. Calmly he produced driver's and car registration certificates—later discovered to have been forged by a Sutton accomplice—to prove that he was indeed Charles Gordon of 340 Dean Street. The police acted as though they were satisfied and moved away. "Gordon" continued to tinker with his car.

But by this time the police were as suspicious as Schuster. While McClellan kept an eye on the suspect, Shea hurried to Brooklyn Headquarters and fetched Detective Louis Wiener who he was sure would recognize Sutton in an instant. Meanwhile, "Gordon" had removed the battery from his car and taken it back to the gas station with McClellan trailing him every step of the way. The cops regrouped and grabbed "Gordon" there. It was not long after they

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got him to Headquarters that his identification as Sutton was made positive through fingerprints and other clues. The five-year-old manhunt was ended.

About an hour after all this happened Schuster heard the news at home by radio. The bulletin told how three sharp-eyed cops had nabbed Willie Sutton, but there was no mention of the tipster who had led them to the gas station in the first place. Later came news that Detective Wiener had been upped a grade and that Shea and McClellan had been raised to detective rank with pay boosts of $1,000 annually. Policemen are not eligible for rewards, and there was no word as to what was to become of the $70,000.

Schuster didn't quite know what to do about claiming this reward money so he sought the advice of friends, including lawyers. Then he telephoned police to say he was the one who had actually fingered Willie. A police captain to whom he spoke assertedly put him off because:

"We can't go into that now; there's a lot of brass around. Come down tomorrow and we'll listen."

Schuster was unable to go to Headquarters on Tuesday, so his father got in touch with the FBI, who promised to get in touch with his son. That night's first edition of *The News* carried a lead editorial highly praising the cops for capturing Sutton. This had not been on the streets very long before a man who said he was a friend of Schuster phoned *The News* to claim that Schuster really deserved the credit. After listening to him, I telephoned Chief Inspector Conrad Rothengast.

"What's the idea, Connie, why not give credit where it is due?" I asked him.

Rothengast fenced with me until he learned how much I knew about the Schuster tip and then pleaded:

"Don't print that, Teddy, it may upset our whole investigation."

I was unable to see how crediting Schuster with tipping off the police to Sutton's whereabouts could possibly hamper efforts to round up his pals so I sent reporter Joe Donnelly and photographer Ebbs Breuer to the Schuster home. It did not take them long to get the whole story, complete with pictures, and then to confront the cops again with what we knew.

As we readied our story the police hastily invited Schuster to call on them next day. He agreed to do so, at the same time retaining an attorney to protect his interests. Our later editions that night carried an exclusive story telling of these developments and pointing out that a police investigation of the incident would be launched on Wednesday. This news hardly hit the streets before Schuster was besieged by radio and TV offers to tell his story over the air. He accepted several of these and for a week or ten days basked in an exciting limelight as press, microphone, and camera made his name a household word across America.

Meanwhile, the police lamely admitted that Shea and McClellan had confirmed that Schuster had pointed out Sutton to them and explained that in the excitement of the capture they had simply forgotten to mention his help. Police embarrassment was eased somewhat, however, by the capture of two Sutton confederates within the next three days and their admission that Willie had directed them in the Manufacturers' Trust holdup in Queens.

The first dark cloud then appeared on Schuster's horizon. He and his lawyer along with everyone else discovered that the $70,000 reward was a mirage. Nobody knew how the $70,000 story had started and nobody knew anybody who was prepared to pay that price for Sutton's capture. The only reward money available was the twenty-five-dollar reward that is offered by Sing Sing Prison as a matter of routine for the recapture of any escaped prisoner.

Arnold Schuster's dreams of wealth were gone. The Sutton case was dropping out of the headlines. Arnold's brief moment of glory on the radio and TV networks had passed. He was fast slipping back into the groove of anonymity, and doing his best to speed the slide, for threatening telephone calls and letters began to pour into the Schuster home and store.

Although he knew his son would be vexed if he learned of it, Max Schuster told the police of these.

"Don't worry, Mr. Schuster," he was advised, "it's all cranks and crackpots. No harm will come to your son."

Arnold felt the same way. Several days earlier he had declined an offer of police protection.

The calls and letters continued to come in. On the morning of Saturday, March 8, Max Schuster found still another letter pushed under his shop door when he opened the place for the day's business. "This is your last day," it read. All the other letters had been turned over to the FBI, but Max was so provoked by this one that he tore it up and threw it in a wastebasket. As the day wore on he had almost forgotten it.

At about quarter to nine that night Arnold Schuster closed his father's shop and hurried home to change his clothes, have a bite to eat, and go on to a neighborhood dance. He took a bus to Fiftieth Street and Ninth Avenue, then walked down Ninth to Forty-fifth Street.

Scarcely had he turned the corner there, not far from the Schuster home at 941 Forty-fifth Street, when it happened. Neighbors said later they heard shots fired and then the sound of a car speeding away. When they reached his side, Arnold Schuster was dead, sprawled face up in a driveway with both his eyes blown out and his body ripped by bullets. No one had seen it happen.

Was this the work of a crank or a crackpot or were Willie Sutton's friends avenging The Actor? Police are not sure to this day.

"This sinks me," said Willie when he heard the news in his jail cell. But Willie was pretty well "sunk" already. Still is up there in bleak Attica Prison.

As time went on police came to favor the theory that Schuster was slain as a warning to other prospective informers by those who had something to fear from a forthcoming waterfront inquiry. But even that remains only a theory.

This is all that anyone can be sure of about the murder of Arnold Schuster: About a month after it happened a gun was found in a vacant lot five blocks from the alley where Schuster's body was discovered. Three shots had been fired from it. Two bullets recovered from Schuster's body had been fired from that gun. The gun itself was identified as one of eight that had been stolen from a freighter at a Brooklyn pier a few days before the ship sailed for Japan on February 8, 1952, ten days before young Schuster fingered Willie.

Two punks were indicted for larceny after they admitted stealing the guns from the ship. One of these claimed that he sold the weapons to John (Chappy) Mazziota, thirty-six, a sports-loving Brooklyn hoodlum with a record of twenty-five arrests and fifteen convictions, mostly for bookmaking. Chappy Mazziota was indicted for receiving stolen goods and the cops are still looking for him.

Arnold Schuster's father, Max, filed suit against the city for $575,000, charging the police had been negligent in failing to provide adequate protection for his son. The courts decided against him.

The heartbroken father asked and received police protection for himself. He still has it. A city detective stays with him every minute to this day. THE END

Husband

(continued from page 19)

brutal session, Tom remarked upon seeing the fresh scars on my body, "By all the demons of hell, I'd like to kill that SOB."

I looked at Tom unhappily, feeling tremendously sorry for myself. "I wish it too, darling, but let's not think of *him* now. We've got so little time for ourselves."

But the next time we met, Tom brought the matter up again. "You know, Carrie," he said seriously, "it's not such a crazy thought at that. The old man doesn't deserve to live, after the way he's treated you. You're not a slave. You're got a right to happiness."

"But Tom," I protested, "that would be murder."

"Not murder," he countered, "but punishment, deserved punishment. Of course you could divorce him, but why should you? He's rich. If anybody's earned a right to his inheritance, you have. You've suffered everything this world could inflict. Why should you go back to being poor, after all you've suffered?"

I was shocked and horrified by what he'd said. But somehow, I couldn't find it in my heart to disagree with him. He seemed so logical. Still, I put Tom off. And honestly, I didn't think he was doing anything except talking. It never occurred to me that he was dead on the level.

For the next month or so, Tom kept bringing up the idea of murder, every time we met—and by now that was as much as five times a week. And gradually, day by day, he weakened my resistance. I still couldn't bring myself to the point of actually consenting of a passive agreement to the plan. to the deed, or even committing myself to it. But it was no longer a strange, an impossible or out-of-the-question thought. I can see now that I was coming to the point.

And yet, it actually always seemed to be something to be thought of in the future. I still couldn't conceive of myself as an actual participant in a murder. If he'd ever said in so many words, "Let's kill your husband tonight—let's shoot him dead!" I'd have turned and run.

But Tom was never that direct. He merely concentrated on picturing to me all the advantages that would come if the old man actually were dead; of the money I'd have; of the wonderful life we'd enjoy together, without my husband to interfere. And the wonderful dream seemed so rosy, so delightful, that I was even ready to accept a "hypothetical" murder

And then, one evening, the entire business came to a head, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, yet so demandingly, that I found myself called upon to make the ultimate decision without a chance to think, to plan, or even to consider what I was doing.

My husband had already gone to bed. I was busy around the house, doing the few last minute chores before joining him, when, without warning, I got the instinctive impression that someone was in the room with me. I whirled around and just managed to suppress the gasp that came to my lips.

My mouth opened in horror. Tom was standing there. And



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the look in his eyes was so vicious, so evil, that my heart almost stopped beating.

"Tom!" I whispered, involuntarily, "what are you doing in here. Go on, get out. He'll hear you."

Tom's smile grew even grimmer. He shook his head in a violent "no" and slowly, deliberately, he reached inside his shirt and drew out a pistol.

"No Tom, no! Please don't. You can't!" I hissed at him.

But Tom ignored my protests. He pointed toward the bedroom in an unspoken question.

I nodded weakly, and bowed my head down in horror as he started tiptoeing deliberately toward where my husband was waiting. I couldn't stand it. I got up and began to follow him. It was impossible. It couldn't be happening.

But I hadn't gone more than ten steps before I saw Tom grab the doorknob, throw the panel open, take aim and fire.

The roar of the pistol filled the room like all the thunders of hell. I know I screamed. I began to run toward the bedroom. And I heard Tom fire again and still again. I reached the door and looked in.

My husband was practically unrecognizable. Half his face had been shot away. And in the center of the bed, a large, wet red mass was slowly oozing through the sheets and blankets, and dripping down in sloppy gobs onto the floor. It was over. My husband was dead.

"Oh Tom, Tom, what are we going to do. He'd dead. You killed him. They'll hang you. What are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

"Take it easy, now, Carrie," Tom said soothingly. "This is no time for panic. We've got to move him. Get him out of here. It's got to look like an accident. We'll get him dressed and outside. Put him in the barn. Yes. That's it. Put the pistol in his hand. We can say he was despondent." Tom began to laugh. "We can say he found out about us and couldn't take the thought that you preferred a younger man. Then we'll burn the bedclothes and no one will ever know what happened."

I must have been an absolute lunatic at the time to have even considered that idea. All it did was involve me. One second's thought would have proven the idiocy of a man shooting himself twice more after he was already dead. But the point was I didn't think. I was beyond thinking. I was in a trance, a state of fear, shock and total panic. I let Tom lead me.

They arrested me within five minutes of my telling the story Tom had prepared. And then, to my horror, Tom tried to blame the entire thing on me, claiming that I had killed my husband and had called on him to cover up.

Tom should have known that the fingerprints on the gun would tell the true story.

I realized later that Tom hadn't meant to shoot three times. He had really believed that he could get away with the suicide idea. But once the killing began, he lost control of himself.

The trial was a disgusting performance. To an outsider it probably looked as if both of us were madly trying to pin the blame for the murder on the other. The jury found us both guilty. Tom received the highest penalty allowed by law. I was lucky. Only because I'm a woman, I was let off with a twenty year sentence.

But I had to tell my side of the story. I had to tell the truth of what really happened, from beginning to end. I've done that now. All I can hope is that some of you—a few of you will understand.

THE END

Strange

(continued from page 33)

of Catherine and Emily Wilson, two Englishwomen, who many years ago killed 26 men. All of these victims were lovers of the daughter. All of them were robbed both before and after their deaths.

Finally, of course, the police wised up to the fact that each of these men had been frequently in the company of Miss Emily Wilson just prior to being seen no more. But before the two women could be brought to trial for murder, they committed suicide.

A somewhat similar—but infinitely more puzzling—case is that of Rhonda Belle Martin, the fiftyish multiple-killer who was recently executed by the State of Alahama.

Police have always been puzzled by the precise motives for her killings. At the time the law finally caught up with her and she was placed under arrest—after having disposed of six people in all—the Montgomery, Alahama, solicitor, William F. Thetford, said that the only explanation of a motive that he could give was that "she is

mean." There was some speculation that she had murdered for the money involved but, the solicitor stated, "She had only a small amount of insurance to collect on each person."

Psychiatrists frequently warn that we should be wary of people who are "too nice," since often they are covering up intense hostility—which is likely to come out in all sorts of unexpected and indirect ways. In the case of Rhonda Belle Martin, this was certainly true; she was always extremely nice to her victims—as long as she let them live.

"But all the indications are," one psychiatrist who studied her remarked to me, "that she felt tremendous hostility toward all men. And that her impulse to murder her husbands was largely an expression of her hostility toward the entire male sex. Because of these inner feelings, she obviously could never make a good adjustment to marriage. After her union with Garrett went on the rocks, none of her marriages lasted long—one to a man named Talmage Gipson expiring at the end of a mere five months. There is strong evidence, too, that the murders of her daughters were largely intended as punishment for her husband, who was devoted to them."

As for Rhonda Belle's murder of her mother, this doctor pointed out that women who make only a poor sexual adjustment frequently experience an unusual craving for "drama" and "sudden changes." Doubtless by this time Rhonda Belle had learned that deaths in the family were about the best way of providing both.

Not unsurprisingly, women who experience considerable hostility toward men are apt to change husbands with more-than-usual frequency. They are constantly looking for a "better" mate, and it also provides the drama and change that they crave. Should such women take care to secure divorces before re-marrying, the habit is not likely to get them in trouble with the law, but in the case of 23-year-old Cynthia Corradetti, an immensely attractive Richmond, Indiana, girl, this neglect landed her in considerable hot water. When the law caught up with her, she was revealed to have been married seven times—the first time at the age of 13—but to have divorced only four.

In an account of her life, which she wrote while in prison, Cynthia described the intense feelings of rejection that she had experienced at th hands of her father, after he and her mother separated. This might well account for her inability to find happiness in any marriage—and for the fact that she left former mates all over the State of Indiana. Cynthia ultimately had to go to prison for her too-informal marital arrangements.

If there is any racket that can really be classed as a "natural" for women who want to swindle men, it is that which is worked through lonely hearts clubs. Among the many men and women who turn to these clubs through the most honest motives in the world, there are, unfortunately, always a few who simply want to work a deal on the opposite sex.

One of the most noted such cases in recent years is that of a middle-aged Philadelphia spinster named Ann Gartman. In her letters to men she contacted through a lonely hearts organization, she wrote that she was blonde, age 22, and an heiress to $25,000. The picture she enclosed with the letters was actually that of a stunningly attractive young blonde—but unfortunately, *it wasn't Anne.*

In a confession which police ultimately drew from her, Miss Gartman admitted that her racket involved asking men who were interested in meeting her to send her bus fare to their home towns. After the money was received she would send off another letter, supposedly written by someone else, saying that she had been forced to go to Arizona for her health. She admitted that before the law put a stop to this, she had flimflammed more than a dozen men out of between $3,000 and $4,000.

It took a federal court jury less than ten minutes to convict her of using the mails to cheat her suitors. As she was led from the courtroom, one reporter commented that it was doubtful if any man had ever really given her a tumble in her entire life; it wasn't difficult to see why Ann Gartman had felt impelled to swindle the male sex.

As an example of how women can swindle men on an even more subtle level, consider the case of Madeline Webb, a beautiful New York chorus girl. A few years ago she and her Broadway-character boy friend, Eli Shonbrun, were tried for the robbery-murder of Mrs. Susan Reich in the fashionable Sutton Hotel. Shonbrun was evidently the first man with whom Madeline had been able to work out any type of adjustment at all.

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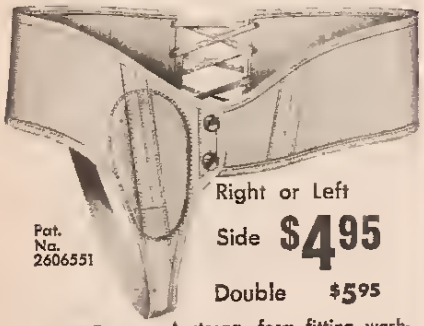
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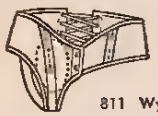
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During her trial, it was revealed that one of her previous regular activities had been to pick up a married man and then entice him into a bedroom situation—after which she'd threaten to charge him with rape.

The man might be perfectly well aware that she could never make the charge stick, but in the meantime his family would learn what he'd been up to. He might receive all sorts of unfortunate publicity and he might even lose his job. Usually he paid. When one man proved rather stubborn, Madeline actually did swear out charges against him—charges she later dropped, indicating that the man finally came across.

Today Madeline is serving a life sentence in the Women's Prison in Bedford Hills, about the only fate which probably could have ended her career of preying on men.

To the list of crimes which men-hating women particularly favor, criminologists have recently added, surprisingly enough, that of embezzlement. This is because latest studies show that a high percentage of the women who will—often for a dozen years or more—succeed in milking corporations of huge amounts of money are: one, unmarried; two, long-established as the kind who "don't want men bothering them"; three, known to treat women under their supervision much more leniently than they treat men.

"In their long-term thefts," one well-known criminologist recently told me, "such women may well be mostly satisfying an overpowering urge to put something over on the men who are their superiors in business. Since so few of these women use for their own benefit the money they embezzle, we've long thought that some psychological satisfaction is primarily involved in their criminal activity. And this may well be it."

"Business is thought of as a man's game," adds another expert. "Such women are, in effect, beating their male employer at his own game."

Much as those gentle ladies who embezzle may not like being compared with women hold-up queens, authorities say that the latter are pretty much motivated by the same urge. Very few women do turn to burglary or hold-ups; those who do seem strongly driven by an urge to "show men they're as good as they are."

Chicago's "Queen" Maggie O'Connor, for instance—the dynamic hold-up specialist who was listed as one of America's most wanted criminals—was usually enraged by stories that referred to her as "a member of the weaker sex." When she'd pulled off a successful robbery, she'd crow that she'd "showed 'em"; and it was men, of course, whom she meant. Not unnaturally, her romances have nearly always been with men whom she was able to dominate.

Because they enjoy seeing men look ridiculous, most women stick-up queens specialize in male victims. "This enjoyment of seeing men at their worst," says Professor Nathan Cantor, "is one of the main forces which drive many women who turn to crime."

Does this mean that women who make careers of vice may be basically man-haters too?

In days preceding modern psychiatry, such a question would have been considered absurd; everyone knew that these women's weaknesses were precisely the opposite. But today, authorities agree that many women do stay with the field of vice primarily because they are man-haters.

"Vice careers may well give them much the same twisted satisfaction," Dr. Robert Lindner, chief consultant psychiatrist to the Maryland Board of Corrections, once noted, "as, say, a race-hater gets when he reads that another member of the race he despises has been charged with a crime."

"But," he added, "where a race-hater has to persistently search for such joys a madam, for instance, has the 'proof' of man's despicability continually before her."

In support of this theory, criminologists say that almost all madams, when in their cups, can tell you tearful stories of early mistreatment at the hands of some man or men. And when even Polly Adler, most famous of New York's former madams, authored her best-selling autobiography, "A House Is Not A Home," critics noted the repeated hostility demonstrated toward several men—her father, an early lover who deserted her, the gangsters whom she felt exploited her constantly, the respectable man who loved her but would not marry her.

When men turn to crime, a German proverb says, they may do things stranger than even they have dreamed. To this can be added, that when men-hating women turn to crime the things they do are likely to be the strangest of all. THE END

Noose

(continued from page 27)

a principal street in the West Sector of Berlin. Police combed the thoroughfare from end to end visiting every apartment and every house, in search of a nurse. Several were found, since the street is near Koch Hospital.

But when the investigation narrowed down, only one suspect interested the police. She was Elizabeth Kusian, who admitted that she ordered a typewriter from Fraulein Merten's shop. But, she insisted, the machine had never been delivered and she had seen the Merten woman only once, across the counter.

Among her friends and patients, Nurse Kusian's reputation was blameless. Her neighbors admired her as a refined and courageous widow who carried on gallantly by herself, after her first husband was killed in the war. The sick whom she tended had nothing but praise for her solicitude and care. There seemed to be nothing that tied her directly to the two savage killings.

The investigation had come to a standstill when the newspapers announced that clothing belonging to Seidelmann was turning up on the black market. A woman tenant of Frau Kusian's apartment then came forward to tell police that she had recently helped the nurse dispose of a black ulster and a brown pair of men's oxfords, which a foreigner had bought for 30 and 8 marks respectively. These objects proved to be Seidelmann's.

Frau Kusian was arrested and her apartment searched. In the closet was hanging a woman's coat trimmed with Crimean lamb skin It was Doris Merten's. There were blood stains in the cracks between the floor boards. In the basement were found two knapsacks, a blanket, and a large suitcase, all bloodstained.

The Kusian apartment was put under police surveillance, and shortly a male visitor was taken into custody. He turned out to be Walter Kusian, the woman's former husband. He told detectives that while he had been in the army, his wife had betrayed him with a succession of lovers whom she brought into their home even when the children were present. He admitted that though they had been divorced, she still exerted a powerful appeal on him and that he often visited her. He had been a prominent Nazi Party member and a major in the army but in postwar Germany had sunk to the status of a common laborer. He proudly told police that recently his former wife had given him a present: a pair of striped pants and a brief case. These, too, belonged to Hermann Seidelmann. The mass of damaging evidence against the nurse was mounting.

The case took a sensational turn when Kurt Muschat an official of the West Berlin Police, came forward to admit that he was personally acquainted with Frau Kusian. He had followed developments of the case in his official capacity and had been thoroughly convinced that the woman he knew couldn't possibly be connected with the murders and would be cleared at any moment. Now, however, he felt it his duty to tell all he knew. He was able to prove that he had no guilty knowledge of the murders.

Muschat was 38, a tall, attractive man with a brilliant record and strong masculine appeal. He had first met Frau Kusian several years before when investigating some burglaries in her neighborhood. Though she was then 34 and though Muschat could easily have won the favors of younger and more beautiful women, he succumbed at once to her strange sexual appeal. "Something passed between us as soon as we met," he said, "I cannot explain it." They became lovers.

Muschat's admissions broke the iron calm of Elizabeth Kusian. She had been misleading the police with false stories, perjured statements and continual denials. But now she confessed.

By December of 1949 her situation was desperate. On her way to work one day she spotted Seidelmann. "He was talking to another man and giving him some money," she said. "He had a lot of money in his wallet." The next day she saw him again, and began a flirtation with him. He came to her apartment.

After a few drinks, he invited her out to dinner. She was wearing her nurse's unform, and modestly asked him to turn his chair to the wall while she changed into other clothes. Behind his back she whipped out a noose that she had prepared in advance, slipped it over his head and with maniacal power pulled it tight against his windpipe until she strangled him to death.

After looting his wallet, she drained the blood from the body into a pan and poured it down the drain. With the skill acquired in dissecting rooms during her career as a nurse, she cut up the body. She put the parts in the knapsacks, the blanket and the suitcase, and at four in the morning went out among the ruins of the shattered, sleeping city and hid the gruesome remnants.

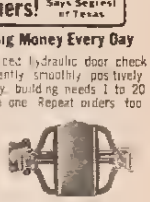
But the money she stole from Seidelmann was much less than she anticipated, and her situation was little better than before. Christmas was coming. She desperately wanted to give her lover, Muschat, a fine present, and decided on a typewriter. On December 26th she phoned Fraulein Merten and asked her to bring the ma-



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chine to her apartment. When Doris Merten arrived, Frau Kusian courteously invited her to take off her coat and sit down for a cup of coffee next to the lighted Christmas tree. Again the quick, deadly trick with the noose. Again the powerful tug, the gurgling gasps of the victim. Another murder.

When Kurt came, his present was ready for him under the Christmas tree. In it was a piece of paper on which she had typed: "I HEREWITH SWEAR I LOVE YOU"—a playful phrasing which he, as a police official used to legal wording, would appreciate.

It was not until New Year's Eve that Elizabeth Kusian could bring herself to repeat with Doris Merten's body what she had done with Hermann Seidelmann's. All that time, the corpse remained hidden under her couch. But then she dissected it and hid the parts as before among the ruins of the city.

Even the Germans, hardened by years of war, bombings and postwar suffering, were shocked at the Kusian murder case and followed it with breathless interest. When Elizabeth Kusian came to trial in January 1951, tickets to the courtroom sold on the black market at sky-high prices, and extra police had to be called out to handle the mobs. Elizabeth herself heightened the drama by first refusing to talk in court and then rising dramatically in the dock and accusing her former husband of the crimes. It got her nowhere.

By a twist of fortune, the West German law calling for capital punishment was revoked during the course of the trial; otherwise she would certainly have died on the gallows. As it was, she was given a double sentence of life imprisonment to assure that the rest of her days would be spent behind bars.

THE END

Rapist

(continued from page 39)

the lid off the case—even as it seemed to be surely on its way to a permanent place in the "open but unsolved" file.

Mrs. Frances Grandley was brought to a hospital in Corry, a town 30 miles from Harborcreek, suffering from severe injuries received at the bands of an unknown assailant. Mrs. Grandley had put up a fierce battle.

"I clawed him up pretty thoroughly," Mrs. Grandley told Corry Police Chief John Flanigan. "He'll probably bave quite a few scars on his face to remember me by."

Mrs. Grandley was unable to give a detailed description of her attacker. She did know, bowever, that he was young and had dark hair. So, witb a minimum of fanfare, Chief Flanigan sent his men looking for a youth—any youtb—with scratches on his face.

And they found one: a young fellow wbo had gone to work the morning after the attack on a Corry factory. He was rather a good-looking sort, even if a trifle baby-faced, and black-haired. And be had the scratches right where Mrs. Grandley said they would be. She had done a good job.

The boy quite readily gave Flanigan his name: Frank Bromley. As for the scratches: "I got a couple of cats at home." And he agreed to go to the hospital with Flanigan who subtly warned him of the danger of winding up witb hydrophobia, if his wounds were not properly treated.

Instead of taking Bromley to the emergency ward for treatment, Flanigan ushered him right in to Mrs. Grandley's bedside and she promptly identified bim. And later, when Bromley was told particles of skin taken from beneath Mrs. Grandley's nails matched a sample of his own skin, and that he might as well confess and get it over with—he did.

"I don't know why I did it," Frank Bromley said with tbe air of one who bad never before committed an act of violence. "I guess I must bave just gone nuts."

Frank Bromley was lodged in the county jail to await grand jury action and Mrs. Grandley's recovery, so that she might appear against him.

Then, on the very next day, Mrs. Alice Dimes entered tbe young man's life. Mrs. Dimes, owner of a Harborcreek bakery, called on Chief Flanigan.

"There's something mighty peculiar going on around this town," she told him. "For one thing, I think you ought to know about Edith Fry's brother."

"Well," asked the cbief, "what's he been up to?"

"Helen—she's Mrs. Sam Fry—works for me," said Mrs. Dimes. "And she told me this weird story about her brother, Frank. He's Frank Bromley—"

"Did you know we've got a boy in jail by that name?" interrupted Flanigan.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dimes." But what I'm talking about is supposed to have bappened, way back in April, last year. Mrs. Fry told

me her brother—this same one—was hiding in a cave in the woods and that his relatives had been secretly bringing him food and cigarettes and whatever he needed . . . I hadn't thought much more about it recently until I read about his arrest yesterday in the papers."

Chief Flanigan assured Mrs. Dimes that he would look into the matter—and then made a quick phone call to Sheriff Lamberton. And he and Corporal Mehallick had an immediate hunch that Frank Bromley might just possible be mixed up in the holdup-murder of Lloyd Wilkinson.

First, however, they questioned Mrs. Fry. And, to their intense disappointment, she stoutly denied ever having told any such story about her brother.

The two officers were trying to decide just where else they might continue their investigation when that same night they received a report that Bromley had attempted suicide with a fragment of bottle glass he had smuggled into his cell. And, when he had been patched up by the jail doctor, he was confronted by Lamberton and Mehallick who told him he was suspected of the Wilkinson killing.

But Bromley denied it, and said he had attempted suicide only "because I was sorry about beating up that woman."

Lamberton and Mehallick let it go at that, for the time being. But thye began checking into Bromley's background and learned quite a bit about the part women had played in his life. They discovered that time and again, when the youth suffered disappointments in love affairs, (or what he imagined to be love affairs) he had reacted by resorting to some act or attempted act of violence.

Once, the investigators learned, he had armed himself with a revolver and set out for the home of a girl who had turned down his proposal of marriage. But a taxi driver, detecting his apparently homicidal intentions, got the gun away from him and no doubt averted a tragedy.

On another occasion, when a girl jilted him, Bromley tried to kill himself by firing a shot into his chest. The bullet missed his heart by a fraction, he escaped serious injury.

And finally, Lamberton and Mehallick were impressed by the fact that one the day before the fatal shooting of Wilkinson, still another young lady whom Bromley had amorously pursued without success had gotten married.

Questioned repeatedly, Bromley remained sullenly morose, and uncommunicative—right up until the day he was sent to Western Penni-tentiary at Pitsburgh to begin servl ing a three and one-half to seven year term for the assault on Mrs. Grandley.

As Lamberton and Mehallick—a couple of diehard cops if ever there were—doggedly continued their search for the elusive gimmick that would break the case, they struck pay dirt in the person of a youth named Gordon Burns, who had shared a boarding house room witn Bromley at one time.

Burns admitted, the lawmen said, that he and Bromley had frequently held up the occupants of cars parked in lonely spots—particularly so-called lovers' lanes. Frank, he said, used a gun on such forays.

"It was a .22 pistol," Burns said. "He got a bang out of shooting it off in the air to scare people."

Lamberton and Mehallick also found out that Bromley had a passion for decking himself out in riding clothes, and was especially partial to plaid shirts—such as Betty Wharton had described as being worn by her sweetheart's slayer.

With this additional information on Bromley, the two investigators thought it might be worthwhile to question him again. So the youth was brought back to Harborcreek and given the full treatment—still he denied his guilt, and eventually was returned to prison.

Lamberton and Mehallick still hadn't given up on the case when, two years after the murder, the latter played a hunch. Mehallick was delivering a young prisoner-Jim Nason—to the safekeep at Pittsburgh, where Bromley was serving his time. Mehallick told Nason about Bromley, saying:

"Buddy up with this Frank Bromley, and if he says anything you think might interest us—especially about the Wilkinson murder—let us know. If you do a good job helping us nail a killer, it wouldn't surprise me if you got out of prison a lot sooner that you might expect. . . ."

It turned out that Jim Nason was no slouch. Within a few weeks, Lamberton and Mehallick heard from him, and he was brought to Harborcreek.

"Bromley told me he did it—killed Wilkinson," Nason told the officers. "And there was something else. When he heard I was being taken out, he asked me to try to get somebody to dig up some-

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thing—he wouldn't say what—for him in the Corry cemetery. But when I kept after him to tell me what it was, and exactly where it was, he got suspicious and clammed up."

Lamberton and Mehallick were almost certain that Bromley was talking about the gun that ended Wilkinson's life. So they enlisted the services of an Army mine-detector crew from a nearby camp and covered every foot of the burial ground. But no gun was found.

Nevertheless, Bromley was again brought to Erie County for more questioning. And again, Betty Wharton took a long look at him from a concealed place, and listened carefully to every note and nuance of his voice. Once before when Betty had viewed Bromley, she admitted she was confused. But this time she said without hesitation:

"He looks very much like the man in King Road that night, and his voice sounds exactly the same. I'm sure—I'm sure now he is the man who killed Lloyd."

Only one thing remained to be buttoned up, insofar as Lamberton and Mehallick were concerned, before they lodged a formal charge of murder against Bromley: They wanted to hear the story of the cave hide-out from the prisoner's sister, Edith Fry. So they called on Mrs. Fry and her husband, Sam, and told them of the overwhelming mass of evidence that had been piled up against the youth.

Not Edith, but Sam Fry—with his wife's consent—told how he had taken food and cigarettes to Frank Bromley, while he was holed up in the cave for eight days—from the day after the murder.

"He didn't tell me the truth, at first, about why he was hiding out," Fry said. But, after a couple of days, he opened up. He said he held up a sailor and his girl friend in King Road, and got in a fight with the sailor after he took $40 from his wallet. I asked him if he shot the man and he said, 'Yes, I did. I think I killed him . . .'"

More than three years and seven months after a senseless murder forever cancelled the wedding plans of Betty Wharton and her sailor sweetheart, Frank Bromley was brought to trial for Lloyd Wilkinson's murder. And, on November 20th, 1945, after hearing testimony for five days, and deliberating two and a half hours, the jury brought in its verdict of guilty as charged, with a recommendation for life imprisonment.

Judge J. Orin Waite passed sentence, in accordance with the jury's wishes.

But there is still one thing which has never been cleared up.

As Judge Waite finished intoning the terms of his sentence, the convicted youth keeled over and fainted dead away.

And nobody knows—except Frank Bromley, and he hasn't said—whether he swooned from disappointment at the grim prospect of spending the rest of his life in prison, or from surprise and gratitude upon hearing he had escaped the electric chair.

At any odds, after following the dogged, unwavering—not to say tedious and sometimes thankless—efforts of Sheriff Fred Lamberton and Corporal John Mehallick in bringing a killer to justice in the face of seemingly hopeless odds, one is inclined to speculate on what really gives with these much-touted super-sleuths and arm-chair manhunters so much is heard tell about.

Anyway you figure it, a good policeman's lot is not a happy-go-lucky one. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The names Betty Wharton, Alice Dimes, Frances Grandley, Ben Haymes, Sam and Edith Fry, and Jim Nason, as they appear here, are fictitious.* THE END

Die

(continued from page 40)

each other secretly for over a year. I kept justifying our meetings on the basis that they were the only thing which made it possible for me to carry on at all with Ulfet. The indefinable tension in our relationship seemed to be erased with Louisa. Without her calming influence, I undoubtedly would have abandoned Ulfet and Cairo and my important work there.

That afternoon, after Ulfet had gone down to her kiln, I took some papers out of the drawer and scattered them over my desk to make a show of working when she came upstairs again. Actually, I still was too jumpy to concentrate on anything. I was still shuddering at the narrow escape that Louisa and I had had. It was, of course, impossible to telephone her. I never knew when Ulfet would come upstairs on her quiet, sandalled feet.

I poured a long drink of burning Zahib and tried to calm myself. After all, no thanks to me, every-

thing had worked out all right this time. I just had to be more careful, that's all. I would never do anything so foolhardy as to give Louisa my key again. My two women might run into each other.

The next day was Friday, when Ulfet customarily opened the kiln. So, as usual, after supper she called to me to come down to the basement.

Usually, I was excited by the drama of the moment. I always looked forward to the scary sensation of watching Ulfet's face. I relished the tense expectancy of waiting to see what imaginative, fanastic objects she had created—lovely, colored tiles, graceful, bizarre animals, richly decorated dishes.

I wasn't in the mood for scary sensations, though. I had been so unnerved by Louisa's and my close escape of the day before that my work was piled up around me and I shouted that I was too busy to come down. In a little while, Ulfet came upstairs. She was carrying a lovely little round bowl which she placed in my hands. It was still warm from the furnace. My annoyance at being interrupted vanished as I looked at the bowl. The glaze was a pale pink like a rose petal, and it had the wonderful translucent sheen of a pearl. Like most things Ulfet, made it was perfection itself. Its graceful, imaginative shape was highlighted by its delicate surface patina.

"How beautiful, Ulfet. It's the loveliest thing you've ever done," I said. I cradled it in my bands and carried it over to the glass cabinet where we kept her finest pieces on display.

"No, darling, not there." She came over and took the bowl from men and still holding it cupped in her hands, she glanced around the room. "Ah," she said, finally. "I know exactly where it will be most useful."

I followed her through the wide arch to the entrance hall.

"Right bere," she said, "on the table near the door."

"But it's too small," I protested,



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"to hold mail and papers."

"But large enough, "Ulfet answered, "to hold odds and ends."

I heard the clink of metal as she dropped something into it. I bent over the bowl. There at the bottom, glinting against the pale translucent glace, lay my door key—the one I had given Louisa.

THE END

Doomed

(continued from page 47)

to Montgomery on March 10th and locked up without bail.

"I don't know why you are doing this," she protested to officers. "There is nothing to it."

For three days, and under intensive questioning, she continued to deny any knowledge of what had caused the wholesale deaths among her family.

"People always said I spoiled my husbands and my children," said Rhonda Belle. "And I suppose I did. But nobody ever accused me of poisoning them."

Whatever "people said" (according to Rhonda Belle) investigators interviewed some of her neighbors in Montgomery who described her as a "redheaded hell-cat."

During the three days of almost constant questioning, Rhonda Belle was told something which seemed to leave her utterly aghast.

She was informed that she had committed a felony, under Alabama law, by entering into marriage with her stepson.

"I guess we're not really married," she said with a deep sigh.

"Ronald will be heartbroken when he finds out about this. He loves me and I love him."

Then, according to Circuit Solicitor William F. Thetford, she made a complete confession which was contained in an 11-page typewritten statement.

Throughout the confession, Thetford said, Rhonda Belle was calm and poised, completely unimpassioned as she told her story.

And then she was charged with first degree murder, the specific accusation being the poisoning of Claude Martin, Husband No. 4.

In her confession, Thetford said, Rhonda Belle denied poisoning two of the children—Mary Adelaide and Judith—but the circumstances of their deaths were investigated.

Rhonda Belle was vague about her motive for mass murder. But authorities said it may have been murder for money—insurance money. However, they added, they have been able to uncover evidence of no more than $3,000 or $4,000 in policies on which she collected.

Thus, by simple arithmetic, it is seen that if Rhonda Belle realized a total of $4,000 on her six victims, their lives were held exceedingly cheap—amounting to only about $667 a head.

Rhonda Belle confessed, authorities said, that the lethal dosage was administered in each instance by lacing food she served in the home with ant poison, which is strongly charged with arsenic. And arsenic in this form is very easily come by.

In fact, Rhonda Belle was quoted as saying that all she had to do to obtain the deadly stuff was to go into any drug or grocery store and simply ask for it.

Unlike some other poisons, such as strychnine, for example, which kills almost instantly, arsenic brings on death by slow stages of agonized suffering. And, whereas it spreads throughout the entire body, symptoms are not always readily recognizable.

This helps explain the mystification of doctors who first examined Ronald Martin when he was admitted to the hospital.

Strangely enough, the first traces of arsenic found in the body of Rhonda Belle's former stepson and current husband were found in his hair when a sample was tested in the FBI laboratory at Washington.

One may well say, then, that Rhonda Belle Martin missed getting away with murder—wholesale—by less than the breadth of a hair.

Fortunately, she did not get away with it. She was tried, and convicted of murder in the first decree. She was executed.

THE END

Warden

(continued from page 31)

*may*be, he had seen the woman somewhere, sometime.

As vague as this lead appeared, Pyke and Martin decided to stick around Rye for a time, and give a few others a chance to look at the pictures. Tirelessly, they visited public buildings, hotels, private homes, restaurants, and stores. And, finally, in a Rye department store

they found a clerk who thought she recognized the girl.

"No," said the clerk, "I can't recall her name. But I remember her because she was so petite and attractive—and I know what she bought. She bought a coat for a small girl and—and she ordered it sent to some person in Massachusetts."

"Can you tell us what name she gave—and to whom she had the coat sent?" asked Pyke.

"Well," the salesgirl said, "the store's records would at least show the name of the addressee, if nothing else."

And that's the way it was. The coat had been shipped to a Mrs. Arthur G. Carteret in Lynn, Massachusetts. The purchaser's name did not appear on the record.

But no matter—that same day, Pyke was on the road again, and duly arrived in Lynn and the home of Mrs. Carteret. This lady, so soon as she recovered from the shock of being visited by a New York detective—a *homicide* detective—proved very cooperative.

"Why, yes," she said. "A very dear friend of the family sent the coat to our young daughter. She's Mary Lyle McLean—that is, she *was* Mary Lyle McLean, until she got married."

Pyke produced the picture. "Do you recognize her?"

Mrs. Carteret studied the retouched photograph carefully. "She does look a little bit peculiar, but—"

"The reason for that," said Pyke, "is—I'm sorry I have to tell you, Mrs. Carteret—but the girl in this picture was murdered, and it was taken after she was dead."

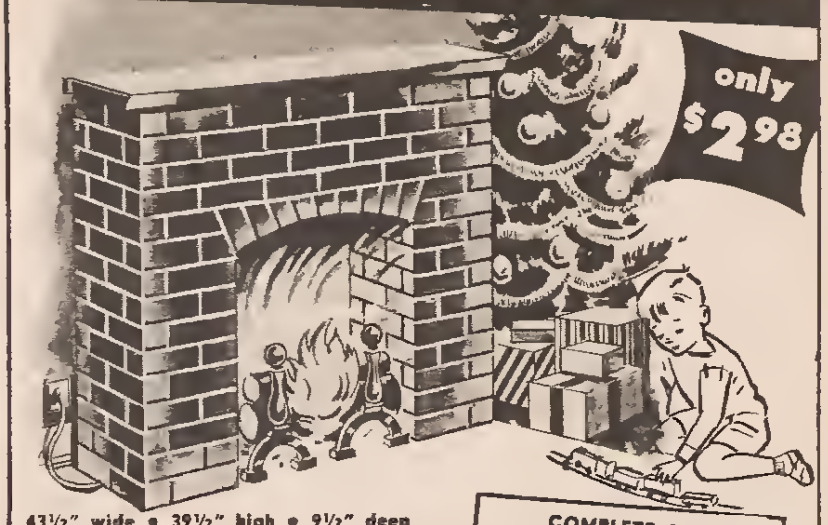
When Mrs. Carteret regained her composure, after this unsettling news, Pyke asked when she had last heard from—or of—Mary McLean.

"Not since she got married," she replied. "We never knew why she didn't let us hear from her . . . But she married a fine fellow. Mary had told us about him. He was in the Army Air Corps during the war. His name was Campbell—Cecil Clyde Campbell . . ."

Arthur Carteret returned to New York with Pyke; took one painful look at the girl in the morgue;; shook his head and said, "It's Mary McLean . . ."

Within a matter of a few hours, Pyke and Martin had obtained a picture of Campbell from the War Department files in Washington. And the hotel maid and clerk, among others, identified it as being

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While reproductions of the portrait, under the caption: "WANTED FOR MURDER," were broadcast throughout the country, the two detectives began exploring the background of former Major Cecil Clyde Campbell, U.S. Air Corps. He turned out to be quite a character, too.

A native of Nebraska, in his youth Campbell had distinguished himself as both a scholar and an athlete during his school and college days. But what interested the New York detectives even more was his reputation, established quite early in life, as a ladies' man.

A graduate engineer, Campbell went down to Mexico, made a lot of money and lived it up to the hilt for several years. Then, almost overnight—for reasons never made quite clear—Campbell lost all his money and all the dark-eyed senoritas that had gone with it.

Heading back to the U. S., Campbell joined the Army, turned out to be a good soldier, and by the time World War I erupted, he was a major in the Air Corps.

Campbell didn't get overseas with the AEF. But he did considerable high flying at home, both as a pilot instructor and (on his own time) as an expert in non-military affairs, such as all-out romance. He was good at both and may be said to have excelled in the latter—wooing, winning, and marrying four different gals, two of them bigamously.

After the war, Campbell resigned from the Army and launched upon a new career—professional penologist. His military training, and his financial and engineering experience ideally suited him for the job when he became superintendent of the South Windham Reformatory for Boys, in Maine.

Campbell ran the institution with such efficiency, it was said by some, that it cost him his job. He had eliminated all possibilities of graft and profiteering by the installation of a new bookkeeping system—and this proved very unpopular with certain politicians.

But Campbell soon got another post, at the New Jersey State Home for Boys in Jamesburg. And it was there that the dashing ex-major and lovely little Mary Lyle McLean first met.

Mary, who worked in the office, was half Campbell's age, and correspondingly lacking in experience. It's corny, but there isn't a more accurate way to describe what happened—he simply swept her off her feet. And one night they drove off to a small Connecticut town, where neither was known, and got married.

That would have been contemptible enough, on Campbell's part. For he already had one legal wife, not to mention maybe two or three others of questionable status under the law. Cecil Campbell must have known he was on the downgrade—but didn't hesitate to take the lovely and trusting young girl with him.

Mary McLean could not possibly have known much happiness as the bride of Cecil Campbell. Shortly after the wedding, he lost his job and was unable to find another. The couple wandered from town to town. Pyke and Martin were able to trace their itinerary by following a trail of worthless checks left by Campbell.

Then, quite suddenly, the rubber checks disappeared from the trail. Campbell had landed a job as a real estate salesman in fashionable Westchester. But, he soon lost it. And a short time later the pair arrived in New York.

All of this was very interesting. But, as yet, it had failed to turn up the one thing which concerned the detectives most—the whereabouts of Cecil Clyde Campbell. The "WANTED FOR MURDER" flyers hadn't fetched him. Nor had the slightest trace been found of him after the day the hotel maid saw him walk off down the corridor.

As a matter of routine, Pyke and Martin had asked all persons who had worked with Campbell at the New Jersey boys' home to be on the alert for any word of the fugitive. It was a long shot, but one not to be overlooked.

Then, even as Pyke and Martin were on the verge of charging off all their months' of painstaking work to experience, and beginning all over again, the break came—

One of the Jersey institution's officials called and told Martin: "Cecil Campbell just called me and wanted to borrow some money . . . He said he was at the Volunteers of America Home in Philadelphia."

Martin, accompanied by Detective William Jackson, caught the next train to the Quaker City. And there in the midst of a pathetic group of homeless, destitute men, they found Cecil Campbell. He bore scant resemblance to the sketch the police artist had made. But not from any fault of the drawing. For now the once dash-

ing officer and irresistible lover was a gaunt and broken man, with the look of a hunted animal in his eyes.

Martin went up to where Campbell sat, hunched and brooding. He identified himself as a detective, but Campbell merely shrugged his shabby shoulders.

"Where's your wife, Campbell?" Martin asked.

"My wife is dead," he answered mechanically.

"How do you know she's dead?"

"I know," said Campbell in the same dull voice, "because I saw her die—because I killed her."

"But why " demanded Martin.

"It was the way we planned it," said Campbell. "Except for one thing. I was supposed to kill myself, too. But I couldn't . . .

"We knew we had to die," he continued. "We were out of money and had no hope of getting any—actually starving. We first thought of jumping off the Staten Island ferryboat. But we were both good swimmers and were afraid it wouldn't work, that way.

"If there had been gas in the hotel room, or a way to get hold of poison, we'd have done one or the other. Finally we decided on the hammer. It cost 10 cents, and left us with only a quarter—all we had in the world."

He and Mary McLean had talked it out, Campbell said. He would kill her with the hammer as she slept. Then he would end his own life by leaping from the window of their eighth floor room.

"That night," said Campbell, "she didn't go to sleep until just before daybreak. I lay beside her on the bed, trying to get up nerve to do it . . . And then I did. I eased out of bed, got the hammer and stood over her. I struck her—three times—as hard as I could . . ."

When Mary lay dead in a welter of blood, Campbell said, he went to the window intending to jump—"but I didn't have the guts." So he just sat in the room beside the corpse, dazed and filled with fear and remorse—until the maid's knock aroused him from his stupor.

"I gave the maid our last cent—the quarter—and then just walked off," Campbell said.

Although Campbell readily confessed Mary McLean's murder immediately following his capture, and appeared then to care little about what hapened to him, he underwent a notable transformation before his trial and put on a spirited fight for his life.

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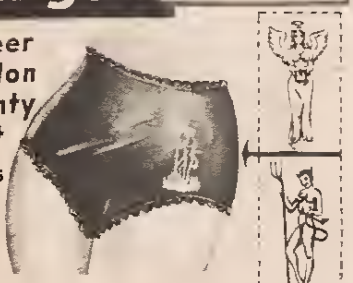
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of evidence Campbell had to offer was a photograph showing Mary McLean and himself in a lurid, but shockingly prophetic pose: He is holding a claw hammer over the head of his smiling companion.

It was the contention of Campbell's lawyers that this weird picture proved that the pair had contemplated a suicide pact and that Campbell was guilty of something less than first degree murder. And the jury went along with this line of reasoning. Campbell was convicted of murder in the second degree and was sentenced to from 20 years to life in Sing Sing Prison.

A gifted, highly trained man, Campbell's talents were not allowed to go to waste in Sing Sing.

He wasn't permitted to do any buying, of course.

But he was put to work in the prison storehouse, soon rising to the position of head (inmate) bookkeeper—a job he was in little danger of being fired from or just up and walking out on.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The name, Arthur G. Carteret, is a fictitious one used here to save innocent persons from unnecessary embarrassment.*

THE END

Legal

(continued from page 25)

around the six legal Houses in Delano. Neither the Madams nor their girls were the least bit reticent about their business. In fact, they were anxious to talk, and all wanted to convince me that the policy which is working so well in Delano should be adopted throughout the country.

The Houses are all under strict legal supervision. Under their agreement with the town, they are restricted to serving the migratory farm workers and out-of-towners. They are forbidden, under severe penalties, to accept custom from the permanent residents. They cooperate willingly, even though it would be manifestly impossible for the local police to enforce the ban if the Houses were determined to ignore it. I saw many men and boys turned away, politely but firmly.

The Houses, the Madams who operate them, and the girls who work in them, are also strongly opposed to the unsupervised streetwalkers who ply a small, but profitable trade in Delano and its environs. Whenever word is received about such a girl, she is promptly reported to the police. Delano is strict about that. While they are happy to supply the wants of the womanless throngs who surround the town, they have no use for casual immorality.

The regular girls are examined medically twice every week by a doctor. While it is, of course, almost impossible to keep so many girls 100 percent free of venereal disease at all times, regular checks do manage to keep the menace at an absolute minimum. Those who show any sign whatsoever of infection are prevented from working until they are treated and cured. With modern wonder drugs, this is no longer the long-term hazard it once was to the women, and makes it easier for them to resist the temptation of cheating on the doctors while they are undergoing treatment.

The girls who work in the houses are all professional prostitutes with long records in the business. The Madams make it a rule to employ only girls who have been around long enough to have no qualms at all. Men of all races and nationalities frequent the Houses, and all must be treated with the same smiling compliance.

Naturally, there is a high turnover in the trade. Most of the girls stay only a short time, and few remain for longer than six months. Rapid as the turnover may be, however, there never has been a shortage of new applicants, and the Madams do not believe there ever will be. After all, there are many solid advantages to the prostitute who works openly and legally. For example, most of the girls are extremely happy to discover that, aside from the standard House cut, there are no extras for police protection, bail bond fees, mobster cuts, etc. As one girl put it, "It makes me feel practically respectable."

In a way, they are respectable. Several of the girls have developed close friendships with some of their clients. In fact, on at least one occasion, a marriage resulted. No one has been able to discover how that relationship worked out in the long run, but the very fact that it took



"Before I forget—here are some report cards that Junior wants forged for his friends."

place at all is remarkable.

When not working, the girls are extremely circumspect. Since the town itself openly accepts them, they are able to live like normal people and they appreciate it. It is true that they are not permitted to reside in the best areas of town, but they do occupy very pleasant, respectable lodgings, and comport themselves accordingly.

The Saturday night rush period is a revelation as to the practical side of legal prostitution. During the hours from about 4 P.M. to well after midnight, the Houses are literally "jumping." Farmhands arrive in droves, and there are hardly enough girls to care for them all. The men don't seem to mind waiting their turn. They know that they will be satisfied eventually. I was amazed at the good humor that was displayed on all sides, and how the girls went out of their way to be friendly. The banter and small talk had a distinctly sexy flavor, both in language and subject, but what characterized it most was the cheerful and pleasant spirit that prevailed. Most of the men were willing to take any girl available, but a few did make it a point to wait for some particular favorite.

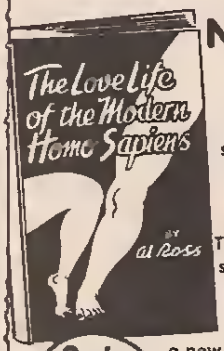
Weekdays, on the other hand, were slow. There was more time for general visiting. The men who came during the slower periods had an opportunity for conversation and gossip. I had the impression that for these lonely nomads, the Houses almost served the purpose of the old-time general store.

The regular work shift ends at breakfast time. The girls who have had all-night dates call it quits, and slowly wend their way home. As a rule, most of the prostitutes arrive for duty in the mid-afternoon, although one or two are on hand twenty-four hours a day to handle an unexpected customer. On examination days the girls show up a little earlier, anxious to have the formalities completed before business begins for the night.

The madams, of course, are pleased about their status in the town and will go to any lengths to preserve their good reputation. They know that it is a rare thing for them to be accepted on a par with other people, and they are happy to give a demonstration to the world of how well they can fit into the modern scheme of things.

If the Madams are happy, the people of Delano are even happier. During my week in town I was able to talk to all types of people, men and women. I received statements from politicians, farmers, storekeepers, housewives, a doctor, a teacher and several men who simply described themselves as "fathers." At least among those to whom I talked, the opinion was unanimously in favor of the new state of affairs.

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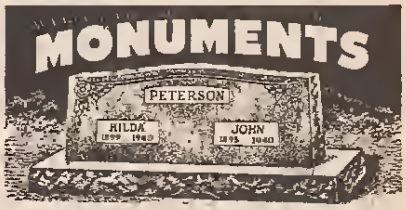
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While it would have been impossible to consult with everyone, I did meet one person who admitted that she had been opposed to the scheme originally.

"Frankly," she told me, "I was afraid that it might give the menfolk a few loose ideas. I've got a son, and I wouldn't want him hanging around places like that. But now that I've seen how well they live up to the law, I'm not worried anymore. I know that they won't let my son in, and the town is a safer place now."

Said a waitress in a far more down-to-earth vein, "Sure, I know nice girls shouldn't talk about sex, but we had to learn the facts of life the hard way. Those farm hands needed women. If they couldn't get a girl, they were ready to take her the hard way. Now they've got a place to go. It's better this way. At least I can walk the streets knowing that I'm not about to be raped. If you think that's a joke, let me tell you something. That girl right over there—see her—well, she was raped. Some guys pulled her off—right out there—a hundred yards or so from this very spot. It was horrible. Thank God it's not going to happen to me."

A storekeeper added his comments. "It was pretty rough here. And it wasn't only sex, though that was bad enough. It was fights, fights, and more fights, all the time. If they weren't chasing the local girls, they were wrecking the town. It cost us thousands. Business was falling to nothing. Nobody wanted to go outside. Nobody wanted to shop. The prostitutes were a Godsend. I never thought I'd come to say anything like that, but believe me, it's true. They saved the town."

It remained for a leading citizen of a neighboring town to sum it up. He had never been a resident of Delano, but he knew the complete story. "I don't know what to say. It's hard to either approve or disapprove, but still it doesn't seem quite right. If we had the same kind of problem here, maybe I'd talk differently. Personally, I'm glad we don't. It sure makes you think."

That it does. Whether Delano is a relic of the past or a portent of the future, is a question that only time can answer. But one way or the other, it certainly does make you think, and thinking is good for America. THE END

Sadist's

(continued from page 37)

Albuquerque or, to be more accurate, he picked them up. As he explained to Police Chief Dugan, he had just read of his wife's death in the newspapers and had learned he was being sought. He asked Dugan to contact Phoenix police at once.

Sheriff Roach was promptly notified. Adams agreed to leave for Phoenix on the next train. Arrived at Phoenix, he went immediately to the sheriff's office in Maricopa County where he was met by Roach, La More, Baskin and Van Der Putte.

The slim, dark-haired man in his early thirties was plainly angry when the sleuths suggested that the killing might have arisen out of an extra-marital affair in which the wife was entangled.

Adams pointed out that there wasn't an iota of proof to substantiate such a belief. Actually, there wasn't. The police had built up the theory on the negative thesis that a mere burglar would not have murdered Mrs. Adams in so sadistic a manner. They argued that the stranger in the gray overcoat had been welcomed into the house by Mrs. Adams and that she herself had lowered the window shade. A lover, not a burglar, would have been treated in that manner.

Adams insisted stubbornly — and shrewdly—that at so great a distance the neighbor couldn't possibly be sure it was a woman's hand, not a man's, that had lowered the blind. The stranger might have overpowered Mrs. Adams the moment she closed the door behind her. Wasn't there six thousand dollars worth of jewelry missing? And hadn't a burglar taken $104. from the metal cashbox in the bedroom only two weeks before? And hadn't the burglar beaten her then, too?

Any murder, Adams insisted, was an act of sadism in itself. The particular manner in which his wife had been slain indicated a degree of sadism rather than a type of murderer and it could be explained probably by the burglar's intense excitement at the moment of the crime.

His wife, Adams insisted, was completely faithful. He would certainly have known it if she wasn't. Burglary was the sole motive for the slaying. He gave Roach a partial list of the missing jewelry; the insurance company would supply more detailed descriptions. "Find those jewels and you'll find my wife's killer," he told them.

For the record, Adams broke down his own movements on the day of the crime as precisely as he could. But even as Roach typed up Adams' statement, he knew that it would be no easy task to check it. Too many unaccountable time gaps were involved. Adams had practically lived in his car. He had spent twelve to sixteen hours alone on the road, just driving. The alibi was no proof that he hadn't doubled back to Phoenix to murder his wife. That is, if he had a motive to kill her in

Bob Eaton, says:



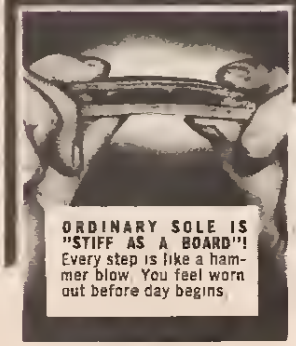
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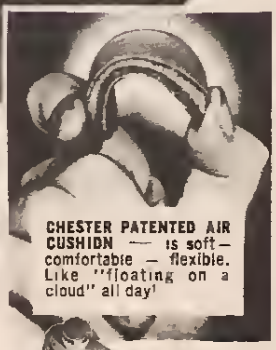
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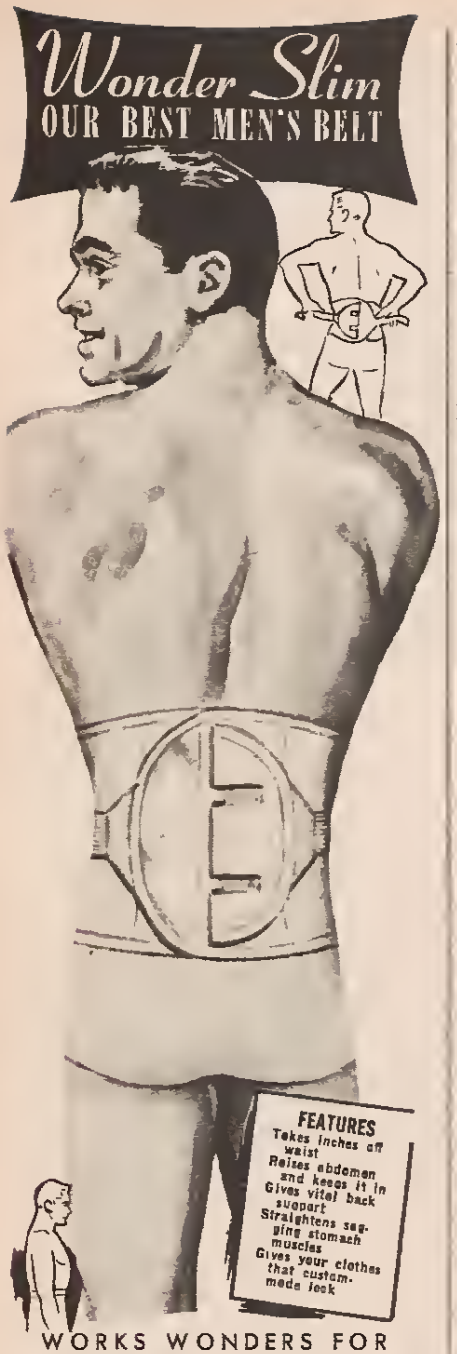
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the first place.

Suddenly attention swung away from Norman Adams entirely. The cabbie who had hauled the overcoated stranger to the Adams block was found. He remembered picking up the man at the station but didn't have the slightest idea who he was. "But he was fingerin' a can of lighter fluid I got in the cab," he said gleefully. "I might be wrong but I'll bet he left some juicy prints on that oily surface!"

The cabbie turned out to be right. McGovney was able to lift several prints from the can's surface, and these were sent to the FBI for possible identification.

The answer was not long in coming. The print belonged to one Harold Sweeten, convicted petty crook, former inmate of a Tennessee penal farm. A mug shot of Sweeten was promptly obtained and shown to the cabbie who unhesitatingly identified the man as his overcoated passenger.

Sweeten was quickly traced through relatives and picked up by police in Miami, Arizona. Brought to Roach's office in Phoenix, he sullenly admitted having visited Mrs. Adams on the afternoon of the murder. Then he dropped a quiet bombshell into the laps of his startled questioners.

Sweeten, it seems, had been introduced to Mrs. Adams by her husband a little over a year back. He and Norman were great pals. As a matter of fact, they had served time together at the Tennessee penal farm. Adams had been convicted in 1941 on a charge of attempted murder after attacking his girl friend of the moment with a pair of scissors. Only her terrified screams had saved her life at the time.

Asked about his visit to Mrs. Adams, the ex-convict stated, "Norman was having trouble with his wife. He asked me to come over that afternoon to try to patch things up between them. He . . ."

"What kind of trouble?" Roach demanded.

"You better ask Adams," Sweeten replied virtuously. "It ain't for me to discuss his private affairs with the cops!"

"Okay. You came to the house. Then what?"

"Mrs. Adams let me in. I got out of the cab a half-block away so nosy neighbors wouldn't start talking. She pulled the blinds down for the same reason. We started talking. Norman came downstairs. He . . ."

"You mean Adams was in the house with you?"

Sweeten grew suddenly wary. "Sure. Didn't you know it? Am I spilling the beans on my pal or something?" He was persuaded to continue. "We jawed back and forth about an hour. I walked out, leaving them both still at it, hot and heavy. That's the last I seen of 'em till I read in the papers how she was robbed and killed."

The beefy-faced ex-con who had acted the role of peacemaker between a pal and his wife was questioned at great length. He seemed to be telling the truth. On no account would he reveal what the source of trouble was between the newlyweds.

Sweeten was escorted to an anteroom in the sheriff's office. While Baskin engaged him in long conversation, La More and Roach drove out to the Adams house where they picked up Norman Adams and brought him back to the office. While Roach chatted casually with the husband, La More "happened" to open the door that led into the corridor. Sweeten was quite visible from Adams' position. Adams looked once at his erstwhile pal, did a quick double-take, then settled back in his chair, a pasty grin on his face.

"Okay, so you got smart," he said wearily. "You know I was in the house. You may as well know the rest. I broke out of that Tennessee penal farm and they never caught up with me. My wife didn't know I was an escaped convict. She hadn't any idea that I was ever in trouble with the law. Then one day she went through some of my papers and found out the truth. She was mad as a wet hen. Not only that, she said she couldn't live with an ex-con, and an escapee, at that. She wanted me to give myself up. She said if I didn't, she'd squeal to the cops. That's when we had our first big fight. I beat her up. That was the day around Christmas. I told her if she ever told what happened, she'd get more of the same. We made up that yarn about the cashbox.

"Things got worse after that. I asked Sweeten to come down and put in a good word. She wouldn't listen. When he left, she called me every name in the book. We battled and I hit her. I . . . I guess I more than hit her. You know about the kitchen knife. And I had a .38 pistol. I got that and hit her over the head with it. I dragged her into a corner of the room.

"Everybody thought I was in New Mexico on business. I had gone there but I sneaked back that day to settle things between us. I settled them, all right. I took along the gun and flung it in the river. I messed up the house so the cops would think the same burglar had come back. The jewels are hidden under the seat of my car. And that's the story. I went back to New Mexico and told the cops there I'd just read of my wife's death."

ON MARCH 19TH, 1946, Norman Adams was tried before a jury of eight women and four men, who found him guilty. Death in the gas



MOVIES

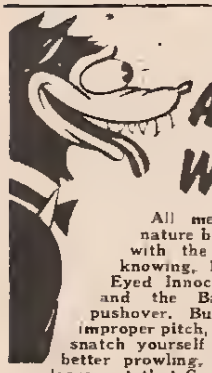
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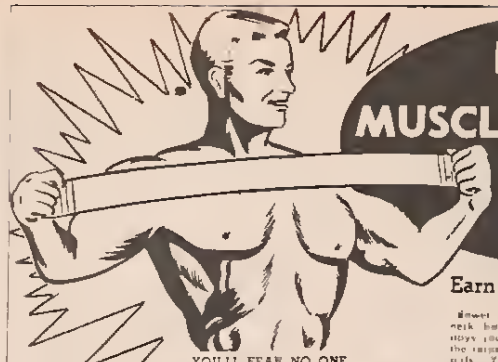
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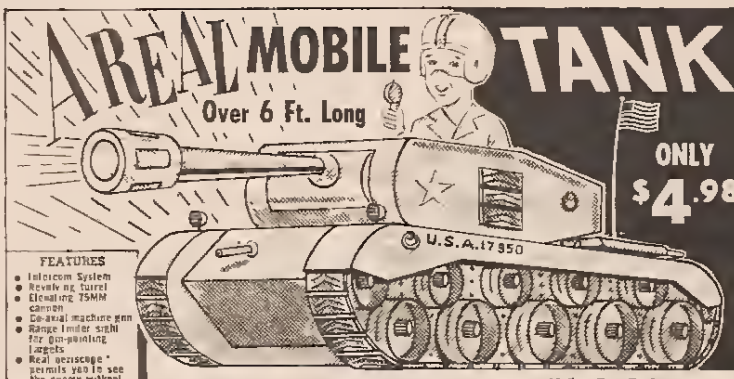
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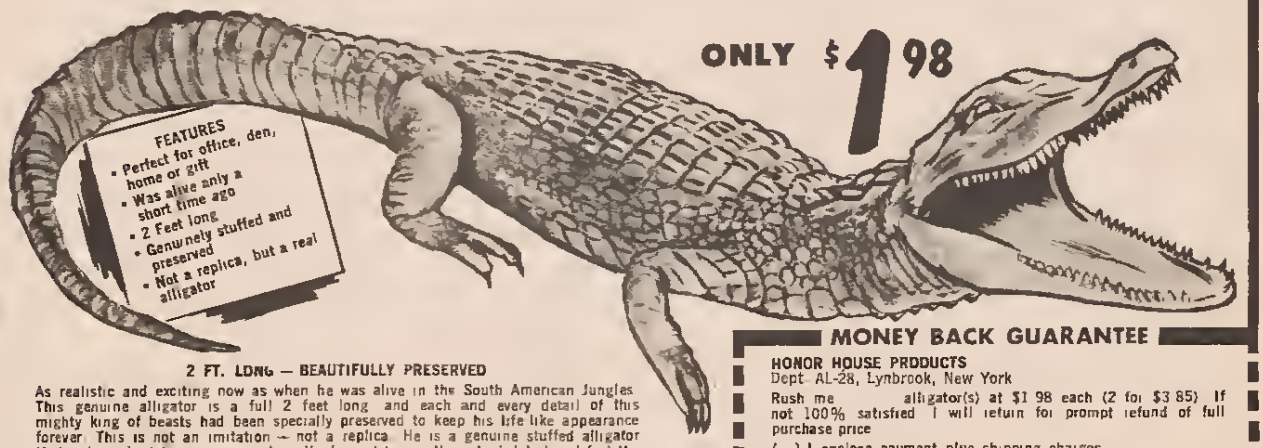
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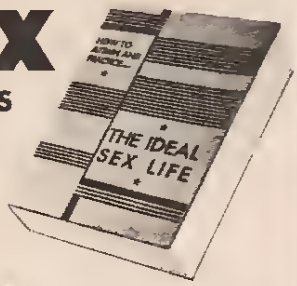
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chamber was mandatory.

April 15th was set as the date for pronouncing the official sentence. Thirty minutes before Adams was to be escorted into court, he swallowed an overdose of barbiturates. He died thirty-six hours later in the prison ward of Saint Monica's Hospital.

How he had obtained the drug, the police never learned.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The name Harold Sweeten as used in this story is fictitious.*

THE END

Slave

(continued from page 17)

no youngster ever takes such a daydream seriously, no matter how bleak things may be.

Perhaps an hour or so later, the lock turned, the door opened, and Chen appeared. He was wearing a long, loose kimono. He was grinning, with more open anticipation than anything I had ever seen. Even my father, in the presence of opium, never had looked so vibrantly hungry.

He was carrying a riding crop and I knew that he'd have no hesitation in the world about using it. "Ah my dear," he said thickly. "I've been looking forward to this. Just do as you're told and you won't get hurt. But disobey me, and you'll wish you'd never been born. Understand?" I nodded, staring at him in terror.

He snapped his whip just to emphasize his point as he moved toward me. And the next moment he was taking me in his arms, his hands crawling over my body, his fingers ripping at my clothes as they worked feverishly to get at my flesh. And then he was forcing me back onto the bed, holding me helpless under his flabby weight.

It was only the beginning. For the next two weeks, Chen was at me like a wild animal, sating his hunger at my body. But then, suddenly, everything changed. He came in one morning, his eyes cold and fierce. Without a word of warning or explanation, he started beating me with his whip. I tried to duck, to run, to hide, to protect myself, but it was useless. He was like a giant spider, his arms everywhere, slashing, s l i c i n g, smacking the thin leather thong against my breasts, my back.

After a while, he stopped. "Just remember," he grunted as he left me, raw and bleeding on the floor. "Just remember this and don't fuss. In a few days you'll have visitors. Give them what they want—anything they want. And put some feeling into it. I paid out quite a lot for you. Now I've got to make my profit. Do you understand?"

That was my introduction into the world of prostitution. There was a communist military post nearby. The officers and men were willing to pay premium prices for an American girl. Sometimes, as many as 50 a day passed through my room. I knew they were paying, but I never got a penny. Everything belonged to my adopted "father."

I stayed with Chen Hun for five months. By that time, I suppose the men in the area were getting bored with me. They wanted some new women. So, in the summer of 1957, Chen sold me—that is, he traded my adoption to another man. I was taken to another village, up north, where the whole dirty business began again—this time with a new group, mostly farmers and local communist officials.

I lasted in the second village for only three months. Then I was "sold" again, this time to a trader from Laos. The man was a communist, of course, but for the first time I felt a ray of hope. He took me across the border, out of Red-held territory.

It was two months later, just after Christmas 1957, that I met the first American I had seen since the communists had taken over Hanoi. Victor Anscolm, like my father, was an engineer. Working with a small, native group in this semi-civilized part of Indo-China, away from all contact with any other white peoples, he depended on the native Laotians for every necessity and pleasure in life. I met him when he came to the house to buy sex.

He was surprised to find an American girl—but he used my body just the same. He asked me how I happened to be there, and I told him the whole story. He obviously didn't believe me. When he left, I never expected to see him again. But I was wrong, he did come back. This time, I gave him even more details, including my own name and my father's company connection.

I didn't see Vic for more than a month. I had given him up as lost when, at the beginning of February, 1958, he came back to see me again.

"I checked up on you," he announced as soon as we were alone.

"And I think you're telling the truth. I talked to your father's old boss, and even your description seems to fit."

"Then you think you can help me . . . get me out of here?" I almost stuttered with joy.

"We're going to try," he answered. "I've already notified the American consulate. They're going to contact the Laotian government."

I was scared. I suddenly felt a vast pit of emptiness opening out beneath me. "The government won't be able to do a thing," I told Vic. "My master will certainly get rumors. The police are too corrupt to keep secrets. By the time the government gets to me, I'll have been sent a thousand miles from here."

Vic thought about that. I could see him trying out various plans in his mind. Finally he opened his eyes and looked at me. "OK," he mused, "I think I have a plan. . . ."

The next evening, in the company of two of my adopted "sisters," I was sent out to the engineering camp for a night's "entertainment." We had been purchased to remain until morning. But a bit after midnight, Vic piled me into a jeep. We pushed the vehicle silently up to the top of a log hill, and then coasted down. By the time we turned on the motor, we were more than half a mile from the camp. And then we drove like lunatics toward Luang Prabang, the capital city of Laos. We arrived there a day later.

My father, I discovered, was dead. When I returned to America, I was placed with my mother's family. But they didn't want me around—especially when they knew my story. Since I was over 18, they weren't even legally responsible for me. Within a few weeks, I found myself out in the street.

Thats' my story. All of it. I found work, of course—doing the only thing I was trained for. It's rather an awful thought, isn't it, that even an apparent rescue didn't help much? Perhaps I'm not a slave any more, but that makes it even worse. What I did before was done because I had no choice. Now it's my own conscience that must answer for my degrading occupation.

I still hear from Vic. He writes regularly. I know I can never give him enough in the way of thanks for what he did for me, and my only method is to justify his decency. I've to get out of my pesent way of life. But that requires money, something I haven't got. For to find some other work, I need training—and only I can provide the funds for that training.

That's why I'm writing this story. It's a beginning Please God. I also hope it will lead to the end—the finish of all my problems. I'm still young. There's a lot of life before me. I want to make it all worthwhile.

THE END

Movie

(continued from page 15)

ferred to work by night. There are less prying eyes in the country then. It's a lot safer.

It was almost 10 when we got to the set and fixed it up. We got ready, checked our script, lights and shooting angles. It appeared to be like a hundred nights before. We had been working for about three quarters of an hour before they struck at us. The farmer, who acted as finger man, made a legitimate excuse to go outside.

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The scene, five minutes later, couldn't have been more explicit if we'd planned the raid that way. Even so, there'd have been no questions. The exposed film in the camera was evidence enough.

State Police moved in from three sides. We didn't have a chance. Our shooting ace tried to expose his film, but he was grabbed from behind before he could get it loose from the camera.

The trial was held in the county seat. There were quite a group there. In addition to the eight of us who were standing trial, ther were representatives from most of the big newspapers and the large wire services. We made bold black headlines, I suppose, from coast to coast.

There was no question of our plea. We were as guilty as mud, and the prosecution had enough evidence to make a trial a mockery. To try and brazen it out would only be asking for trouble. The judge was tough, but to be perfectly frank, the sentence was a lot less than I had expected. I'm glad to serve it.

Now that my story has come out in the open, I'm free again. Oh, I know I'm in jail, but that's just the point. There's nothing hanging over my head any more, no threats, no blackmail. In that way at least it's worth the bars.

I'm quitting this racket for good, once I get out. It simply doesn't pay, for all the high prices. Blackmail, fear of discovery and capture are always looming up behind you. They will never be there for me, again.

It may be tough getting back on the honest side of the fence, but I've read about many who've done just that. I'm a determined little girl. So you'll shortly be adding one more to the total.

One thing is certain. Regardless of the past, I'm not available in the future for any sex-movie work. Tracy just ain't racy no more.

THE END

Setup

(continued from page 45)

The Nolens and Schuer could not have had more than a 10-minute start. They were driving two cars whose license plates were well known. Yet, incredibly, they escaped. Schuer's luck—and the Nolens'—was still holding out.

While the cops were looking east, west, and south, they turned up about 70 miles north, in the not-so-little town of Bethlehem. They got $180 by sticking up a diner, ditched the two cars, crossed the ignition wires to steal another, and sped across the Delaware into New Jersey and 80 miles to New York.

Although unfamiliar with the city, they were now on the Big Time, and its heady atmosphere apparently had its effect. Asked by his younger brother what they would do now, Joe Nolen casually replied, "Why, rob a bank."

"But we can't travel around here with shotguns," Elmer Schuer objected.

"So, we'll stick up a gun shop and get revolvers," Joe replied, thus surmounting that difficulty.

First, needing a secure hideaway, they found in the classified ads of a newspaper a one-room apartment and kitchenette at 906 Kelly Street in the Bronx. They paid a week's rent in advance and moved in. They also located by the classified section of the telephone book a gun shop near enough to make a quick getaway to their new home—or so they thought.

The next morning was Monday, September 15th. The parking situation around the gun shop of Eugene De Mayo at 147th Street and Third Avenue—the one they had picked out of the phone book—was far more congested than they had imagined. Yet they decided to go through with the stickup.

"I'll find a place to park," Ballard Nolen said, "and come back and tell you where it is."

Joe Nolen and Schuer agreed, not realizing how far Ballard actually would have to go. They alighted and entered De Mayo's shop, Joe carrying a beach bag. Ballard drove off down the street.

Joe unzipped the beach bag, pulled out a sawed-off shotgun and pointed it at the head of Nicholas De Mayo, a son of the proprietor. He ordered, "Open the safe, and be quick about it."

While Schuer scooped money from the safe and cash register, Joe Nolen placed seven automatics, four revolvers and more than 1,000 rounds of ammunition in the beach bag. Since there was no room left in the bag for the shotguns, they decided to carry them out of the store and down the street.

They were just leaving when Ballard entered. "I had to park the car about two blocks away," he said. "Over there." And pointed.

Joe turned and observed another De Mayo son, Victor, emerging from the rear room. He was carrying a revolver. "Well," Joe replied to Ballard, "it doesn't look like we'll have time to make it."

The Nolens and Schuer raced out of the store and up 147th Street, with Victor De Mayo in hot pursuit, firing as he ran. By now Joe Nolen was sure they lacked time to reach the car. But again, he was fully equal to the situation.

He observed Dr. Joseph Taferner sitting in his car waiting at the corner for a green light. "In here,"

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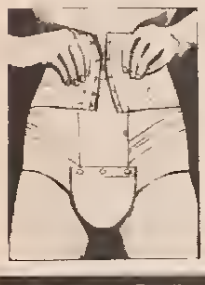


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he yelled to the others, and crowded into the front seat alongside the astonished doctor. He pointed his shotgun directly at the latter.

When the others were safely ensconced in the rear, Joe waved the gun and ordered, "To hell with the red light. Let's get going." Three shots from Victor De Mayo's revolver whistled by, and the doctor went.

At Joe Nolen's direction, he crossed the Triborough Bridge into Manhattan, the con calmly paying the tollkeeper his quarter fare and keeping the gun out of sight. They tooled down Lexington Avenue to the East Side subway station at 68th Street, abandoning the car, the doctor and the shotguns there. The latter got a cop and quickly pursued, but they had vanished among the crowd of the subway rush hour. They had not forgotten to leave their beach bag full of pistols, or ammunition.

Although they had had a busy and rather trying day, it did not interfere with future plans. After all they were only getting started, and although minor slips were to be expected, thanks to Elmer Schuer's luck, or something, they certainly had accomplished all of their major objectives so far.

Like the gun shop, they selected a bank from the classified section of the telephone directory—a branch of the Manufacturers Trust Company at 155th Street and Third Avenue. Again, they considered its proximity to make a quick escape home. And they would need another getaway car.

Since they were men of uncomplicated and direct action, they stole a two-toned green sports job which stood outside their own apartment house. This time Elmer Schuer remained behind the wheel, parked directly outside the bank, while the Nolens entered.

Manager George Then looked up from his desk near the front door, and into the barrel of Joe Nolen's .38. "This is a holdup," Joe announced, quite unnecessarily.

He warned, "Don't sound the alarm, or I'll blast you." The manager then had every reason to believe that Joe's word would he as good as a promissory note.

Ballard, carrying a black oilcloth shopping bag and a gun, clambered over a partition into the cage of Teller Robert Schneider. "Move over," he ordered tersely, and began to shovel cash into the shopping bag.

He repeated the process in the cages of two other tellers, women, and was about to start on the fourth, at the rear. He was informed, quite accurately and courageously by that gentleman, that the alarm button had been sounded. It connected with offices of the Holmes Protective Agency, six blocks away.

The Nolens, successfully ignoring the lure of an open vault beckoning with stacked bills, ran from the bank to their car and fled.

And none too soon, it would appear, for two minutes later a fleet of police squad cars converged on the hank from all directions.

Its employees' description of the robbers tallied sufficiently with that of the De Mayos,' Dr. Taferner's, and the Pennsylvania authorities' looking for their prison escapees to leave the New York police no doubt for whom they were looking. Wanted flyers and descriptions of the three were circulated to every New York policeman, and a large segment of its private citizenry became aware of the character and appearance of the desperate fugitives, who by now had $12,680 of the Manufacturers Trust Company's small-denominational cash.

It is a well-known law of economics that increased income is inevitably followed by a higher, more extravagant standard of living, and Elmer Schuer and the Nolen brothers were not ones to evade the law—of economics. From the beginning of their stay there, they had found the Kelly Street one-room and kitchenette rather too crowded for three grown men of trigger-quick temperament. Long unused to the lack of privacy in prison life they had never become accustomed to it, and now the money burning in their palms made it seem not only desirable, but necessary. Yet they were too "hot," they realized, to go wandering around the city apartment-hunting.

It was Ballard Nolen who, quite inadvertently solved their housing problem. Making one of his necessary forays for liquor and groceries, he found himself being winked at on the street by a thoroughly desirable lady brunette. Ballard quite naturally winked back.

This led to a conversation, which led to a couple of drinks in a bar, whereupon Ballard unbent sufficiently to confide in her that he had two men friends, and they all had a housing problem.

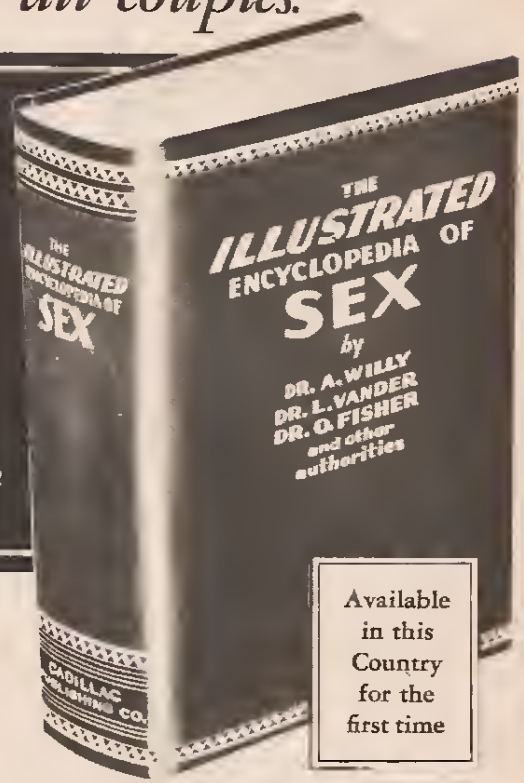
The lady might be a detective, for all he knew, but he never thought of that By the rarest and most fortunate of coincidences, it turned out that she had a girl friend who also had a housing problem, only hers was the diametrical opposite of the men's. Her problem was not that of insufficient room, or occupancy overcrowded with males, but rather the lack of such —a too-large apartment completely devoid of men.

This apartment tenant had had a boy friend, her friend said, who had been footing her rent. When she refused to let him in the door one night, he inconsiderately

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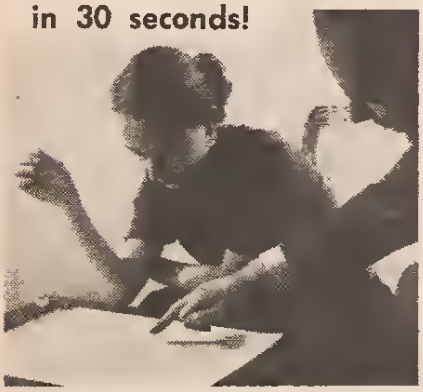
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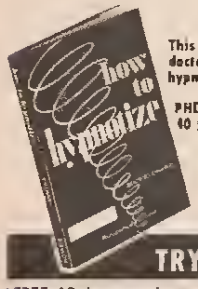
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stopped paying. It was now about to come due again.

Ballard and his newly-found friend tentatively agreed that if he and his friends moved in and paid the rent, with enough left over to make it worthwhile to the girls, she, the apartment tenant, and maybe one or two other of their currently unattached friends, would throw themselves in the bargain. It was the kind of an opportunity one seldom strikes in a lifetime, and one which only a man long shut off from the society of women can fully and thoroughly appreciate. Ballard Nolen licked his lips in anticipation.

So, when he reported it, did his two colleagues. They promptly plunked down $300 for a month's future rent and services, and moved in the following morning, Saturday, September the 19th. They were greeted at the door by four girls.

The apartment was a palace-compared to anything they had permanently occupied in recent years. Recently furnished by courtesy of the ex-boy friend and Sears & Roebuck, with walls a bright green, it contained a 20-inch television set, an automatic record player, portable radios for each room, and beds and chaise lounges scattered all over. It was the kind of a deal that can only be properly consummated by a party, and the boys promptly stocked the kitchen with bottles of gin and whiskey, cases of beer, and steaks, salami and cheese, food enough to stuff everybody for a month to come. The party began early that Saturday afternoon and was still going strong late the next day, with no signs of diminishing returns.

While the occupants of the apartment were enjoying a riotous good time, William McKinley Schwab was growing lonelier by the moment. Schwab had been the boy friend of, and until recently the rent payer for, the apartment's tenant, Miss Marilyn O'Sullivan.

By 5 o'clock that Sunday afternoon, Schwab could stand the enforced separation no longer, and determined to reconcile with O'Sullivan. He took the elevator to the seventh floor of her apartment and, although he could surmise from the squeals of laughter and the tinkling of glasses coming from inside that Marilyn was not similarly pining away in loneliness, he bravely rang the doorbell.

It was opened by Joe Nolen, somewhat unsteady on his feet and thoroughly lipsticked in appearance, but obviously in high good humor. "Who are you?" he asked Schwab.

"I'm William McKinley Schwab," Schwab replied. "Who are you?"

Joe Nolen didn't answer that one but, upon being informed that it was Schwab's desire to converse with Marilyn O'Sullivan, he stepped to one side, bowed low, and with a sweep of his hand cordially invited him in. He added generously, "It so happens that we have an extra woman."

When she saw William McKinley Schwab, Marilyn O'Sullivan's squeals of laughter turned to shrieks of rage.

"I've come to take you back," said Schwab, a trifle too magnanimously perhaps considering the circumstances.

Marilyn O'Sullivan pointed an accusing finger at him and demanded of the other men present, "Throw that bum out."

Ballard Nolen and Elmer Schuer, being of a particularly literal nature, picked up the protesting Schwab and started toward the seventh-floor window. Schwab turned white.

Fortunately, Joe Nolen was of a more thoughtful and practical turn of mind. "Not there," he said. "Over there." And pointed toward the door.

Marilyn O'Sullivan obligingly held it open while they tossed Schwab through the air, landing on the seat of his pants in the hallway apartment house. At that he was lucky. The door slammed shut amidst roars of laughter.

Now, William McKinley Schwab was a fool in some ways, not such a fool in others. Further, he was a member of that segment of New Yorks' private citizenry who had read of the escape from Lewisburg Penitentiary of three convicts, and of their subsequent forays in New York. Not only had Schwab read about it, he had seen pictures of the three men and, although he was at the moment unaware why, those three in Marilyn O'Sullivan's apartment somehow seemed familiar.

The more William McKinley Schwab thought, the more he thought. Till at last came a glimmering of outright suspicion. But Schwab was not the man to be rash. Neither was he a coward. Further, a suit of his still hung in Marilyn O'Sullivan's apartment, which he was badly in want of. The next day he returned to the apartment and rang the bell again.

Joe Nolen answered the door a second time, glared at him, and growled, "Well, what do you want?"

"Please, may I have my suit?" William McKinley Schwab asked. "It's hanging in the closet."

Joe Nolen motioned him in with his thumb. "Go get it," he said. "And be damned quick about it."

Although appearing not to, Schwab was calculating everything—the faces, approximate heights and weights, and characteristics of the three men, the sumptuous display of food and liquor and—above all—the scattered hundred-dollar

bills and the three pistols lying carelessly atop the television set. Schwab got his suit and got out of there fast.

The desk sergeant at the 30th Precinct station house listened to him, sniffing suspiciously. William McKinley Schwab did not appear to be drunk. Nor crazy. There was just a chance that he was right; at least the cops would have to make sure.

But they couldn't afford to take chances. The precinct captain summoned Emergency Squad #6, picked men organized by police headquarters for just such a purpose.

There was no time to waste. At the slightest suspicion, the cons, like untamed pigeons, might fly the dovecote. The raid was set for 1 A.M. that morning.

The cops split into three groups, one making its way to the apartment-house roof to block that line of flight down, and the Emergency Squad itself preparing for a direct frontal assault on the seventh-floor apartment.

Doors from the hallway led into both the kitchen and living room. No lights shown through the sill from either. Outside, lights had been observed in both the bed and bathrooms. Members of the emergency squad quietly jimmied the door into the kitchen. Entering, they tiptoed through the darkened living room and unlocked the second door. More members entered. Some were stationed just beyond range beside the bathroom door. Detectives Philip La Monica, Nicholas Cotter, Edward Harran, and Patrolman Vincent Grant lined the bedroom door. The others had their service pistols, Patrolman Grant carried a submachine gun.

La Monica rapped on the bedroom door and yelled, "Come on out. If you don't, we'll blow your brains out. We have a machine gun."

A man's voice replied, "Do you have a search warrant? If you don't have a search warrant, then get out." La Monica threw open the door, and entered.

Joe Nolen stood stark naked on top of the bed. He held his right hand high above his head, indicating surrender, but his left hand was behind his back. There was nobody else in sight. "I give up," he said.

La Monica advanced slowly, the others following. Suddenly, Nolen's left hand snaked from behind his back, holding a .38. He began to fire.

At that moment, the face and gun of Ballard Nolen appeared from behind a bureau dresser. He also started firing. The police all fired at once.

Detective La Monica fell dead. Detective Cotter slumped to the floor, critically wounded. Patrolman Grant showered the room with slugs from his submachine gun.

A hand tattooed with the motto, "Death or Glory," appeared from beneath the bed, clutching a revolver. It began to fire. The submachine gun was put out of commission by a bullet. But both the Nolens dropped to the floor, riddled dead with bullets. The "Death or Glory" hand threw away the revolver and disappeared beneath the bed. Its owner called out, "Don't shoot, I give up."

Elmer Schuer scrambled out from beneath the bed, also nude. He was followed by two women, naked and frightened, quivering masses of goose pimples. Two more women, following the world's oldest fashion trend, were flushed cowering and terror-stricken.

The police ransacked the bullet-ridden apartment, found but $3,510 of the bank-robbery loot, although there was the armory of weapons and more than 1,000 rounds of ammunition. La Monica and the Nolens were taken to the morgue, Cotter to St. Nicholas Hospital. The four women, now with clothes on, were booked as material witnesses at the West 152nd Street station. Elmer Schuer was charged with Homicide, Felonious Assault with a Deadly Weapon, and violation of the Sullivan law, for possessing concealed weapons.

He certainly had not covered himself with Glory, and had reneged at the alternative of Death. Now it appeared that his Luck also was about to run out. He meekly gave a full and detailed account of the manner of escape from Lewisburg, and the fugitives' movements thereafter. The crime spree had lasted 11 days.

But Schuer was able to call himself "Lucky" despite everything. A police ballistics examination revealed that the bullet which killed Philip La Monica had ricocheted after being fired by the gun of one of his fellow police. The murder charge against Schuer was dropped.

He was tried for robbery and kidnaping, pleaded guilty in Bronx County Court on November 17th, 1952. He was sentenced by Judge James M. Barrett to 80 years to life imprisonment. Should he outlive that, through sheer but unlikely obstinacy or luck, there is the little matter of kidnaping and jailbreak in Pennsylvania. Good luck is, after all, like everything else in the world, but a matter of degree.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The names, William McKinley Schwab and Marilyn O'Sullivan, as used in the foregoing story, are not the actual names of the persons involved. These persons have been given fictitious names in order to spare them possible embarrassment.* THE END

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